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# NATIONAL LAMPOON

BIMONTHLY

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

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APRIL 1987  
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PAYS**



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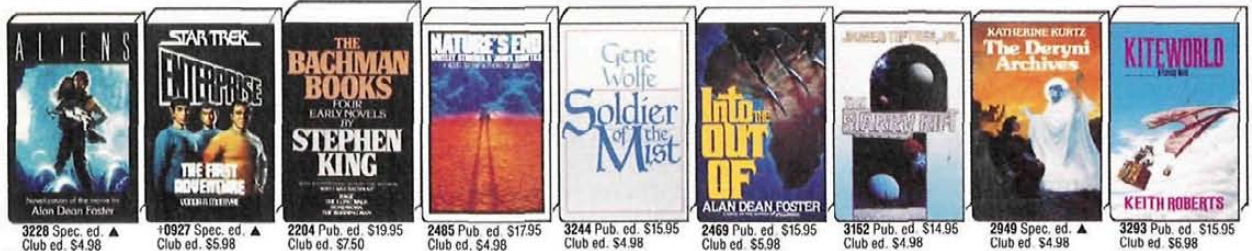
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# EDITORIAL

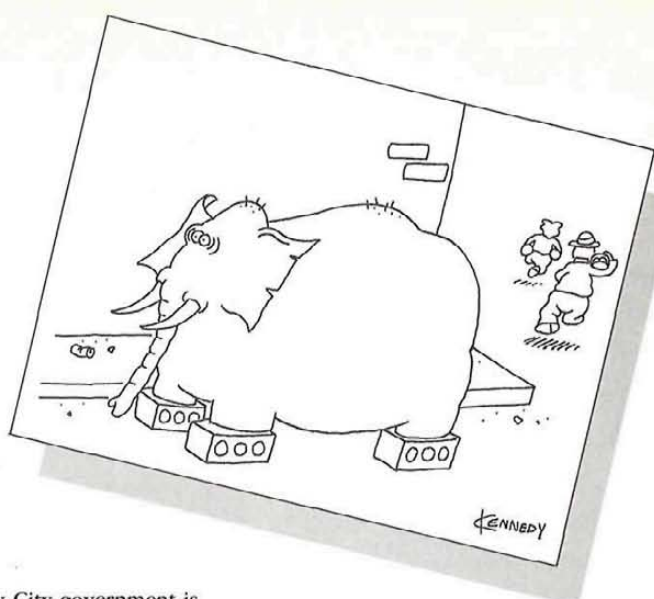
## The State of Crime

Nothing's sacred, that's for sure. Crime is the country's biggest growth industry. They're stealing from the White House on down to the lowliest pickpockets on Forty-second Street and in Scully Square.

White-collar crooks are surreptitiously grabbing inside trading information on Wall Street and turning a trade once dominated by such high-class larcenists as J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller into a nest of motley thieves and wire-tappers and blotter readers.

A guy in the cellar of the White House breaks the law of the land and is called a "national hero."

In New York recently, a man we know had the radio in his foreign car stolen six times in six months, once right in his garage and once while it was illegally parked in front of the seventy-second precinct where he had gone to discuss the previous theft. He got rid of the car and started taking cabs. On his second day out, a cabdriver, an itinerant Iranian, confronted him with an Uzi machine gun in the name of Allah and left him on the FDR Drive in his underwear.



The New York City government is corrupt at nearly every seam except for a mayor whose corruption lies primarily in a desperate need to steal center stage on every news program in the Northeast.

Throughout the South and West, TV ministers are living in palaces and collecting Rolls-Royces like they were baseball cards while their parishioners can't make mortgage payments and their kids are passing on this year's G.I. Joe installment.

X-rated movies are being called a sin against God in the very same places that being without a gun is considered unpatriotic.

The crooks and muggers and thieves and panderers are out on the streets while the "Moral Majority" worries about people who use dirty words.

Armageddon is breathing down our necks. The aggressive are inheriting the carth.

An editor on a national magazine recently had his typewriter literally stolen in front of him while he was in the middle of a sent—

Cover: The cover this bimonth is affectionately titled "Crime Pays" and was Rockwelled by famed brushman Lou Glanzman.

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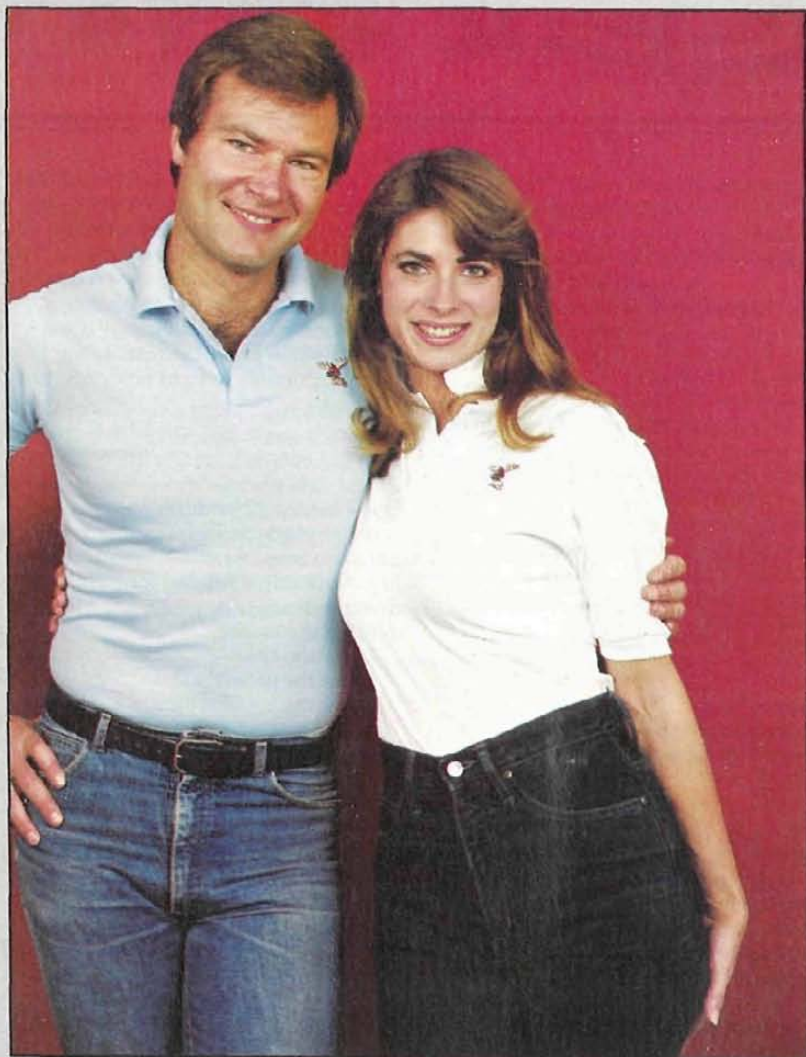
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# LETTERS



Sirs:

*And you say to yourself,  
"This is not my beautiful house,  
This is not my beautiful knife!"  
Jason? Where's my mother? Jason!*

Norman Bates, Psycho Killer  
*Asylum for Characters Condemned  
for Starring in Sequel Horror Films  
Hollywood, Calif*

Sirs:

I bet not one of my fans knows that I reproduce asexually. Every once in a while some of my skin flakes off and is carried in the breeze to fertile soil, where, with water, sunlight, and time, it grows into an entirely separate person, capable of walking, speaking, and having lunch with Demi Moore. Let's just hope this doesn't get out.

Rob Lowe  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:

If something is preposterous, can it become postposterous later on?

Edwin Newman  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

If they ever do *The Oliver North Story*, this is our dream cast:

Oliver North—Treat Williams  
William Casey—Lionel Barrymore  
Ronald Reagan—Ronald Reagan  
Nancy Reagan—Dustin Hoffman  
Robert McFarlane—Robert Vaughn  
Admiral Poindexter—Werner

Klemperer  
Ayatollah Khomeini—Don Ameche  
Golan and Globus  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:

My wife and I are into safe sex. We don't smoke after intercourse.

Nathan Schwartz  
*Mount Vernon, Ohio*

Sirs:

In the last couple of years it seems like every time I get a hunky guy down here, when I roll him over he's got a big flappy rash for an asshole. When are you people going to have a world war or something and get some clean butts moving my way?

Satan  
*Hell, N.Y.*

Sirs:

If you printed a cruel letter celebrating the fact that it was Marc Gastincau's fuck-up in the clutch that cost the Jets and their fans a Super Bowl berth, do you think he would come up to your offices and kick your ass, facilitating a lawsuit substantial enough so that you would be able to live the rest of your lives comfortably from its proceeds? Just a thought.

Jacoby & Meyers  
*Onretainer, N.Y.*

Sirs:

Below please find a list of reasons we keep knocking out moronic anal books just chock-full of flog-fuel for mental masturbation:

- 1) For the money.
- 2) For the fame.
- 3) For the prestige.
- 4) For the cocktail parties and buffets.
- 5) So we can get on the Johnny Carson show.

6) Because Amy finds the collating a suitable sublimation for overeating and/or promiscuity.

7) To breed a sense of pride and accomplishment in the Polish people, even though those of us who negotiated with the publisher did change our names.

Irving, David, Amy, Sylvia, and  
George Wallechinsky  
*Malibu Colony, Calif.*

Sirs:

Do you realize that Oprah is Harpo spelled backwards? It sorta makes you wonder, doesn't it?

Phil Donahue  
*Chicago, Ill.*

Sirs:

Next year I'm going to saw the moon in half. Then, after that, I'll make the sun disappear and plunge the world into darkness forever. Yea, verily, I shall levitate all the birds and fishes and people of the land and make them appear in a tiny box suspended in a tank of acid, and then shall I entrance all womankind and push swords through their abdominal cavities to the tune of "If Ever I Would Leave You." And now this word from Kraft.

David Copperfield  
*Magic Castle, Hollywood*

Sirs:

Personally, I'm boycotting the lettuce column.

Cesar Chavez  
*Cabbage Patch, Calif*

Sirs:

*Mary had a little lamb,  
His fleece was white as snow;  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
He left little piles of sheep shit,  
because there was no leash law.*

Mama Goose  
*Mama Goose's  
Urban Nursery Rhymes*

Sirs:

Ever notice how as soon as you turn on the water or the vacuum cleaner or, God forbid, put on headphones, a woman always starts talking? They're in the other room where it's quiet, so they assume you can hear them! And have you noticed how they wait till you're doing chin-ups to become witty and amusing? And how they always want to take you out to a surprise dinner the night you have a big poker game with the boys? And how they always call you on the phone when your mouth is full of toothpaste or your face is covered with shaving cream? And how their surprise visits with their parents are always when you're drunk or you just took a handful of mushrooms or when you're lounging around in your favorite little red teddy? And they always get frisky at the moment you have no interest at all in having sex? You can count on it, it's the Redskins and the Cowboys and it's tied in the fourth quarter, and now of all times the bitch wants to give you that blowjob you've been craving for months. Or during the Super Bowl she finally wants to strap on that two-headed dildo and urinate on you and whip you with a cat-o-nine tails. Now! Every night of the week you go to sleep lying tummy-down on a stiffie 'cause she's got a headache or a rag in or a mudpack on, and now she wants the bloodstick! Goddamn bitches! Jesus Christ, if sheep could flip eggs and sew up the holes in my socks and pre-treat my collars, my old lady would be out of a job in a heartbeat.

Andy Rooney  
*Pissing and moaning—again*



Sirs:  
You really don't get it, do you?  
Nobody in Austria gives a shit.  
Kurt Waldheim  
Vienna, Austria

Sirs:  
I went to the planetarium the other day, and Jesus God, these asswipes look at three random stars and they see a hunter with an aquiline nose, flared nostrils, a strong chin, stern yet compassionate eyes, high, aggressive cheekbones, medium-depth pimple scars, rippling deltoids, canvas slacks with slit-cut pockets, French cuffs, medium lapels but a wide tie, and an imposing brow, and he's brandishing a sword and a shield bearing the herald of the Agropides family. Whoever named these things must be a distant cousin of the critics who try to explain what modern art means. Either that or the list of designer drugs is even longer than I thought.

Bob Greene  
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:  
Iran all the way home,  
Just to say I'm sorry.  
Rockin' Rob McFarlane  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:  
I think the eggs are overdone, the bread is way too dark in tone, and the meat is just total ham. You'd have to be mentally deficient to feel you've gotten your money's worth.

I disagree. I thought what we had here was more than just a simple breakfast, it was a real human meal, presented with warmth and style.

Siskel and Ebert  
At the breakfast table

Sirs:  
My woman done left me. My dog just died. Got no place to call home. Got no car to ride. I'm broke and I'm hungry. I've got a disease. My dentures don't fit me. My goldfish has fleas.

Mojo Idle  
Memphis, Tenn.

Sirs:  
Keep your nose to the wheel, and keep looking for the sky. Keep your ear to the ground, and keep on dancing with short women. Keep your eyes on the road, and keep grabbing for straws. Keep your neck out of trouble, and keep holding on for dear life. Keep your butt in the chair, and keep heading for the bank.

Casey Kasem's Blackboard  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:  
I don't know what to do! My wife wants to watch *Dynasty*; I want to watch *Nova*. She wants to watch *Hill Street Blues*; I want to watch *Moonlighting*. I want *Monday Night Football*; she wants *Cagney & Lacey*. I put the remote control up to her head, but I just can't change her mind!

Mr. Nielsen  
P.O. Box TVOD  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:  
*There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do.  
So she moved up to Harlem, where she fit right in.*

Mama Goose  
Mama Goose's  
Urban Nursery Rhymes

Sirs:  
For the love of God, please urge your congressmen to outlaw pornography. I have arthritis, and if Eddie comes home from the commission sessions with any more new positions for you-know-what, it'll be the death of me.

Mrs. Edwin Meese III  
Washington, D.C.



# DRINKING TIPS

## AND OTHER WAR STORIES

by Michael Simmons



Drew Friedman

### Drinking saved my life.

Quite literally, a heavy nonstop booze binge was responsible for my not taking the infamous, legendary "Death Train." You've all heard about the *Colonial*, the Amtrak train that plowed into a few stray Conrail locomotives on Sunday, January 4, 1987, killing sixteen and injuring 176 people. You've read about the failure to conduct drug tests on the Amtrak personnel, how the whistle on the Conrail locomotive was "substantially disabled" by having been wrapped with tape so as not to interfere with Conrail employees' own hangovers. How dazed and confused and bleeding passengers came streaming out of the twisted wreckage and how neighborhood kids in this suburb of Maryland heroically braved fires to rescue trapped passengers.

Dazed and confused and bleeding and trapped. Or worse. It coulda been me.

Although I wasn't bleeding that day, I was dazed, a little confused, and, because of the accident, trapped in Washington, D.C., where ace photographer Cleveland Storrs and I had arrived four days earlier (ironically, via the *Colonial*) to celebrate New Year's Eve with West Texas author Mark Dorsett. We had a great time, but nothing out of the ordinary. Dorsett cooked up a few feasts, all of which for some reason contained beans. A lot of poker was played, most of it amiable except for one near fistfight. We drank heavily, but Eddie only showed up once and that wasn't for long.

Eddie Martell is my closest friend, although some might say he's my worst enemy. Eddie is me, you see. Eddie is me when the sour mash or chilled Rus-

sian vodka has forced something to snap in my brain and I become a drooling, incoherent, lecherous monster. I find Eddie rather amusing. Other people, like Dorsett, are scared shitless of him. Anyway, Eddie made a cameo appearance at some D.C. yupster dive called Tunnickliffes. He put the make on two dames at the same time. He was at



AP/Wide World

### I could've been sitting here.

a table with a doll on either side, literally talking out of the sides of his mouth. Dorsett, worried about public embarrassment, hustled him out of the bar. By the time we got back to Dorsett's, Eddie was gone and I was back, reasonably sober.

Like I said, there was a lot of boozing. Saturday night a bunch of friends sat around drinking and reminiscing till four in the morning. We planned to take the 11:30 train back to New York.

Eleven A.M. rolled around. Cleveland was fine, he quit drinking two years

ago. I awoke with the Classic Hangover (see February '87 *National Lampoon*, "Drinking Tips" column). I persuaded Cleve that we should wait and take the 12:30. The train that had a tragic appointment with fate. The train that was mangled like so many little Lionels after a five-year-old with a mean streak has taken a hammer to them. The train that could've permanently cured my insomnia.

But Cleve and I were not meant to take that train. The Good Lord above who looks after drunks had zapped me with such a wicked morning after that I told Cleve, "Fuck it, let's hang out. I want to go to the Walter Reed Medical Museum and look at enlarged livers. We have excursion-fare tickets. We'll have to wait till seven to catch the next train anyway."

While we were watching the Giants stomp some San Francisco rump, Ramblin' Jack King called up to give us news of the train wreck. I immediately wrested the phone from Cleve's hands, hung up on Ramblin' Jack, and called my mother to let her know I had nothing in common with Casey Jones. As comedian Chris Rush later told me, "A healthy liver is fine, but there's nothing healthy about a steel bolt in the head."

That was about the most exciting New Year's holiday I've ever had. I'm not big on New Year's celebrations. All the amateur drunks come out of the woodwork and end up clogging the toilets with puke. The event closest to this New Year's in vicarious thrills was last New Year's. I was at a party in the Big Apple. I strolled by the bathroom. The door was open. Inside was this beautiful brunette with her skirt hiked above her waist, fixing her garters. She wore no underwear. I asked her if she needed help with her garters. Why, yes, she drawled in a honey-dipped Southern accent. Suddenly my buddy Sidney Jackson Bartholomew, Jr., the Mouth of the South, showed up. It turned out that this New Year's nudist was Sidney's friend from Atlanta. Her name was Becky, and Becky was a stripper.

We later repaired to Marylou's for a nightcap. At some point I grabbed Becky and dragged her into the ladies' room. When Sid and Becky got home that night, Becky lifted her skirt for Sid and there, written on her rear end in Magic Marker, was "Dear Sid—Happy New Year—Your Pal—Michael Simmons."

Sid left for Atlanta the next day, but a few days down the line our mutual friend and *National Lampoon* contributing editor Patrick Weathers came up to me at Marylou's and said, "Sid says he got your message and Happy New Year to you, too."

And Happy New Year to you. ■

# HOWIE MANDEL'S North American **WATUSI** Tour

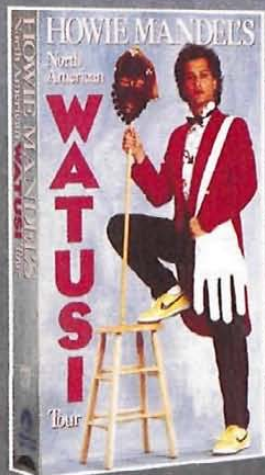
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# Zen Bastard

## The Mime and the Pacer

by Paul Krassner

Actually, this is about why I threw my frying pan away. But it begins, like everything else, with Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, who as we all know was the individual responsible for the cocaine overdose of Len Bias, among others. I admit that may be merely a metaphorical truth, and yet there was that guy who would have been a witness in the arms-to-contras scandal had he not died of a cocaine overdose, and suddenly the truth became a notch more literal.

Meanwhile, Oliver North was testifying that no one was more anxious to tell this story than he was, and to prove it, he shredded a bunch of incriminating documents and took the Fifth Amendment, only to be sucked up to by investigators praising him for his superb cooperation. With a slight touch of role reversal, Nancy Reagan, giving her best inadvertent impression of Stan Laurel, said to North, "Ollie, this is a fine mess you've gotten us into..."

Already the folklore has begun its waxy buildup. Whereas in Watergate the question was "What did the president know and when did he know it?" now the question is "What did the president forget and when did he forget it?" In order to better understand this, I found myself walking around and around in a counterclockwise circle on the stage of the Wallenboyd Theater in downtown Los Angeles, just as a young man called the Pacer does for several hours every day, always in the same direction, at the exact same spot in the middle of the boardwalk in Venice, California. He has been an inspiration to me.

The boardwalk in Venice is both literally and figuratively on the edge of this country. Here a grungy who who needed a shave long before Don Johnson made it fashionable is wearing a T-shirt that says "Yes, I Am a Model." There a nerdy tourist is trying not to let the pizza drip on his T-shirt that says "I Choked Linda Lovelace."

T-shirts are the hieroglyphics of our time.

The boardwalk resembles one of those double-page-spread montages in a children's book showing many different kinds of transportation being used simultaneously. Airplanes fly by, trailing printed messages ranging from "The New Dating Game Wants You" to "Scientology, Give Us Our Money



Back," while below skateboarders mingle with recreational vehicles and cops wearing shorts and riding bicycles mingle with a group of folks chanting the orgasmic shout of the wife of an impotent Hindu deity: "Hurry Krishna, Hurry Krishna, Hurry Ram It, Hurry Ram It, Hurry Krishna, Hurry Krishna, Hurry Ram It..."

A lone Jesus freak walks along and yells at them, "Antichrist! Antichrist! Antichrist!" trying to drown them out.

You can buy all types of stuff along the boardwalk—sunglasses and fake Rolex watches and falafel yo-yos—whatever you want. But, complains a flower vendor who pays over \$600 a month for a ten-by-twenty-foot space, "Rent will be going up to \$800 and then to \$1,200 by summer. Venice will eventually be a bunch of wealthy lot owners and a population of slaves working for them." However, the performers pay no rent, depending on voluntary donations.

There is, for example, a guy who speaks professional gibberish; an artist who draws on the ground with chalk; a fellow who juggles battery-operated

chain saws, for which perfect strangers put money in his hat because they're grateful to God that they don't have to do such a bizarre thing to earn a living.

There is a man who has a table covered with wineglasses of different sizes filled with varying heights of water, and on this musical instrument he plays by rubbing his finger around the tops. Audiences gather spontaneously to hear his rendition of a Mozart sonata or a ragtime melody or the theme from *Chariots of Fire*.

There are break dancers who bring their own personal linoleum, and there is a jogger who jumps the hurdles of garbage cans, one after another, lined along the boardwalk. He has to skip one garbage can because a homeless person is taking lunch. Yes, this was the scene of a section of the Hands Across America event, where panhandlers asking for spare change were turned down because participants didn't want to break the human chain.

If I had to choose my favorite moment on the boardwalk, a moment which stood totally by itself but also fed my hungry metaphor gland, it would have to be the time a Rastafarian yogi was standing on the very top of a wooden chair, preparing to jump barefoot onto a pile of freshly broken bottles. "This is serious shit," he reminded the large semicircle of onlookers. And then, during the anticipatory silence that followed, along came that Jesus freak. Upon seeing this crowd, he edged his way in. Now the Rastafarian yogi was poised upon that unseen edge between "Look before you leap" and "He who hesitates is lost." Suddenly the Jesus freak called out, "Hey, wait, before you commit your suicide there, how do you feel about abortion?"

In front of a sidewalk café on the boardwalk is the Mime, a black man wearing white gloves along with his tuxedo and top hat, just standing still—sometimes, it seems, for hours. He has a stereo headset. One might think he was playing music to counteract the boredom, but it is really a tape loop warning him, "Don't move, stay still, it doesn't matter if your back itches, people are paying you not to scratch..."

Passersby do indeed put cash into his cardboard box after they have gaped at him long enough to get their money's worth. That's his job. People are paying him not to move. When he goes to the unemployment office and a clerk asks, "Did you look for work this week?" he can simply answer, "Yes, I stood on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, and then I stood on the corner of Beverly Boulevard and Sierra Bonita, and then I stood..."

continued on page 14

**Now!**

# THE MOST POPULAR T-SHIRT IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON IS AVAILABLE AS A SWEATSHIRT IN TWO DESIGNS THAT WILL MAKE DISNEY CRINGE!

Introducing the new *National Lampoon's Vacation* Sweatshirt. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the new "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*.

The demand for both these products has been unprecedented. Twenty million people in the United States and Canada saw *National Lampoon's European Vacation* in theaters, and we got more inquiries about the sweatshirts worn by "Clark" and "Rusty" in that picture than for any other such product in the sixteen-year history of our magazine and movies.



Now both shirts are available in dazzling white with full-color illustrations on the front. On the back it says *National Lampoon's Vacation*. (What were

you expecting—E.T.?) Also, still available and still selling ridiculously well are the other movie T-shirts shown on this page.



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt



National Lampoon's European Vacation shirt



National Lampoon, Dept. 487  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

Please send me:

- SM  MD  LG NL European Vacation shirts @ \$6.95 each
- SM  MD  LG NL Vacation shirts (A) @ \$7.95 each
- SM  MD  LG NL Vacation shirts (B) @ \$7.95 each
- SM  MD  LG NL Animal House baseball shirts @ \$7.00 each
- SM  MD  LG  XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (A) @ \$16.95 each
- SM  MD  LG  XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (B) @ \$16.95 each

Please add \$1.00 per shirt for postage and handling. New York residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

continued from page 12

In contrast to the Mime is the Pacer, who intrigues me most. He doesn't call himself the Pacer. He may not even know that others do. But that circle he walks around and around in is *bis* turf. Even an occasional police car respects the force field he creates, and the cops drive around him.

Obviously he originally started his strange stint as a matter of choice. "I think I'll walk around in circles on the boardwalk today." And the next day. And the next. But somewhere along the way, walking around in circles became a compulsion, and *it* started doing *him*. If you play any role long enough, the role can begin playing you if you're not careful.

I've been out at six o'clock in the morning, and there was the Pacer doing his circles. I've been out at six o'clock in the evening, and there was the Pacer doing his circles. He does stop to eat—which indicates that at some level he is still acting voluntarily. He walks in a straight line to a greasy spoon diner and sits at the counter but does not twirl on his seat, nor stir his coffee, nor roll his eyes.

Once he talked about his obsessive activity. "I'm in control of walking, but out of control too. I see faces. If I slow down at night, I see colors. When I walk, I'm in a trance. I see millions of

faces—some with Pilgrim hats, some with cowboy hats—modern faces and prehistoric faces."

There must be some kind of spiritual path that the Pacer keeps trodding, even if it's circular, some unique relationship with the universe that justifies his existence to himself. Everybody has to feel he's making *some* contribution to society, if only to maintain self-esteem. Even those who work in missile factories need to rationalize, "Well, the United States has to have a strong defense."

Ah, it's an absurd time we live in. *Future Shock* is already an outdated book. Children whose shoes stay on their feet by the grace of Velcro may never experience the thrill of tying their shoelaces in the dark. They have developed a fast-food approach to perceiving time because all they know about is digital clocks. Time goes *click, click, click...* and if the power goes off, they think that 12:00—12:00—12:00 is appliance language for "Help! Help! Turn me back to the right time! Help!"

Kids have lost that sense of time in motion, going around and around, eternally. That concept is becoming an endangered species, just like the whooping crane. But we can all be grateful to the Pacer, for he is the Keeper of the Counterclockwise. That is his spiritual calling. The Pacer does not have a

cardboard box for people to drop money into. He walks around in circles out of the goodness of his heart.

Now, what does this have to do with the fact that Ronald Reagan is a victim of Tourette's syndrome, a disease evidenced by the way he can in one instant be granting a photo opportunity of himself posing with Third World Girl Scout troop leaders and in the very next instant be blurting out, "Nancy, will you get off my goddamn back!"

Well, the Mime and the Pacer provide a perfect metaphor for the two-party system in America. The Republicans are like the Mime, standing absolutely still while the world passes them by—Iran, Iraq, Nicaragua, El Salvador—and they get paid for it, just like the Mime. The Democrats are like the Pacer, walking around in circles while the world passes them by—Israel, Libya, Cuba, Honduras—and they *don't* get paid for it, just like the Pacer.

But recently the Pacer did something that hurled such a comparison right into the Metaphor Graveyard, along with "That's like taking coals to Newcastle" (for Newcastle finally did run out of coal) and "good as gold" (since the government now prints money without the benefit of the gold standard, arresting counterfeiters mainly because they are now competitors). The Pacer put a cardboard box down on the ground and started walking around it. And people began giving him money.

By the mere presence of that cardboard box, the Pacer transformed his perversion into a marketable talent. And I could no longer feel superior to him. He was no longer just some nut walking around in circles. Now he was earning a living.

I still talk about the Pacer at that theater, but with much respect. "His job is no less dignified than anything we do," I tell the audience. "He works hard all day, and then, just like you and me, he goes home and unwinds." And I walk around and around in a circle on the stage, only this time in a clockwise direction.

After the show, I go to a party. Naturally, a big topic of conversation is Gippergate. "Ronald Reagan," I point out, "is wallowing in a Teflon swamp."

A female guest responds: "There's something that men may not know but women do. If you scratch Teflon, there is poison underneath that keeps seeping through."

Here was yet another metaphorical truth, but also a literal one. I realized how long I've been using my scratched Teflon frying pan, and decided to throw it away immediately. Political poisoning always begins in your own home. ■



**YELLOW JOURNAL**

*All the news that fits on our pages*

**BUSH, FOURTEENTH IN IOWA POLL,  
DISAVOWS ALL KNOWLEDGE OF  
REAGAN ADMINISTRATION**

A recent poll conducted in Iowa regarding the Republican presidential campaign showed Vice President George Bush slipping precipitously in popularity. He placed fourteenth, well behind such candidates as a pen, a coffee-cup slogan, and a golf tournament.

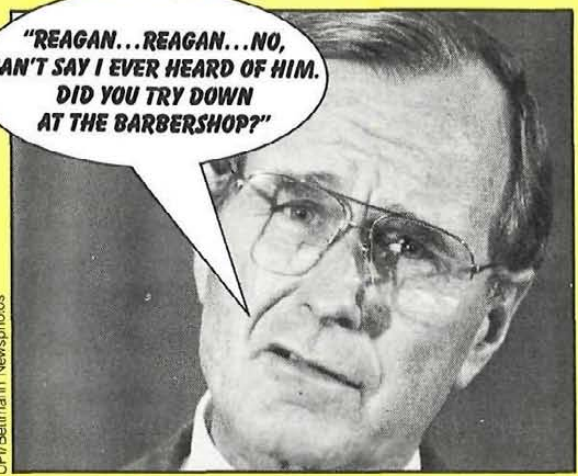
Bush, who has been the acknowledged frontrunner for months, denied "running scared." A spokesman for the crippled Bush campaign said, "The vice president always runs that way." Moreover, the spokesman claimed, Bush "enjoys not being the frontrunner, since he no longer has to answer the difficult questions incumbent upon a frontrunner, such as 'Are you a liar?' In fact, the vice president wishes there were more

candidates in the field he could be trailing. His philosophy is, everyone likes an underdog, and he wants to be the lowest dog of all."

Bush's problems stem from his involvement with the administration's Iran-contra arms deal, a deal Bush claims to have no knowledge of, concerning an administration he claims does not exist. The vice president offered no proof that he knew nothing of the arms deal or that the administration is a figment of the press's collective imagination, promulgated to embarrass him.

President Reagan, eager to stand by his embattled vice president, agreed that his presidency was a "vicious rumor created by a liberal press." —A.S.

**"REAGAN... REAGAN... NO, CAN'T SAY I EVER HEARD OF HIM. DID YOU TRY DOWN AT THE BARBERSHOP?"**



UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos

**Iowa Poll**

Robert Dole (Senator)	25%
Jack Kemp (Congressman)	22%
Howard Baker (Former senator)	16%
Pat Robertson (Preacher)	7%
Joseph Noodleman (Deceased state legislator)	4%
Morton Kaiser (Bum)	4%
Pieter Botha (South African president)	4%
Kemper Open (Golf tournament)	3%
Bic Pen (Writing instrument)	3%
Wilma Zipples (Chocolate fanatic)	3%
"It's our pleasure to serve you" (Slogan on takeout coffee containers from Greek diners)	3%
Gary Carter (New York Mets catcher)	3%
Richard Nixon (Former president)	2%
George Bush (Vice president)	*

Based on 100 interviews conducted at a Kroger supermarket. The margin of sampling error is 1-99%.

\*Less than 2% of the recommended daily allowance.

**CORRECTIONS**

The editors apologize sincerely for errors in recent issues of this magazine. The following information is intended to correct those errors. —N.T.

The number of people found dead on the living room floor of the Bonanno family's Lower East Side residence was reported as nine. That number is correct, only they weren't found on the living room floor. They were discovered in the kitchen's trash compactor.

A name in last year's obituary section was incorrect. Moe Abramowitz is eighty-five, alive, and has a normal pulse rate. He thanks everyone for the generous offers of condolence, and he's keeping the trifle.

An article in the Business section last month incorrectly quoted Dan Dorfman as saying that Carl Icahn was rumored to be preparing a take-over bid for IBM. The company is not IBM, but ABC Carpeting.

# Cosby to Do All Advs

Irwin Irwin, vice president in charge of Bill Cosby for the William Morris Agency, announced today that the agency had reached a totally unique agreement with the Advertising Association of America wherein Bill Cosby will serve as the voice and face of every product in America.

"Let's face it," Mr. Irwin said at a press conference called at the new Cosby-Trump Hotel in New York City, "Cosby is the most trusted and beloved person in America. Why shouldn't he represent everybody?"

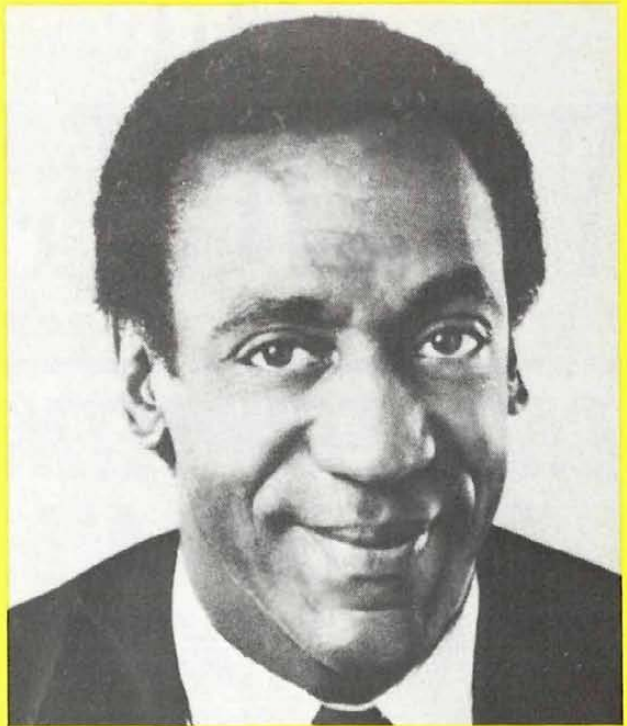
Mr. Irwin said that Mr. Cosby would even represent competing brands, indicat-

ing that he has already completed TV commercials for Uncle Ben's Rice and Rice-A-Roni. "He uses both!" insisted Mr. Irwin.

"It seems altogether right that Mr. Cosby, who in 1986 was affiliated with only thirty or thirty-five different commercials, should go the whole way; that way he gets to keep all the money now being paid to lots of other people for endorsements."

Mr. Cosby is studying proposals by both Democratic and Republican parties to act as the paid political voice and face of both political groups during next year's election campaign.

—M.S.

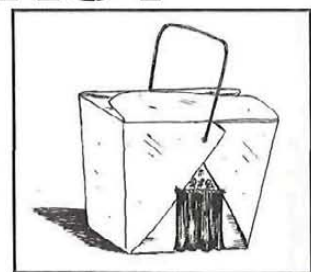


Movie Star News

# CHINESE TO ALLOW FREE ELECTIONS FOR FIRST TIME

The citizens of Peking on the mainland of China will be allowed to vote for city officials this year. This will mark the first free elections in the history of Communist China.

The Communist party announced that Peking citizens would be allowed to pick one candidate from column A and two from Column B, or one from Column A plus a comptroller and a Moo Goo Gai Pan from column B.



*The New Chinese Voting Booth*

The government stated that substitutions would not be permitted, and there would be a thirty-yuan additional charge for sharing dishes.

—M.S.

## MOOSE BAGS HUMANS

A stuffed version of the cartoon character Bullwinkle the Moose has been riddled with shotgun and automatic-weapon fire alongside County Road 16 in Orlando, Florida, by passing illegal roadside hunters.

Mylar Parnell, county wildlife officer, noted that the stuffed-Bullwinkle program, initiated in 1981, has had

amazing results, netting over 1,700 would-be moose hunters.

"We caught one guy with a bazooka," noted the officer. "That gave us all a big yuk."

Questioned as to whether such operations might be considered a form of entrapment, Officer Parnell bluntly stated: "Get your ass back to New York, Jew fuck."

—M.G.

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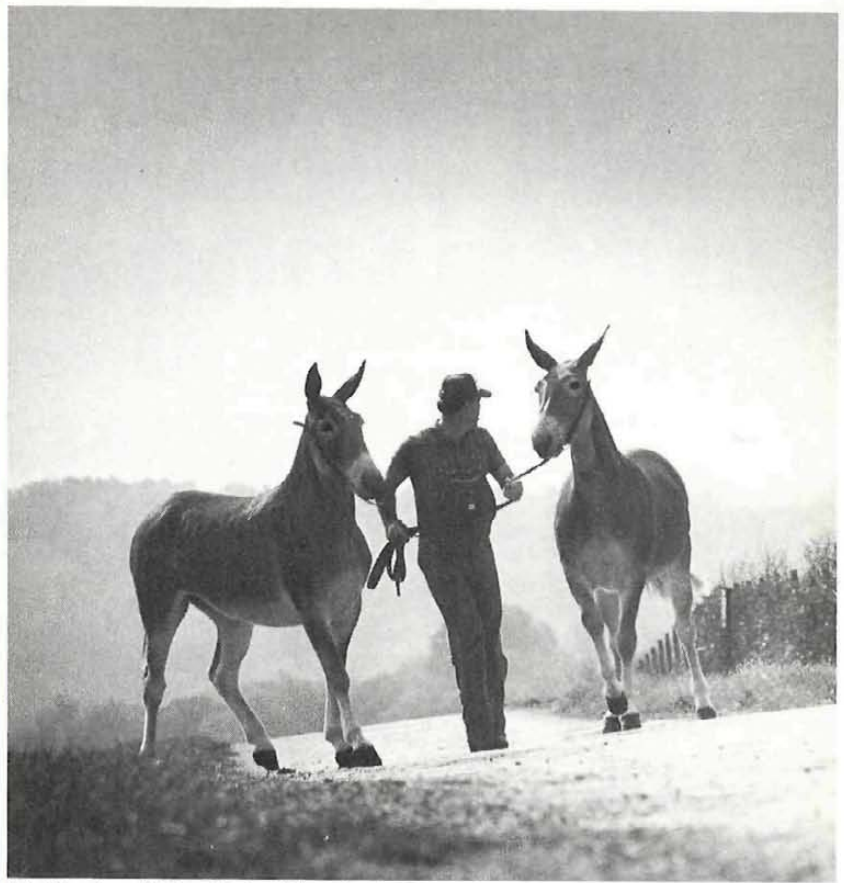
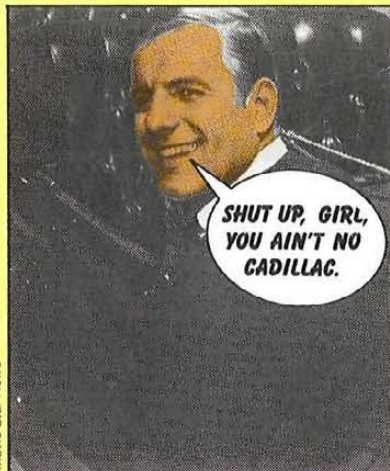
## TED TURNER BUYS, COLORIZES TV SHOWS

Hoping to ride the coattails of *The Cosby Show*'s spectacular multiracial success, media entrepreneur Ted Turner has bought and colorized three old television shows and scheduled them for debut in May.

The Atlanta-based Turner plans to show retouched episodes of shows which will run under the titles *My Mother Be a Car*, *Cleon's Angels*, and *The Partridge Family*, in which the characters will become Afro-Americans through the colorization process.

Turner's modifications of movies, including *It's a Wonderful Life*, have sparked bitter controversy between "purists"—whom Turner terms "lead-footed, brick-brained cave-drawing worshipers who wallow blindly in the warm wimpy milk of things rendered useless by the passage of time"—and media entrepreneurs such as Turner, whom traditionalists refer to as the "nouveau débauché."

—D.H.



We took this picture on Mule Appreciation Day right here in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

A TENNESSEE MULE is a lot like a Tennessee whiskey-maker: Good, and stubborn.

For seven generations in Jack Daniel's Hollow we've refused to budge from a whiskey-making method called charcoal mellowing. That's where every drop of just-made Jack Daniel's is seeped through tightly packed charcoal before aging. And nothing (not even aging) makes it more mellow. So when folks call us ornery and mule-like, we're quick to agree. You see, if we hadn't been so stubborn all these years, our whiskey wouldn't be so smooth.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'  
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 80-90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery  
Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352



# ART MAG CLAIMS: "LEONARDO DA VINCI WAS A SISSY!"

A controversy is raging that has art critics the world over punching each other in the nose: Is the Mona Lisa actually a self-portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, and did the master invite little boys to take baths with him?

The uproar began when the theory's proponent, Lillian Schwartz, used a computer to juxtapose the image of the Mona Lisa, a painting made famous by the Nat "King" Cole song of the same title, with a self-portrait of the artist and then proclaimed him a "Nellie" who liked to dress up in his sister's clothes and paint himself in drag.

Writing in *Art and Antiques* magazine, Schwartz claimed: "One can see by the wonderfully fluid brush strokes that this was a man who threw like a girl and was always made to play right field.

"That sly look that has baffled art critics for centuries is in fact da Vinci thinking to himself, 'See the pretty girl in that mirror there,'" Schwartz maintained.

Art historian Arthur Fleckley at once denounced the theory as "preposterous" and "not founded in any basis in fact." Fleckley, of course, is famous for his hypothesis that Leonardo da Vinci was actually Leona da Vinci, a practicing lesbian, which explains why it was so easy for the artist to draw herself, as well as why she urinated standing up.

Among other theories set forth by art critics and historians in recent days:

- Lillian Schwartz is a bubbleheaded twat for coming up with such an incredibly asinine, nay, beef-witted theory.
- Lillian Schwartz is the Mona Lisa.
- *Art and Antiques* magazine is an antiquated art magazine.
- da Vinci and Michelangelo used to neck under the *David's* crotch.
- Lillian Schwartz didn't have




A da Vinci self-portrait during his "prissy" period?

an old picture of da Vinci handy, so she used a picture of George Kennedy instead, juxtaposed against the Mona Lisa.


- George Kennedy is the Mona Lisa.
- George Kennedy is Leonardo da Vinci in drag.

Of course the most plausible theory, the one that we in the Arts section of *The Yellow Journal* subscribe to, is the theory that some lady named Mona posed for the painting.

—A.S.



Movie Star News



**HEY! BREAK IT UP, YOU TWO!  
YOU'LL BOTH LOVE  
THE SELECTION AT  
BIG 'N' TALL!**

**"I WANT GABARDINE!"**

**"WELL, I WANT VICUÑA!"**

**BIG 'N' TALL...  
THE BEST THING  
TO HAPPEN IN  
SPECIALIZED MEN'S WEAR  
SINCE JELL-O!**

**BILL COSBY SAYS:**

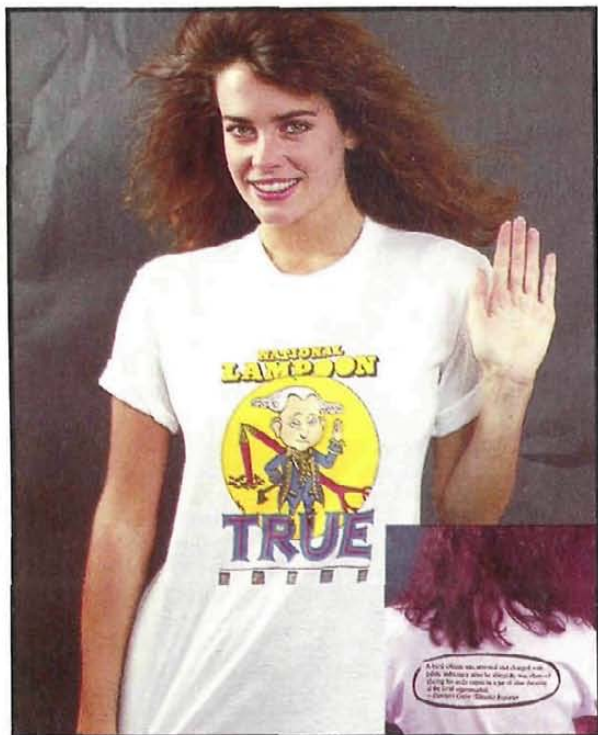
**"Get it together at Big 'N' Tall!"**

**Big 'N' Tall Siamese Men's Shoppes**  
**"Joining the Hip" Since 1934\***  
**Twin Cities, Minnesota**

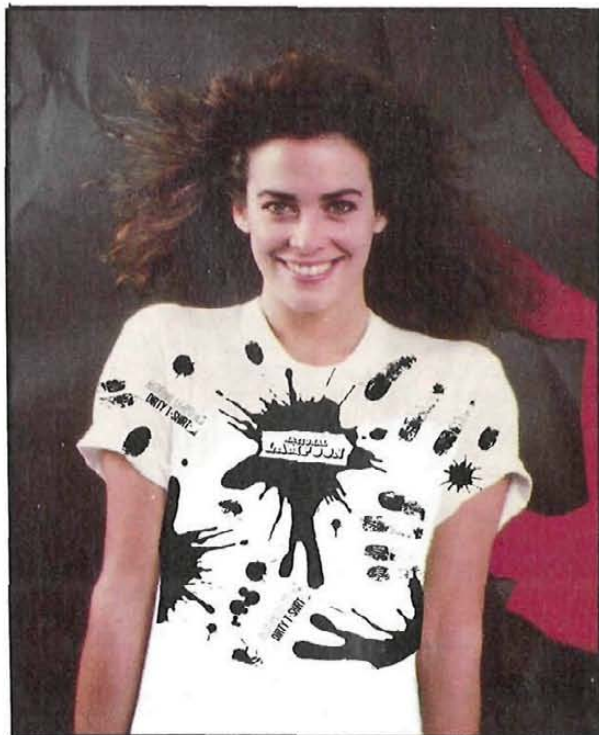
\*We also fit split personalities.

# Who Says We Don't Give Two Shirts?

National Lampoon, the folks who invented the steam-powered harmonica, now bring you the latest innovation in simply great T-shirts:



National Lampoon's True Facts T-shirt



National Lampoon's Dirty T-shirt

And here's the gimmick: for the back of the National Lampoon's True Facts T-shirt, you can pick from any of the following:

- (A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —*San Francisco Chronicle*
- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. —*Washington Post*
- (C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. —*UMKC University News*
- (D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket. —*Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter*

There's the choice, dictatorship. You see?!? Clever, right? (Isn't it great to live what we tell you.) in a democracy Order today, because this might not choose your own work and we will Dirty T-shirt is a stop offering it.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Sm | <input type="checkbox"/> Md | <input type="checkbox"/> Lg | <input type="checkbox"/> X-Lg | True Facts T-shirt (B) @ \$10.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sm | <input type="checkbox"/> Md | <input type="checkbox"/> Lg | <input type="checkbox"/> X-Lg | True Facts T-shirt (C) @ \$10.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sm | <input type="checkbox"/> Md | <input type="checkbox"/> Lg | <input type="checkbox"/> X-Lg | True Facts T-shirt (D) @ \$10.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sm | <input type="checkbox"/> Md | <input type="checkbox"/> Lg | <input type="checkbox"/> X-Lg | Dirty T-shirt @ \$ 7.95          |

Please add \$1.00 per shirt for postage and handling. New York residents, add 8¼ percent sales tax.

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# BETTY FORD CENTER SPAWNS RASH OF REHABILITATION CLINICS

Mushy, squeaky old dizzballs acknowledging the fact that their abnormal fondness for pets is a problem are flocking in droves to Beverly Hills' newest *salon réhab célèbre*, the Betty White Center.

Stars such as Charles Nelson Reilly, Patti LaBelle, Bert Convy, and Cliff Robertson have committed themselves to rehabilitation in the center established by

the actress after she realized she had forsaken her family and friends for her four German shepherds, six cats, eight parakeets, and extensive reptile collection. The clinic's aim is to lessen dependence on pets; a so-called "heavy petter" is at first taught to exist without his or her pet for short intervals, which are gradually increased. In time, a pet owner is able to go shopping, run errands, and even go to work or travel without the companionship of pets.

Miss White's clinic is the latest of a growing number of rehabilitation centers springing up around Hollywood. In the last four months, ribbons have been cut on the Betty Crocker Center, Bette Davis Center, Gerald Ford Center, Glenn Ford Center, Harrison Ford Center, Used Ford Center, Francis Ford Coppola Center, and Betty Boop Center.

"It's terrific," says actress Elizabeth Taylor. "You get some time away, get your problems taken care of, and all the while your name is hopping in the headlines."

—D.H.

# REGAN BLAMES CORRUPTING LYRICS FOR ROLE IN SCAM

In a startling development in the hearings involving the Reagan administration's sale of arms to Iran and the subsequent funding of Nicaraguan contra forces, Donald Regan has blamed his participation in the scheme on the subversive lyrics contained in the rock 'n' roll music he was exposed to when his teenage grandson visited him last summer.

Regan's attorney, Michael Morton, told the stunned congressional

# "FERGIE AND DI PLOTTING WORLD DOMINATION!" SAYS LaROUCHE

Lyndon LaRouche, full-time presidential candidate and political guru, has announced that Diana and Sarah, the princess of Wales and duchess of York respectively, are "hatching a plot to establish British domination of the known world." In LaRouche's estimation, Di and Fergie (as affectionately tagged by an adoring world press) have charmed both the U.S. and the Soviet Union into a woeful state of unpreparedness. According to LaRouche spokesman Lawrence "Butt" Kork, the British royal family already has "full first-strike nuclear capability. Di and Fergie have accomplished this through seemingly innocent compulsive shopping."

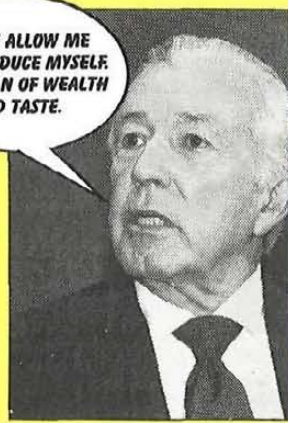
"Shopping, yes, they do quite a bit of it, don't they?" said LaRouche from his closely guarded headquarters. He went on to speculate that the two royals' well-publicized shopping binges are in fact cleverly disguised "plutonium buys" sanctioned by a clandestine yet well-oiled British war machine. "It's diabolically simple!" huffed LaRouche. "The plutonium is encased in lead cylinders

and then carefully sewn into the gowns, robes, and other decadent articles of clothing these two grinning she-demons purchase. The shops themselves are all fronts, of course."

When asked by reporters where the plutonium was coming from, LaRouche cited Papua New Guinea, a large, undeveloped, and desperately poor island nation in the South Pacific. A former Australian protectorate, it is perhaps best known for its reportedly large population of headhunters and cannibals, in whose stew pots the long-lost David Rockefeller is believed to have simmered.

"They're clever, these New Guineans," stated LaRouche. "They are in fact a highly developed nation with scores of German nuclear physicists who settled there after the war. They ship the plutonium out of Port Moresby in those cute shrunken heads they peddle as souvenirs. Here, take a few..." After tossing reporters some of the grisly heads, LaRouche abruptly terminated the interview. "I have to go potty," he explained. "Come back tomorrow, I have lots more." —T.K.

PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M A MAN OF WEALTH AND TASTE.



UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos

subcommittee that when Jackie Regan, seventeen, came to stay at the Regan ranch in July and August of 1986, he brought with him a large collection of audiocassettes, compact discs, and LPs bearing the music of such groups as B'nai B'rith Brother-F\*ckers, Tommy Scum and the Gnashed Fishes, Jim Morrison: Still Dead After All These Years, and Eye-socket Gore. Regan testified that he had become influenced by "subversive

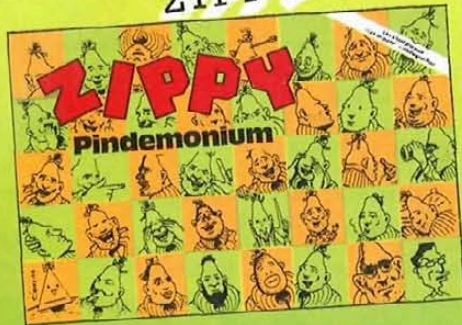
lyrics" during what he termed "two months of relentless otic bombardment, music played night and day at thunderous volume."

Regan claimed that his eventual absorption of lurid ditties made him feel excruciatingly immoral and drove him to commit acts Morton termed "gravely out of character," such as laundering petty cash vouchers for contra rebels.

—D.H.

# the ZIPPY MICRO MART

## ZIPPY BOOKS



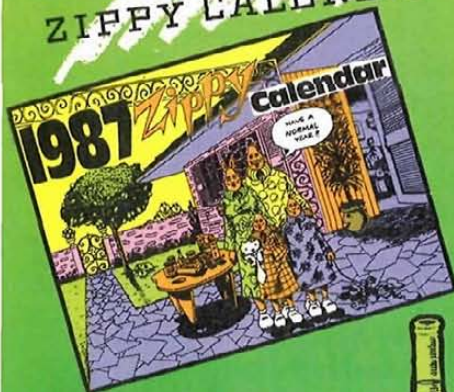
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Are we having fun yet? book \$6.95



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# Homeless Hip

by Tad Oberwait

"I fashioned an anklet out of tapeworms I retrieved from my stool."

"I brush my teeth with the cheese from my dick."

"I like to scratch the crack of my ass, then put just a hint of the scent behind my ears."

A new fad has taken the younger generation by storm. It may not be new, but it certainly is distinct.

It's body odor!

And you know what? The kids love it. And you know why? It originated with the new "crowd" that everyone is crazy about—the homeless!

"Have you ever smelled one? They stink!" says fashion designer Egon Smertz, who began the trend by jogging to parties and then removing his shoes. "Of course, it's understandable, since they live in the streets. But they still stink. Nonetheless, fashion is just a reflection of what's glamorous at the time. For a while, it was to be clean-cut and wear a

suit like a Junior Republican. Then, after *The Right Stuff*, bomber jackets were huge. Now that the Democrats are back in the Senate, the homeless have become *the* issue, and everyone wants to be there on the ground floor."

The new fashions, which include form-fitting sponge suits soaked in sweat, also feature lovely full-length chiffon gowns with pungent half-moons of sweat stitched into the armpits, as well as precious-cashmere blouses, good for work or play, that have been run through the streets for a minimum of four days. A fun little perk that comes with each purchase is a bottle of Pro-perspirant roll-on, made from real essence of swine.

The new fashions aren't cheap. They start at around four hundred dollars, but they're selling like hotcakes! But that's no surprise to Mr. Smertz.

"I'm saying to the world, 'Hey, I'm great no matter how I smell. And if that bothers you, then fuck you!'" —A.S.



**Bill Cosby says: It's true! With these INCREDIBLE X-RAY GLASSES...I can see your tushy!**

And you can see my tushy, too, if you send away for these **INCREDIBLE X-RAY GLASSES!**

I know what you're thinking: "C'mon, Bill, you can't see my tushy." But I can. Let me prove it. It's big and lumpy. Am I right? I knew it, because these **INCREDIBLE X-RAY GLASSES** are incredible and they really, really work!

It's good for other things, too, besides seeing people's tushies:

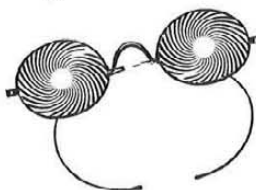
—You need never buy a book. Read it there in the store without taking it off the shelf.

—When playing cards, it helps you cheat.

—If you're pregnant, you can look inside the womb to see if it's a boy or a girl!

There are literally thousands of useful applications for this amazing creation of science, which took years and millions of dollars to create and can now be yours for only \$1.95!

So send today and **AMAZE** your friends  
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Ron Galella

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*Yes! I want to see Bill Cosby's tushy! Enclosed is my check for \$1.95 plus \$2.00 for postage and handling. I agree that if I am not completely satisfied with the product, I will simply throw them away or stick them in a drawer and forget about them.*

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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# W

hat is it? Come on, guess. Pick the magazine up and turn it over and over and shake it gently to see if it rattles. "Hmmm..." you say, "what could it possibly be?" Give up? Why, it's *money!* Yes, fabulous, wonderful money—secret treasure of the moderns. Isn't it nice? We knew you'd love

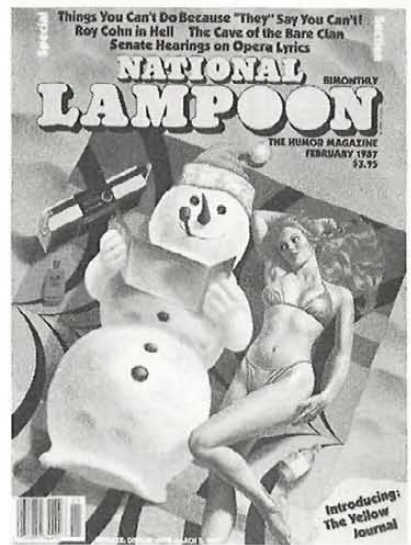
it. It goes with everything, and it's always in good taste to have plenty of beautiful, fashionable money. Don't you think so? Say thank you.

What? What's that? You say you don't see any money? Well...to tell the absolute completely honest truth, we aren't giving you any money after all. What we're giving you is a gift certificate. And all you can get with it is a five-dollar discount on a subscription to the same magazine that gave it to you. Some treat, huh? Oh well, at least it's *sort of* like money. I mean you can buy something with it. *Part of* something, anyway. Well, part of *one* thing, actually. If you were prettier, it might have been a nice brooch.

Okay, now, fill in your name, address, and anything else asked for in the certificate, write out a check for the term of subscription to the *National Lampoon* you would like (one year, two years, or three years), subtracting *five dollars* from the amount listed for each of those periods. For example, if you want a one-year subscription, which normally costs \$15.95, subtract five bucks and write out a check for \$10.95. If you have no check of your own, get a money order or bank check. You still get the five-dollar savings. If you have a checking account but there's no money in it, don't—let's repeat that—don't send it to us. Send it to *Playboy*.

Now, you get the same five-dollar savings for a two- or three-year subscription; merely deduct the five dollars and send in your payment and the gift certificate.

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# TRUE

F

**Edited by  
John Bendel**

While driving the Polk County Animal Control truck, dog catcher Kay Bass of Winter Haven, Florida, ran over Buffy, a mixed-breed fox terrier. As Buffy lay dying, Bass issued a ticket to his owner, Jim Atkins, because Buffy wasn't wearing the proper vaccination tags. *Fort Lauderdale News* (contributed by Larry Marks)



The Harringay municipal council in north London, England, has ordered its playground staff to ban the nursery rhyme "Baa Baa Black Sheep" because it is racist. The council suggested that it be changed to "Baa Baa Green Sheep." (*Toronto Globe and Mail* (contributed by John B. Higgins))



Simon Argevitich has died at the age of seventy-one. Argevitich gained notoriety for whistling while smoking up to a dozen cigars at one time. He appeared with Groucho Marx on *You Bet Your Life*, with Johnny Carson on *The Tonight Show*, and on *I've Got a Secret*.

According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "To add diversity to his act, he crammed in a salad fork, a dinner fork, a knife, and three types of spoons.

"He once showed up at the

A

*Chronicle's* city room, stuffed six cigars and six kitchen utensils in his mouth, and whistled "When the Saints Go Marching In." (contributed by John E. Fagan)



An eighty-one-year-old woman in Arkwright, South Carolina, "died of smoke inhalation after apparently setting a fire under an end table in her mobile home, thinking

C

it was a fireplace." (Myrtle Beach, South Carolina) *Sun News* (contributed by Anthony Jones)



In West Virginia, Fayette County Commissioner John L. Witt, Jr. was arrested for possession of marijuana. According to the *Herald-Dispatch* of Huntington, West Virginia, a grand jury indicted Witt even though the mar-

T

ijuana was a leaf which had been pressed, laminated, and hung on his office wall for display. (contributed by Tom True)



An English-language driver's manual in Italy gives this advice on dealing with pedestrians: "When a passenger on the hoof hove in sight, tootle the horn, trumpet him, melodiously at first. If she

S

## Welcome to the Slammer— You'll Love the Food



This gargoyle is part of an art display commissioned by the Colorado State Council on the Arts and Humanities under a law requiring that 1 percent of construction budgets be spent on art. It is at the newly remodeled State Penitentiary in Canon City. UPI Telephoto (contributed by Leif Zurmublen)



still obstacle you passage, tootle him with vigor and vim, expressing by words of mouth in warning."

And a tourist guide to the island of Capri offers this introduction: "We hope this little book will be really insinuating, in the proper sense of the word. It weighs nothing and has no pretences, and we hope it will be kept in the handbag of elegant ladies and in the wallet of their husbands, on the desk of the important business man or in the cigarette case of the young snob." (Toronto) *Star* (contributed by Paul G. Einboden)



The following item appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner*:

"A Bay Area couple, no names, was arrested for smoking marijuana at Disneyland. They were arrested by Mickey Mouse and the sheriff of Frontierland. . . . The couple insisted on being arrested by real people. They were taken to the Disneyland jail." (contributed by P. Weissman)



In an article about dust, *Discover* magazine reported that the Library of Congress lists 322 books dealing with dust, dust prevention, and legal cases involving dust. The article also noted that about forty-three million tons of dust settle in the United States every year, most of it indoors, with the average home collecting some forty pounds of dust per year. (Hackensack, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)



A company called Carlsberg's Innovative Printed Products sells toilet paper for hunters in a color called "international orange," which other hunters won't shoot at. Also offered are two kinds of camouflage toilet paper—one called "all season" and another called "dead leaf." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Ralph W. Judd)

Investigators said that a Pakistani airliner which crashed, killing thirteen and injuring twenty, may have been hit by bullets fired into the air during a wedding celebration. *Boston Globe* (contributed by David West)



In San Antonio, Texas, Jay Miller spent \$8,000 on a recognition poll to find out how he was faring in his campaign for a judgeship on the district court. Despite the expenditure of \$150,000 in campaign funds, the poll showed that Miller was recognized by only 2 percent of the electorate and his opponent, Susan Reed, was recognized by 3 percent.

However, Arturo Sanchez, a supposedly unknown Miller campaign worker whose name was used in the poll for purposes of comparison, swept the poll with a 6 percent rating.

"I'm surprised," said Sanchez. *LA Daily Journal* (contributed by Bob Sprague)



According to the Swiss Agriculture Information Service, the typical Swiss cow flop weighs 8.8 ounces, cov-

ering an area of 165 square inches, and the output of Switzerland's 825,000 cows could coat the entire country seven times a year. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Michael Kilmartin)



Actor Erik Estrada wears his son's umbilical cord in a glass-faced locket around his neck.

"A lot of people throw an umbilical cord away," said the actor, "but it's something very sentimental to me—a piece of my wife and my child."

Estrada plans to wear his son's first tooth on a bracelet. (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Jeffrey Damon)



The state of Minnesota bought 146 Chevrolets for use as state patrol cruisers, but the new cars were painted red instead of maroon. At least one motorist was stopped for speeding after passing one of the new cars, thinking it belonged to a local fire department.

"There are different shades of maroon," said patrol chief Roger Ledding, "but this is certainly a *bright* maroon." According to one official,

Ledding himself had provided the color sample—a pair of pants. *Minneapolis Star & Tribune* (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)



Japan's English-language newspaper, the *Daily Yomiuri*, reported that French police on the German border "stopped a car owned by a Cambodian from Paris who was accompanied by his French girlfriend, of Polish origin, and found two Chinese citizens hidden in the trunk trying to enter France clandestinely from Austria and West Germany and carrying visas for Rwanda." (contributed by Pamela Peck)



In her syndicated medical advice column, Dr. June M. Reinisch had this to say about premature ejaculation:

"There is no evidence that this type of sexual problem can be inherited. However, some researchers have theorized that among prehistoric men, perhaps only the fastest ejaculators survived, while the men who needed more time in coitus were eaten by predators." *Boston Herald* (contributed by George Falkowski)

## IMPORTANT STUFF BEING TALKED ABOUT IN THIS BOX!

Attention, contributors! We'll give each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used as well as a credit. For every photo used, we'll give each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency, which roughly equals four pounds of salami at the deli across the street. You'll also get a credit, which is roughly equal to a salami sandwich. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. As you can see, these lovely T-shirts, as modeled by Carol Burnett, are indeed... lovely T-shirts.

Send your contributions to  
**True Facts, National Lampoon**  
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# TRUE

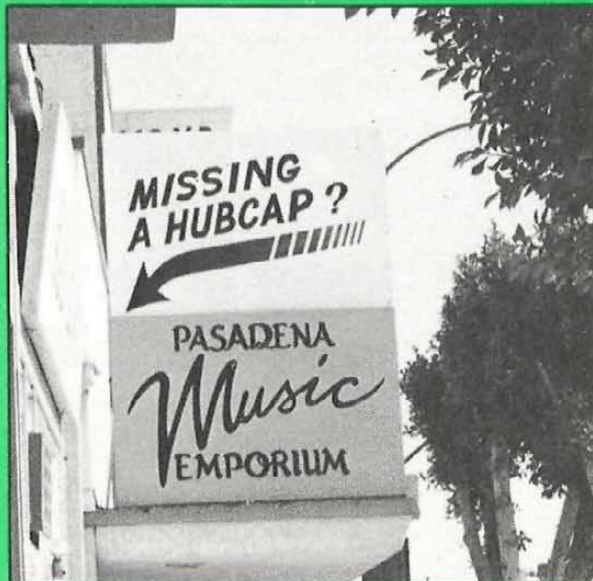
S I G N S O F T H E T I M E S



Ronald Foster, Jr.



Lou Groesman



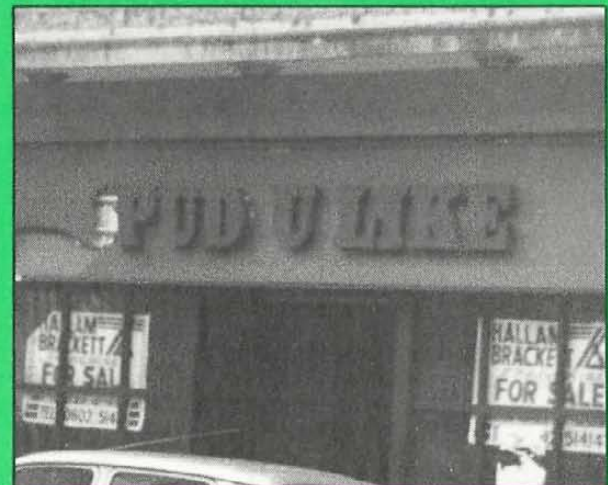
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Bill Campbell



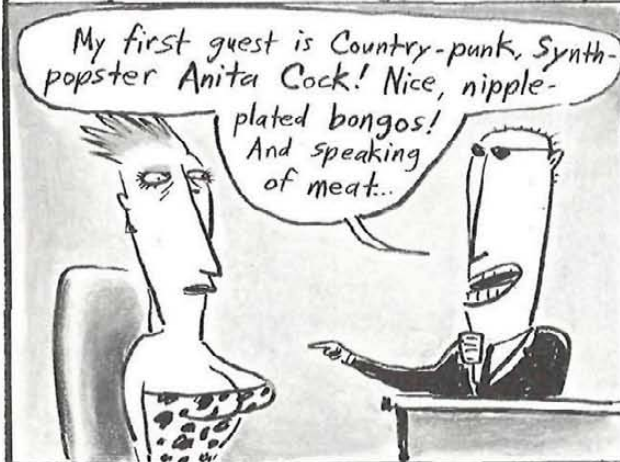
John Lamb

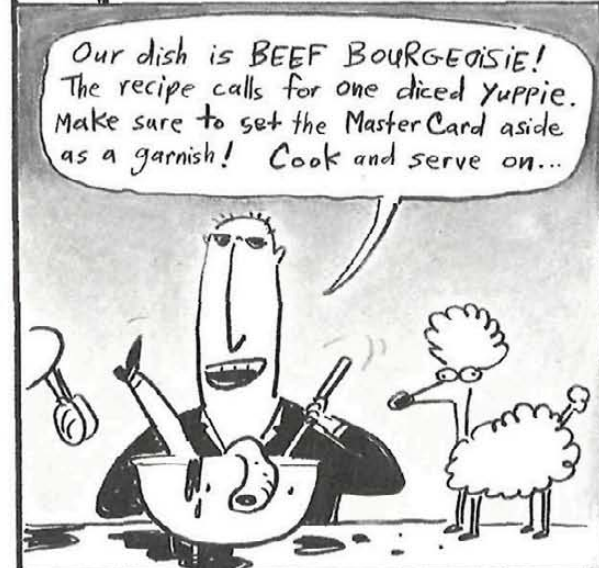


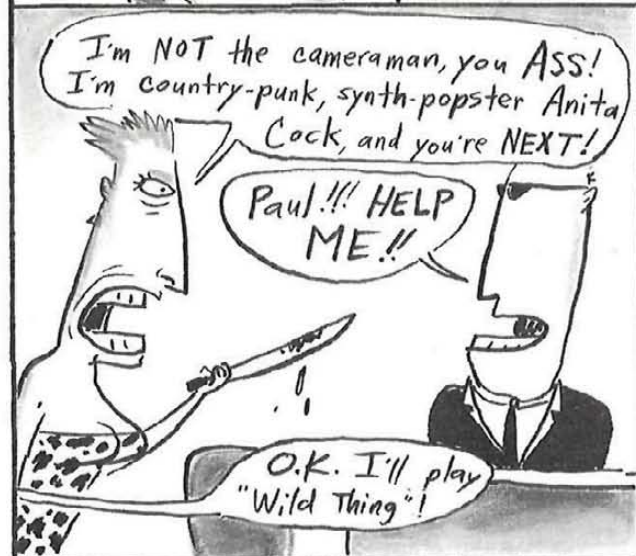
Jeff Shockley

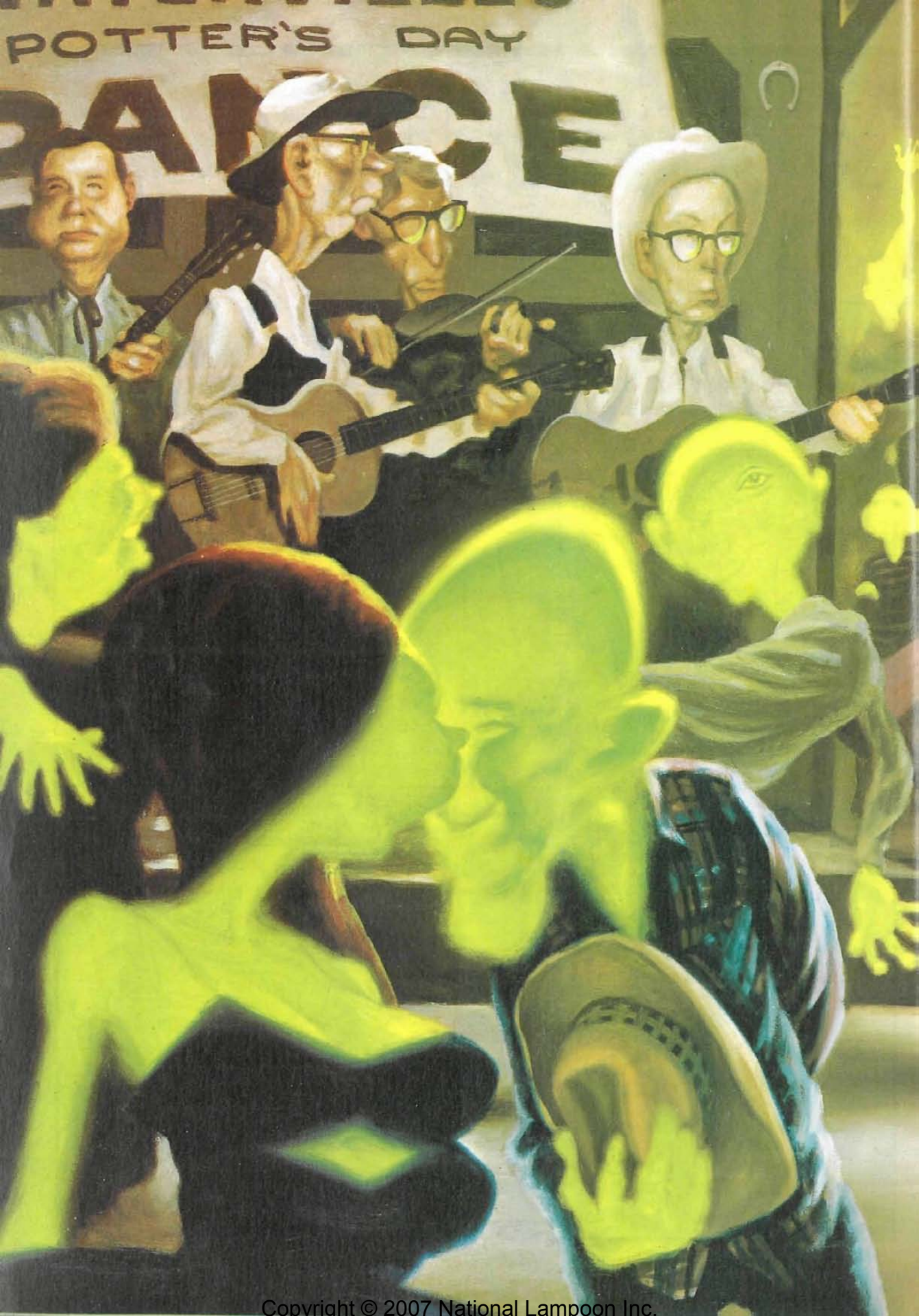
# Late Night with Mr. Vengeance!

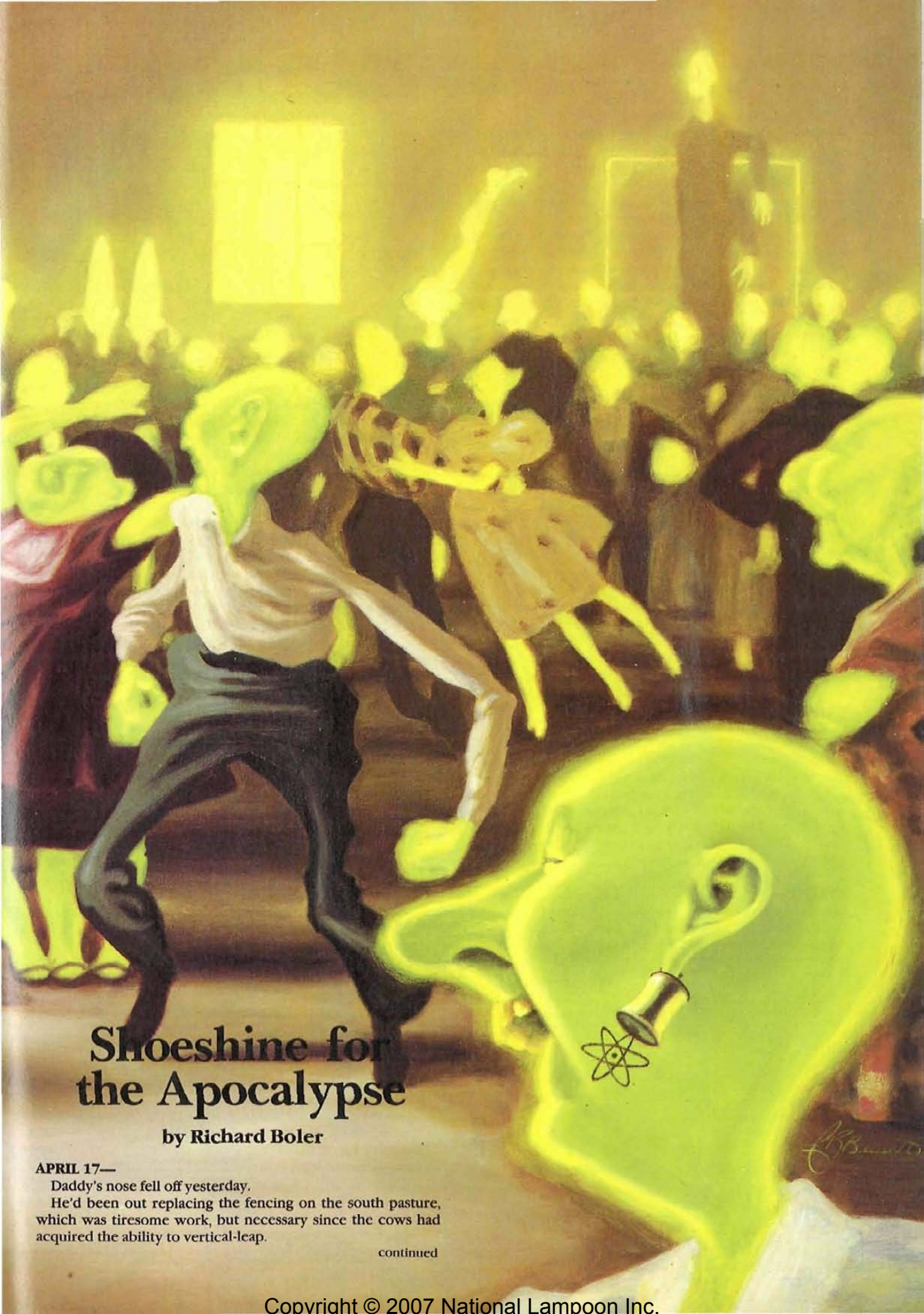
by buddy hickerson











# Shoeshine for the Apocalypse

by Richard Boler

APRIL 17—

Daddy's nose fell off yesterday.

He'd been out replacing the fencing on the south pasture, which was tiresome work, but necessary since the cows had acquired the ability to vertical-leap.

continued

He walked into the kitchen around 2:30 with his union handkerchief over his face and sat down at the table while Momma was jarring good water by the sink.

"Problem, Momma," he said.

Momma told me later that her heart just about stopped right then, partly because we'd all come to dread those words so, and partly because Daddy's voice sounded so darned twangy.

We fashioned a sling across Daddy's ears and rode him down to the Emergency Research Center that they'd set up in the meeting hall above the fire station.

There was a line, of course, even though Walterville had always been what you'd call a "small town" and had gotten a whole mite lot smaller due to recent developments.

Duck Lebowitz looked about the worst, standing there. His neck and one whole side of his face was all green and swelled and bubbly.

"How's it goin', Duck?" Daddy asked.

"Oh. Not *real* good," Duck opined.

Daddy nodded and looked up at the sky. "Looks like rain."

Duck went to scratch his neck, then decided he'd better hold off.

"I reckon," Duck said.

#### APRIL 20—

The Reverend Rood had a wonderful sermon today about "human tragedy" and how God works in "mysterious ways." He said that the more pain and misfortune we suffer here on this earthly plane, the greater our reward shall be in the hereafter.

"God must surely love Walterville," he said.

His talk got me to thinking some. It's true that this "crisis" of sorts has brought the town a goodly share of what you might call "sour luck." It seems doubtful that Walterville will ever be quite the same, what with the soil being contaminated for the next ten thousand years or so and the river turning all kind of chunky and steaming the way it has.

Still and all, the news hasn't been all bad. Wanda Fuhrman's headaches have disappeared for the first time in decades, and the paper says that the Widgim boy has become "unstoppable" on the basketball court since his arms got so long. Of course, the Walterville team can't play anybody anymore, on account of the quarantine. Nonetheless, we still get a big kick watching him stand on a chair just by straightening his elbows.

Add to that all the free "publicity" we've been receiving from around the world—not to mention Postmaster Brown's nine-hundred-pound okra!—and there's an argument to be made that Walterville is indeed a town "on the go."

Well, we like to think so, anyway.

#### APRIL 23—

Kind but crotchety ol' Doc Bupp dropped by to check on Daddy's nose and fill us in on the latest news. Apparently the Company has "tendered" a new settlement offer: 126 billion

dollars, plus "damages," to be divided among all remaining town members.

"That seems like a powerful lot of money," Daddy said.

"What'd he say?" Doc Bupp asked Momma.

"He said that seems like a lot of money," Momma dittoed.

"Hell yes, that's a lot of money," Doc said. He paused and looked at us over the tops of his wire-rimmed glasses. "Of course, we'd all have to move out."

That got everybody's attention real quick.

"Leave Walterville?" Daddy asked, dumbfounded.

Doc Bupp turned to Momma. "Alathea, I can't understand one damn word that man is saying with his nose gone. Now, what's he talking about?"

"He can't believe they'd try to get us all to leave town," Momma said.

"Well, he damn better," Doc replied. "They want to bury and pave over everything within a fifty-mile radius of the plant and keep it off-limits to beasts both fowl and human for about the next gazillion years. Can you imagine!"

Poor Daddy got so shook. "Doc, I couldn't ever bear to leave Walterville," he said. "Why, my daddy's from here. And my daddy's daddy. And *bis* daddy. And my momma's daddy. And my momma's daddy's daddy. And my..."

"Alathea, what the *hell*..." Doc said.

Momma was looking real proud-like at Daddy when she said, "Merle is telling you that we ain't goin' nowhere, Doc. Walterville is our *home*. We've got through tornadoes and floods and pestilence and, by Jim, we'll get through this thing as well. If that means starting all over again from scratch, then that's just what we'll do, startin' first thing tomorrow!"

Just at that moment, our dog Sparky let out a bark, as if he was listening to Momma the whole time and throwing in his two cents' worth. Well, we all just busted out *laughing*. Momma got to guffawing so mightily that the uppers flew out of her mouth, which scared me a tad, since Momma don't have dentures.

I do believe she's right, though. There ain't nothing we can't do without the Good Lord's help.

#### APRIL 26—

It's real late as I write this. I'm sitting out in the meadow behind our house that overlooks the town.

All seems so peaceful and serene. It's hard to believe that Walterville has a problem in the world.

Earlier, everyone had gone to the Potter's Day Dance, which was held this year down at the Armory. It was nice seeing everybody together like that. Wanda Fuhrman looked just wonderful. She got some tongues wagging by dancing all night with Duck Lebowitz, who cut quite a dashing figure in his double-breasted suit and dickey pullover.

As if the evening wasn't lovely enough, about 10:30 Chester Leak, who runs the Walterville *Banner-Republican*, took to the stage with an important announcement:

"I want you all to know that earlier this evening I got through to a Company spokesman from the public relations department itself..."

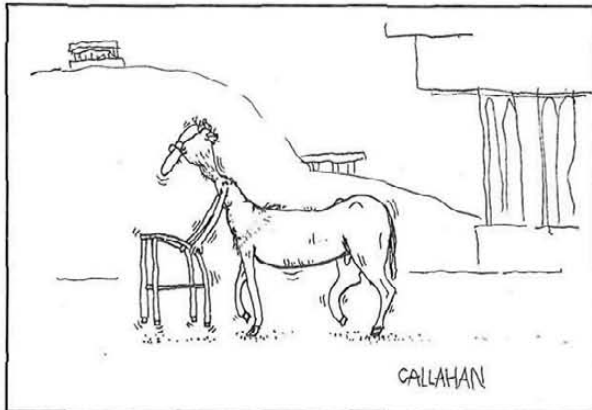
"Give 'em the H-word, Chester!" Ida Tewes yelled from the back, and everybody cheered.

"And he was able... he was able to assure me... and I'm quoting now... 'THE WORST IS APPARENTLY OVER!'"

Well, that got everybody to hooting and hollering. Wayne Bobber got so excited he threw his hat in the air. Unfortunately, his hand came off with it. It went flying halfway across the hall and hit Duck right smack on his "rash." Well, you had to feel sorry for ol' Wayne and Duck, but the whole thing was so comical, and nobody seemed seriously hurt anyhow.

Then the band broke into "Turkey in the Straw" and everybody got to dancing, and I remember thinking, if I could freeze things right now the way they was, then I would surely do so.

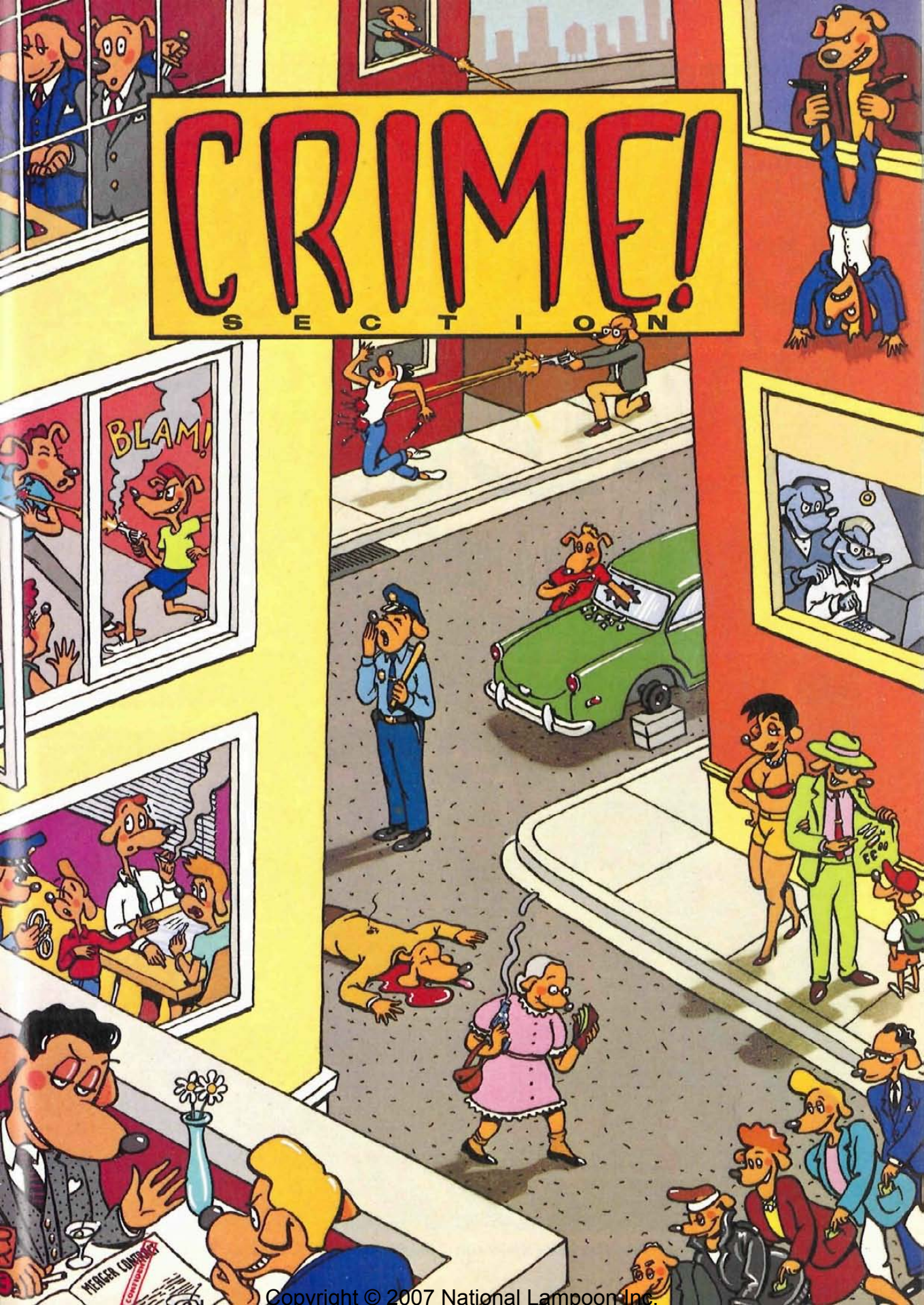
Life don't get much better than this. ■





# CRIME!

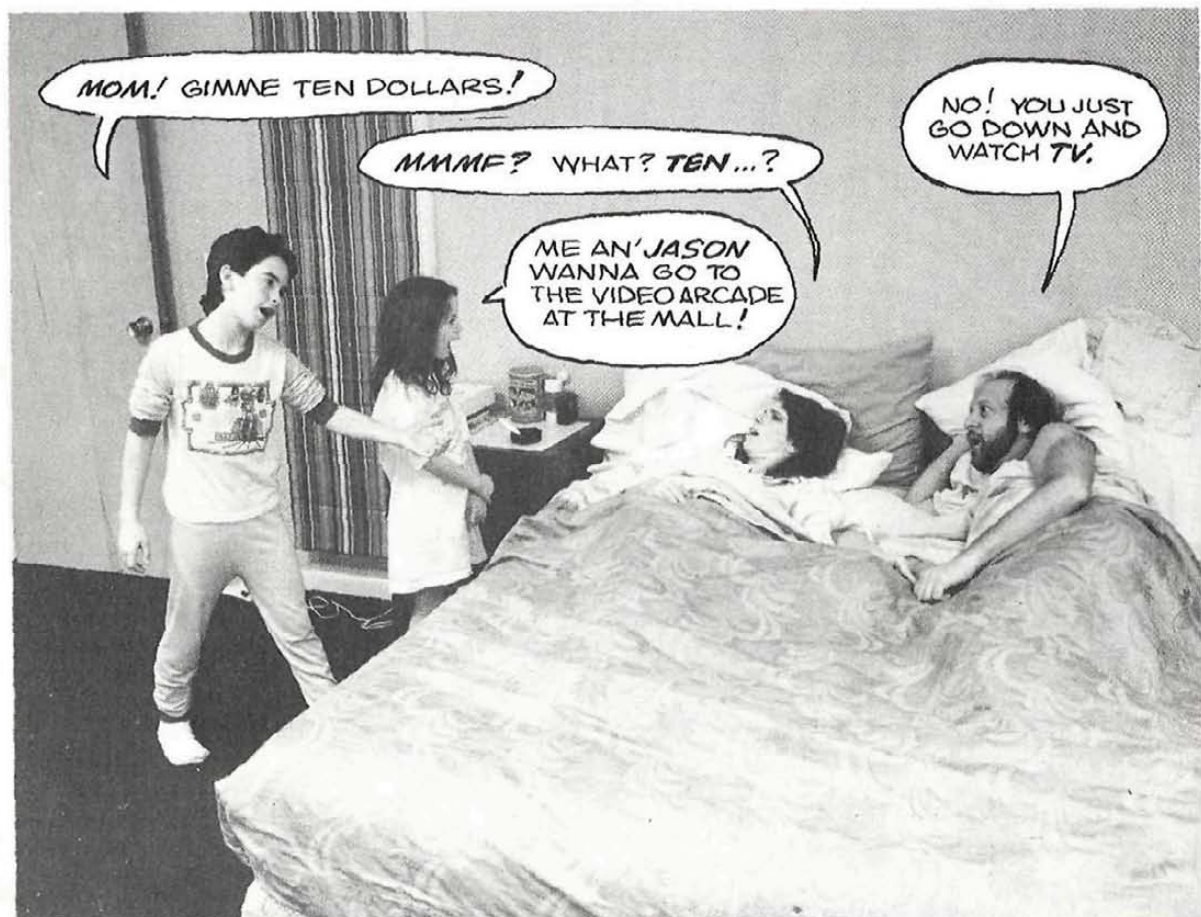
S E C T I O N



THE DO-GOODIES SOCIAL ACTION TEAM IN:

# CARTOON MADNESS

SATURDAY MORNING IN A HOUSE THAT COULD BE YOURS!



by Gerard Jones Photographed by Peter Kleinman Illustrated by B. K. Taylor Lettered by Ned Sontag



MOMMY! WHAT'S 'AT?

NOTHING! IT'S NOTHING, MEGAN, YOU JUST GO DOWN AND WATCH SOME NICE CARTOONS.

YOU NEVER LET US DO NOTHING!!

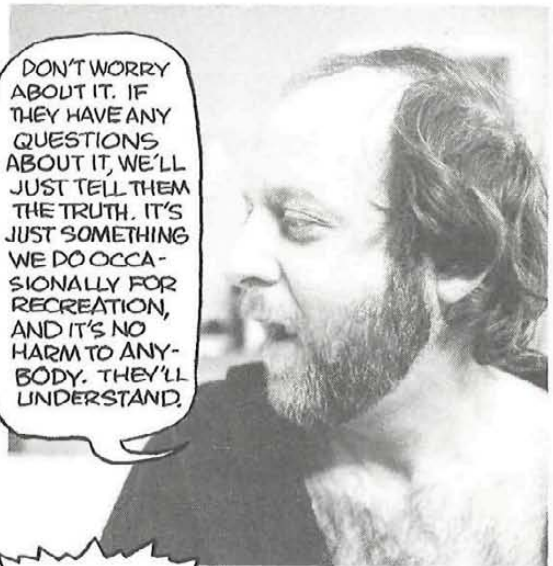
I WISH YOU HADN'T LEFT THAT JOINT OUT FROM LAST NIGHT WHERE MEGAN COULD SEE IT.

JESUS. SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE THESE KIDS.

NOT AT SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING I DON'T.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. IF THEY HAVE ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT IT, WE'LL JUST TELL THEM THE TRUTH. IT'S JUST SOMETHING WE DO OCCASIONALLY FOR RECREATION, AND IT'S NO HARM TO ANYBODY. THEY'LL UNDERSTAND.



JEEZ, HOW COME MOMMY AND DADDY DON'T WANT US TO HAVE FUN NO MORE?

SHUT UP! THE DO-GOODIES ARE COMING ON.

IT'S TIME FOR THE DO-GOODIES PRO-SOCIAL ADVENTURE HOUR!

WHEN FAMILY SECRETS ARE OUT OF SIGHT, *DIGGER'S* THERE TO SHINE SOME LIGHT! NOW *POLL-CAT* NEVER ACTS, YOU KNOW, 'TIL HE KNOWS WHICH WAY THE *WIND* WILL BLOW! WHILE *SQUAWKY* ON HIS *TV SHOWS*, WILL TELL YOU ALL THE DIRT HE KNOWS! 'PERSONAL FREEDOM? HUMBUG! BAA!' SAYS *WOOL-EYES*, 'JUST OBEY THE LAW!' AND *MR. BUZZ*, THROUGH SOBRIETY, WANTS TO *ENGINEER SOCIETY!*

SO IF *NAUGHTY* PEOPLE MAKE YOU STEAM, CALL THE *DO-GOODIES SOCIAL ACTION TEAM!* HOORAY!



BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE *DO-GOODIES* FAMILY OF LICENSED MERCHANDISE. NON-TOXIC, NON-VIOLENT, NON-STIMULATING FUN FOR PRO-SOCIAL LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS!

TODAY THE *DO-GOODIES* HELP... LITTLE PRISSY PIG!

*GOLLYBOSH* KINS! MOMMA AND POPPA'S PARTY IS SO LOUD I CAN'T SLEEP!



SNORT!  
GIGGLE!  
SNORT!

WHAT'S THAT DADDY PIG DOING?

HE'S *USIN'* A DRUG SO HE CAN LIVE A LIE AND GET *ADDICTED!*

BUT THAT'S *BAD!* THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE—YOU KNOW, THE SKINNY WOMAN WHO SMILES—SAID THAT WAS *BAD!* MOMMIES AND DADDIES AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE *BAD!*

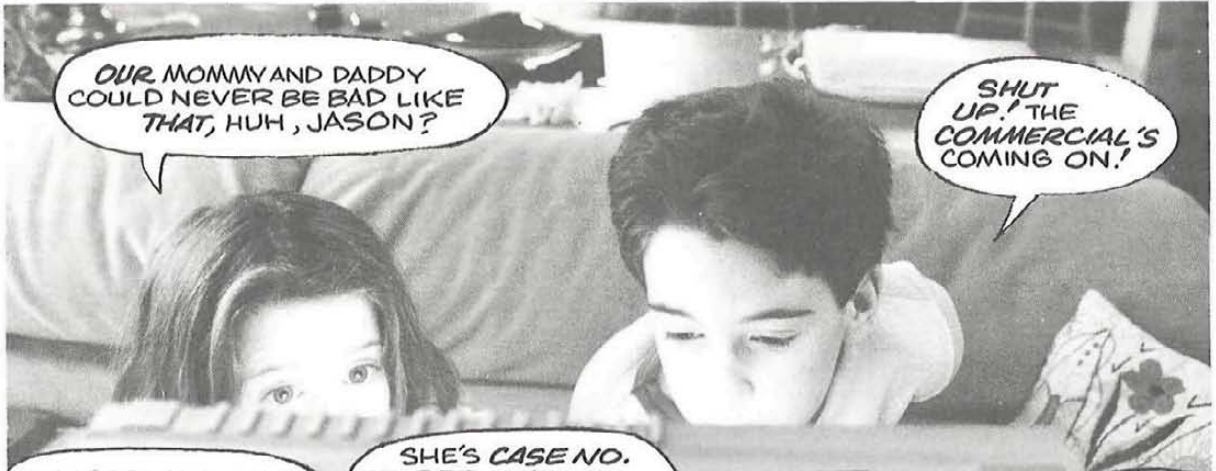


OH, *BOODIEHOODIEHOO!*

*GOLLY, HAM,* SHE WAS VERY UPSET TO SEE US ABUSING THIS *ILLEGAL DRUG!* MAYBE WE SHOULD TALK TO HER AND HELP HER DEAL WITH HER FEELINGS!

*FORGET IT!* UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS *DRUG,* I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYBODY'S FEELINGS BUT MY OWN!





OUR MOMMY AND DADDY  
COULD NEVER BE BAD LIKE  
THAT, HUH, JASON?

SHUT  
UP! THE  
COMMERCIAL'S  
COMING ON!

WAY COOL! WHAT'S  
YOUR NEW DOLLY'S  
NAME?

SHE'S CASE NO.  
5711875. SHE WAS  
TAKEN AWAY FROM HER  
REAL MOMMY AND DADDY  
BECAUSE THEY PURCHASED  
SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MAG-  
AZINES AND VIDEOTAPES.  
NOW I GET TO CONSTRUCT  
A POSITIVE-VALUE EN-  
VIRONMENT FOR HER!

WOW! WARD-O-  
COURT KIDS ARE  
SO RAD!

AND LOOK!  
EACH ONE COMES  
WITH ITS OWN  
CASEBOOK AND  
DEVELOPMENTAL  
PSYCHOLOGY  
MANUAL!



♪ "THEY'RE ONE OF A KIND, THEY'RE  
WARD-O-COURT KIDS, YOU CAN MOLD  
THEM JUST AS YOU PLEASE...."

OOOOO! I WANT THAT ONE FOR MY BIRTHDAY!



AAAAA, MOM AND DAD  
WON'T GET YOU THAT.  
THEY'RE GONNA SAY  
IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE  
FOR JUST A KID. THEY  
SPEND ALL THEIR  
MONEY ON STUFF FOR  
THEIRSELVES.

JEEZ. I BET IF I WAS A  
WARD-O-COURT KID MY  
NEW MOMMY WOULD BUY  
ME EVERYTHING I WANTED!



SHUT UP.  
THE  
DO-GOODIES  
ARE COMING  
TO HELP  
PRISSY  
PIG!

Models courtesy of Expressions

**PSSST! MARY WANNA FEEL GROWN UP? MARY WANNA HIDE IN A DREAM WORLD? MARY WANNA GIVE IN TO HER NAUGHTY URGES? MARY WANNA BE A CRIMINAL?**

**THAT'S THE MARY-WANNA PLANT. LISTEN, WHILE IT BECKONS TO LITTLE CHILDREN....**

**I KNOW YOU THINK YOUR MOMMA AND POPPA ARE GOOD LITTLE PIGGIES AND YOU SHOULD BE LOYAL TO THEM, BUT I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN INTO THE DIRT AND SHOW YOU THE FILTHY TRUTH ABOUT DRUG ABUSERS!**



**YOU MAKE DOPE OUT OF MARY-WANNA AND MARY-WANNA MAKES A "DOPE" OUT OF YOU! SMOKE ME AND YOUR HAPPY HOME BECOMES AN AWFUL "JOINT"! YOU NEED A "RAID" TO GET RID OF THESE "ROACHES"!**




**THAT'S WHAT MOMMY HAD!  
THAT'S WHAT MOMMY HAD!**



**OH, GOLLYDOODLES!  
I'VE GOT TO DO WHATEVER  
I CAN TO HELP MY POOR MOMMA  
AND POPPA, NO MATTER HOW  
HARD IT IS!**

**THEY'RE  
REALLY  
GIVING  
KIDS THE  
MESSAGES  
THESE DAYS,  
AREN'T  
THEY?**



WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN ALL THAT VIOLENCE IN THE CARTOONS WE GREW UP ON. AT LEAST TODAY THEY'RE LEARNING SOME REAL VALUES!




MOMMY AND DADDY ARE DRUG 'BUSERS!' THAT'S WHY THEY'RE MEAN! THE DRUGS ARE MAKING THEM BAD PEOPLE!

SHUT UP, A COMMERCIAL'S COMING ON....

YOU HAVE TO LET THE PEOPLE WHO NOW ABOUT RIGHT AND WRONG HELP YOUR POOR MOMMA AND POPPA IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES, PRISSY PIG!

AWESOME! MOM AND DAD THINK YOU'RE JUST MY CUTE LITTLE SHARE BEAR DOLL! BOY, WOULD THEY BE S'PRISED IF THEY KNEW ABOUT THE COMPLETE, OFFICIAL, DO-GOODIES EVIDENCE KIT HIDDEN INSIDE! NOW I'LL NEVER HAVE TO WONDER WHAT THEY'RE REALLY DOING IN THEIR BEDROOM AT NIGHT AGAIN!

I'LL HAVE A GREAT TIME LEARNING ABOUT LAW ENFORCEMENT AND MY CIVIC DUTY WITH THESE CAMERAS AND THIS TAPE RECORDER... AND THERE'S EVEN AN AUTHENTIC URINALYSIS KIT, JUST LIKE THE BIG LEAGUERS USE... COOL! NOW I CAN DO SOMETHING TOTALLY EXCELLENT FOR MY SOCIETY... AND NOBODY WILL EVER SAY I'VE GOT AN OVERACTIVE IMAGINATION ON THE WITNESS STAND AGAIN!



MAN, I'D LIKE TO GET ME ONE OF THOSE, BUT I BET MOM AND DAD WOULDN'T BUY THAT NEITHER.

SHUT UP, PRISSY PIG IS RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME!

'CAUSE THEY SPEND ALL THEIR MONEY ON DRUGS, THAT'S WHY! JUST LIKE THE PRESIDENT LADY SAID! THEY GOTTA PAY FOR THEIR 'DICTION!'

WE'VE GOT TO CATCH PRISSEY PIG BEFORE THOSE DO-GOODIES CAN TAKE HER AWAY AND GIVE HER THE GOOD UPBRINGING SHE REALLY DESERVES!

IF WE CATCH HER NOW, THERE'S STILL TIME TO FORCE HER TO ABUSE DRUGS AND BECOME AN ADDICT JUST LIKE US!

RUN INTO THE COURTROOM, PRISSEY PIG. GOOD LITTLE CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS SAFE WITH JUDGE MANY HANDS!



YOU'LL HAVE A HAPPY LAW-ABIDING HOME FROM NOW ON, PRISSEY PIG! WOOL-EYES THE SHEEP WILL BE YOUR MOMMY FROM NOW ON! SHE'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANT AND RAISE YOU AS ONE OF HER OWN KIND!



OH, BUT WHILLIGOSHKINS! WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO MY POOR POPPA IN JAIL.?

BAAA! THAT DRUG AA-BUSER ISN'T YOUR REAL POPAAAA! YOUR REAL POPAAAA IS WHAT GUIDES AND PROTECTS US AAAALL! IT'S THE LAAAAAAA AW, THE LAAAAAAA AW, THE LAAAAAAA AW....

GOLLYGDO'NESS, DO-GOODIES! I JUST KNOW I'M GONNA BE HAPPY NOW THAT YOU PICKED A DECENT NEW FAMILY FOR ME!

THE DO-GOODIES CAN HELP US TOO, JASON! WE'LL CALL 'EM AND THEY'LL COME AND MAKE US HAPPY EVER AFTER AND WE'LL GET TO DO WHATEVER WE...

AAAAA, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS DO-GOODIES. THERE'S JUST PEOPLE LIKE POLICE, AN' TEACHERS, AN' JUDGES....





... AND I'M GONNA BE A **WARD-O-COURT KID** AND ME AND **PRISSY PIG** ARE GONNA PLAY AT THE VIDEO ARCADE ALL DAY AND NICE GROWNUPS ARE GONNA GIVE US **QUARTERS** AND **DOLLIES** 'CAUSE WE'RE THE **GOODEST** LITTLE CHILDREN THEY EVER SAW AND...

SHUT UP. THE **PRE-VIEWS** ARE COMING ON.



HELLO, MISTER POLICEMAN? TELL THE **DO-GOODIES** MY MOMMY AND DADDY DO **BAAAAAAD** THINGS....

NEXT WEEK, THE **DO-GOODIES** HELP LITTLE **MYRON MOOSE** ENFORCE THE **SODOMY LAWS!**

**IT'S EIGHT A.M.... DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR CHILDREN ARE WATCHING?**

# Everyone's a Criminal

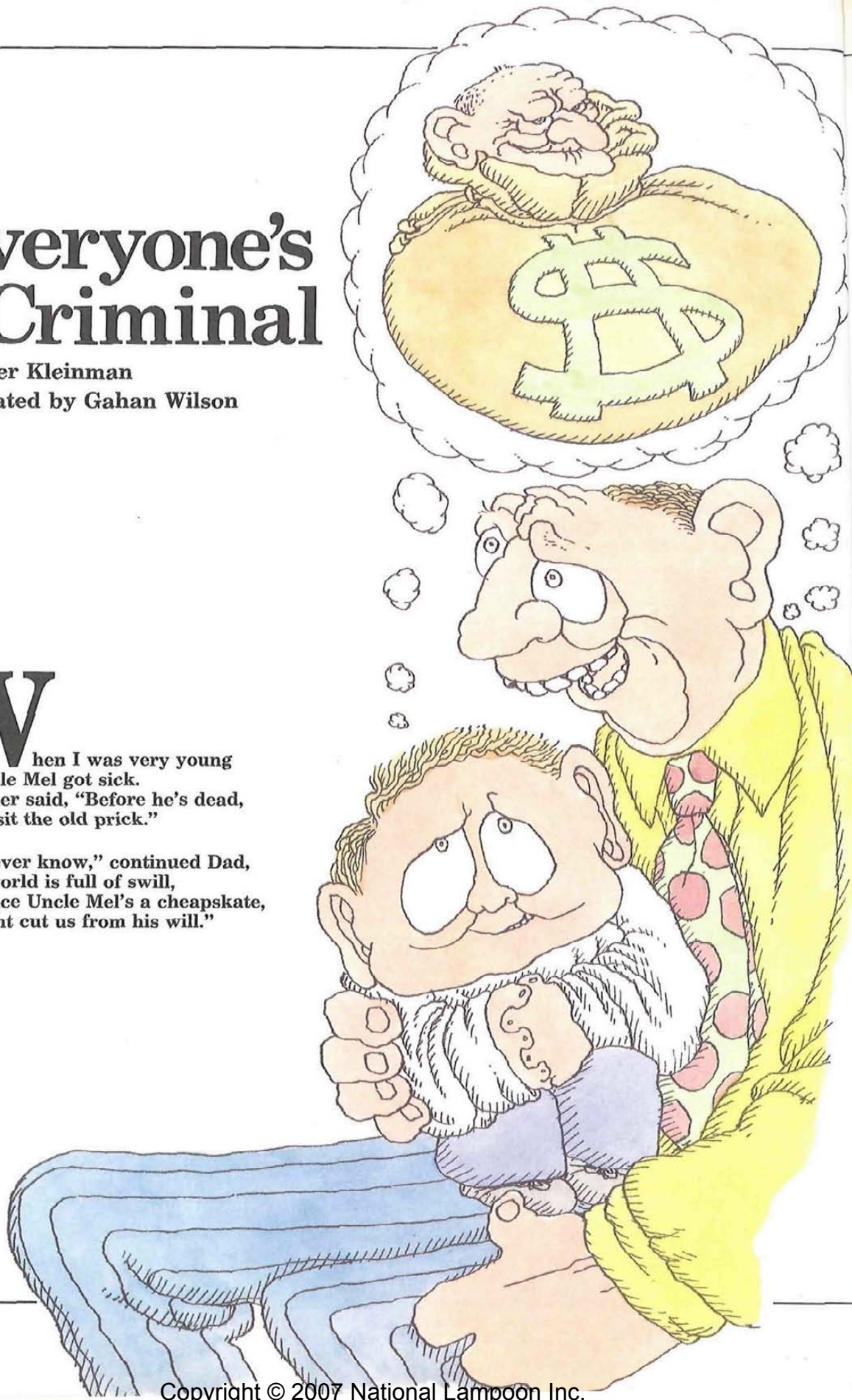
by Peter Kleinman

Illustrated by Gahan Wilson

**W**

hen I was very young  
My Uncle Mel got sick.  
My father said, "Before he's dead,  
Let's visit the old prick."

"You never know," continued Dad,  
"This world is full of swill,  
And since Uncle Mel's a cheapskate,  
He might cut us from his will."



So we went down to the hospital  
Where he was hooked to a machine,  
And Uncle Mel didn't look too good  
He was shriveled up and green.

We all made stupid small talk  
As we sat around his bed,  
But when Mom and Dad went for some air  
I stayed with Mel instead.

The minute my folks left the room,  
Old Mel's eyes seemed to clear,  
He grinned and pulled me toward him  
And whispered in my ear,

"Sonny boy, when I was young,  
'Bout the same age you are now,  
I thought that right would always win  
And that truth would shine somehow.

But now that I'm a sick old fart  
And I've learned a thing or two,  
Take these tips from Uncle Mel  
'Cause I'd never lie to you.

Everyone's a criminal,  
Everyone's a con,  
Your mom and pop, your cousin Mitch,  
The list goes on and on.

Everyone is guilty  
Of some stupid little crime,  
Like spitting on the sidewalk,  
I do it all the time.



And everyone's a pencil thief  
No matter what they make.  
When Congress meets they legislate  
How many bribes to take.

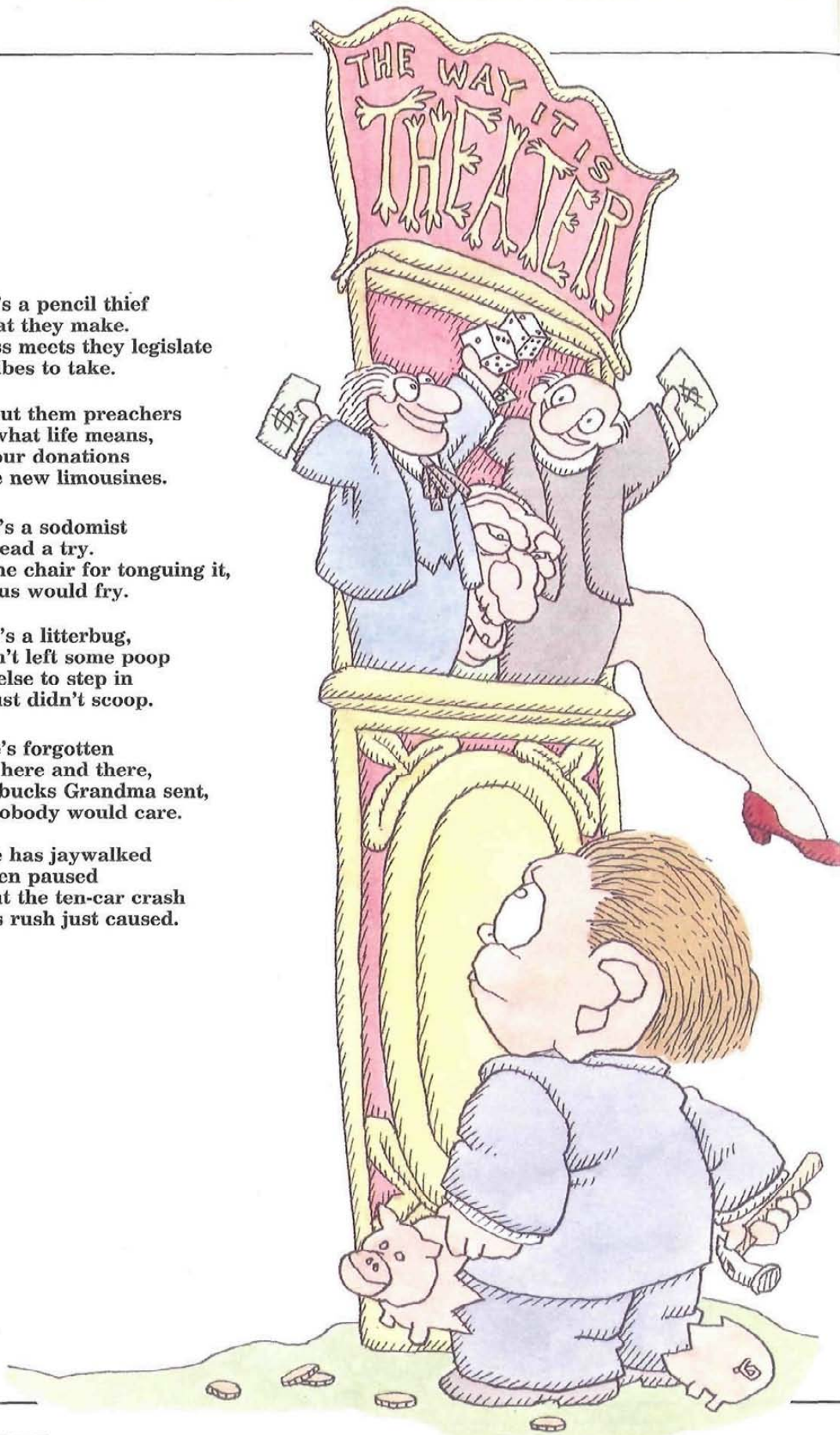
And what about them preachers  
Who tell you what life means,  
While all of your donations  
Buy them nice new limousines.

And everyone's a sodomist  
Who's given head a try.  
If they gave the chair for tonguing it,  
Then most of us would fry.

And everyone's a litterbug,  
And who hasn't left some poop  
For someone else to step in  
'Cause they just didn't scoop.

And everyone's forgotten  
Some income here and there,  
Like that ten bucks Grandma sent,  
You figured nobody would care.

And everyone has jaywalked  
And never even paused  
To think about the ten-car crash  
Their careless rush just caused.



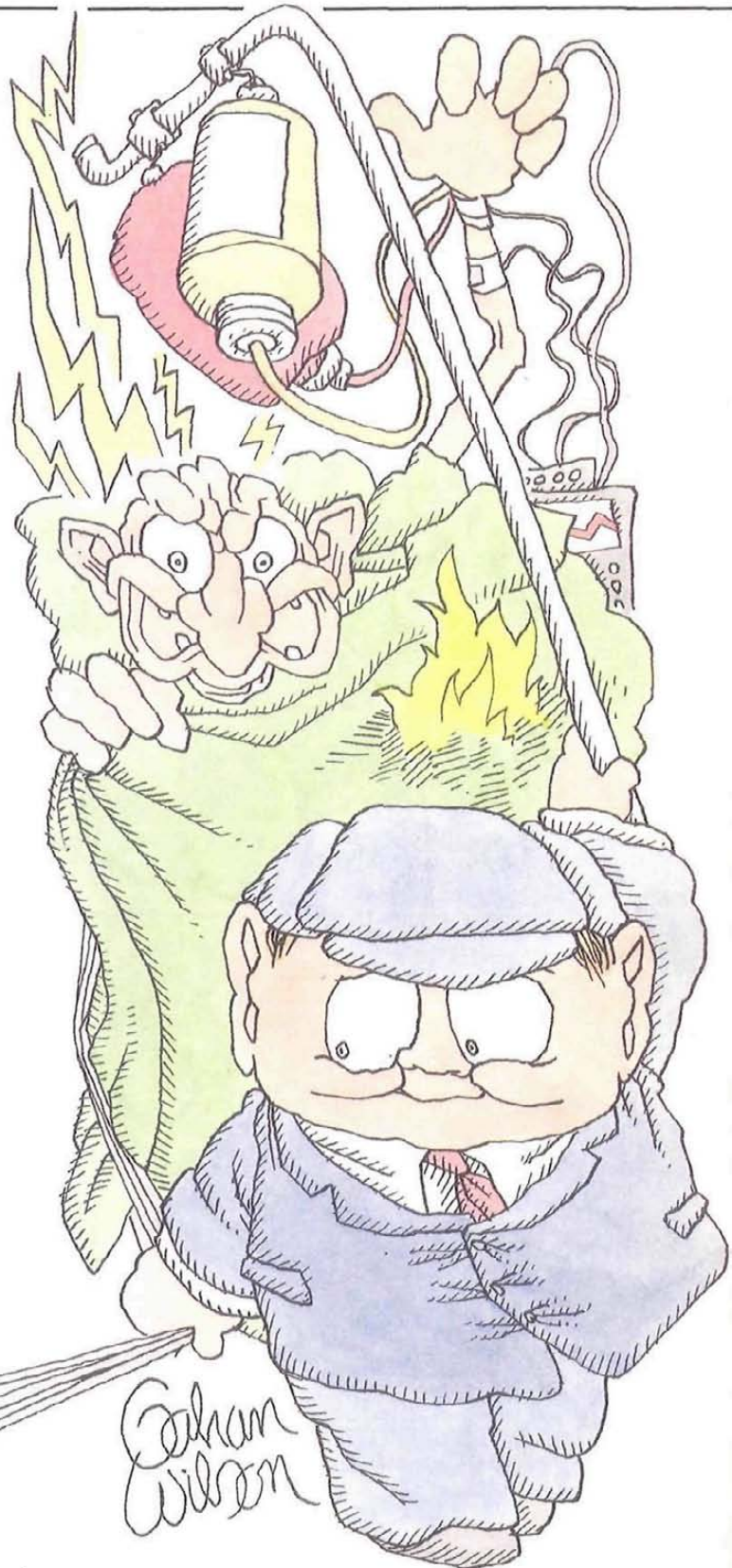
Everyone has loitered  
Or trespassed once or twice,  
Or lied on some insurance form,  
Or played a little dice.

Everyone's a bookie,  
The papers give the spread,  
Your pop has got it eight to five  
That I never leave this bed.

Yeah, I know that they're all schemers,  
They'd love to see me kick,  
But Uncle Mel is no one's fool,  
I've still got one last trick.

You're the only one that I can trust,  
So here's what I'm gonna do,  
Before I go, just so you know,  
I'm leaving it all to you!"

Well, I just stood there speechless,  
Then I gave him a big hug,  
And as I wiped away a tear,  
I pulled out Uncle's plug.■



*Miller*  
**HIGH LIFE**

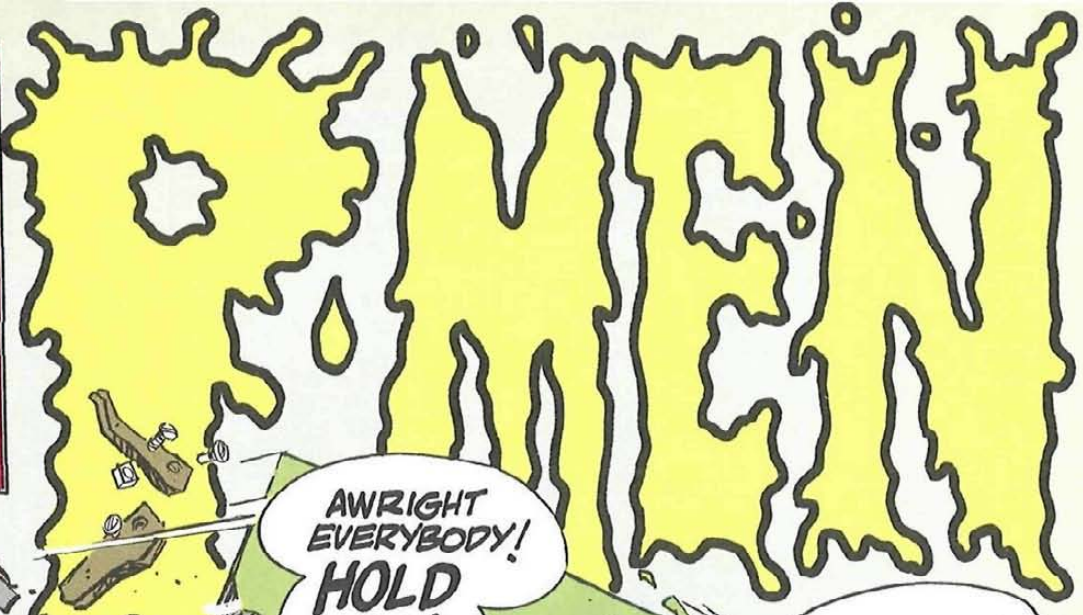
in conjunction with  
**HAWAIIAN TROPIC and EASTERN AIRLINES**  
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**NATIONAL  
LAMPDOON'S**



**A BENEFIT FOR THE NEW ORLEANS FOOD BANK  
FEATURING IN CONCERT:  
OTIS DAY AND THE ANIMAL HOUSE BAND  
MARCH 20, 1987 LOYOLA UNIVERSITY  
NEW ORLEANS**

Produced by the Loyola Union



AWRIGHT EVERYBODY!  
**HOLD IT!**

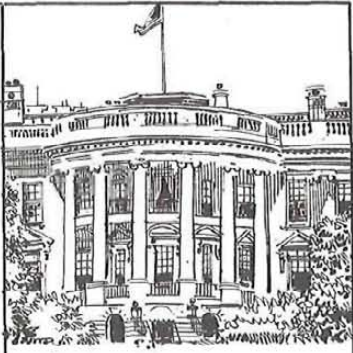
Y-YESSIR!  
P-PLEASE D-  
D-DON'T SHOOT  
US, P-MEN!



THE STORY OF THE  
**F.B.I.\***

**\* FEDERAL BLADDER INVESTIGATORS**

SPAINER



**T**HIS GREAT PLACE, WHERE SO MANY CRISES HAVE BEEN MET...

...ABOUT ALL THIS URINE TESTING BUSINESS, MR. PRESIDENT. I FEEL THAT YOU **PERSONALLY** SHOULD SEPARATE YOURSELF AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE FROM THE WHOLE THING! THUS, IF YOU'LL PARDON THE PUN, YOU'LL AVOID GETTING ANY OF IT ON YOU!

EXACTLY, GEORGE! THAT'S WHY I'VE SET UP A SPECIAL AGENCY! NOW MAYBE NANCY WILL DROP THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT BIT AND GO BACK TO SHOPPING ON RODEO DRIVE!

WE CAN EVEN CALL IT (CHUCKLE) **F.B.I. - FEDERAL BLADDER INVESTIGATORS!**

AND SO WAS BORN A NEW AND VITAL INSTITUTION, PROUDLY DEDICATED TO IGNORING THE CONSTITUTION AND INVADING THE PRIVACY OF ALL AMERICANS - BY FORCE, IF NECESSARY!



ALMOST OVERNIGHT, MOB-CONTROLLED BLACK MARKETS SPANG UP ACROSS THE LAND, PEDDLING "CLEAN" URINE TO A PUBLIC UNWILLING TO CURB ITS LUST FOR DRUGS! CHICAGO WAS KNOWN AS A PARTICULARLY "WIDE-OPEN" TOWN....

IN THE GHETTO, THEY PREYED UPON THE POOR....



'AT'S RIGHT, FOLKS! 100% PURE PISS - CLEAN AS THE POPE'S PAJAMAS! GET STONED AND STILL KEEP YOUR JOBS! ONLY **TWENTY BUCKS A CUP!**

THE CORPORATE SECTOR PROVED A READY MARKET AS WELL....



GREAT PARTY AT BOB'S!

YEAH! WORLD-CLASS TOOT!

REAL SINSE! WAS I PARALYZED!

DON'T PUSH, BOYS! THERE'S PLENTY FOR EVERYBODY! HEH, HEH!!

MOB-CONTROLLED "LEAKEASIES" OFFERED LIQUOR, DRUGS, AND GAMBLING - ALONG WITH BOOTLEG PEE!



WOT'S DA PASSWOIDZ?

**OLD GOLD!**



BUT ALL ALONG, F.B.I. INSPECTOR ELIOT "IRON CLIP" NESS TIL WAS KEEPING TABS ON EVERYTHING! WHEN HE AND HIS P-MEN HIT, IT WAS LIKE AN ICY BLAST OFF LAKE MICHIGAN!

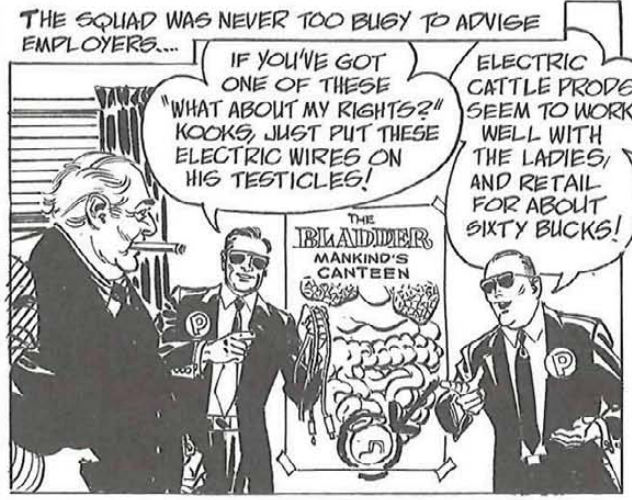
FINAL  
1. NL.

CHICAGO DAILY POOP  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS TUESDAY OCTOBER 7, 1983

NESS TO PISS-PUSHERS: DRY UP!  
Duff Graves, 7-4; O's Sweep, 11-2



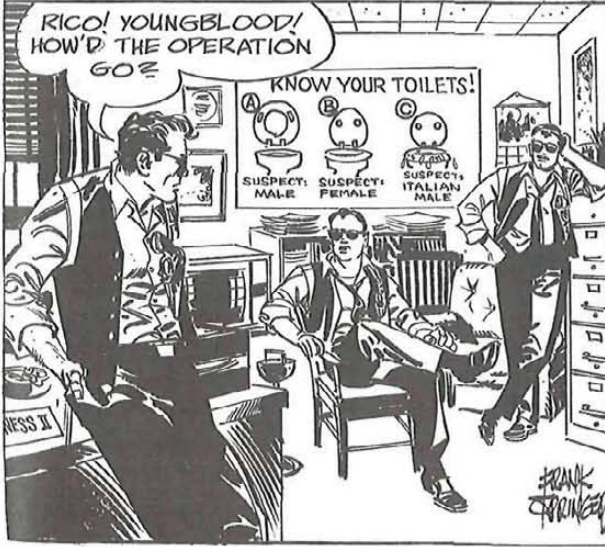
AUGIE! DON'T! YOU STILL OWE ME TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!



THE SQUAD WAS NEVER TOO BUSY TO ADVISE EMPLOYERS...

IF YOU'VE GOT ONE OF THESE "WHAT ABOUT MY RIGHTS?" KOCKS, JUST PUT THESE ELECTRIC WIRES ON HIS TESTICLES!

ELECTRIC CATTLE PRODS SEEM TO WORK WELL WITH THE LADIES, AND RETAIL FOR ABOUT SIXTY BUCKS!



RICO! YOUNGBLOOD! HOW'D THE OPERATION GO?

KNOW YOUR TOILETS!

SUSPECT MALE  
SUSPECT FEMALE  
SUSPECT ITALIAN MALE



WELL, AS YOU KNOW, THE CALZONE MOB WAS PLANNING A BIG PICKUP OF TOP NOTCH, CLEAN, CANADIAN URINE - AT LEAST FIFTY BARRELS!

LIKE YOU GUESSED, BOSS, IT WAS IN ALBERTA! EVEN VINNIE "THE CATHETER" NITTI WAS THERE!

"...THERE WERE ONLY FOUR OF US, AND IT SEEMED LIKE WE'D DRIVEN CLEAR TO THE YUKON, WHEN THE FIRST OF THE TRUCKS FINALLY TURNED OFF AT GOAT SPLEEN, ALBERTA, POP. 423..."



"NITTI AND THE REST SET UP KEG AFTER KEG OF FREE BEER — ENOUGH FOR EVERY HICK FOR MILES AROUND. THEY WERE REALLY SWILLING IT DOWN!"



"THEY WERE LINED UP FOR HALF A MILE, PISSIN' AWAY LIQUID GOLD! WHEN ONE OF 'EM WOULD TRY TO PEE IN THE WOODS, NITTI'S GOONS WOULD BEAT HIM BACK IN LINE. THESE BUMPKINS NEVER HEARD OF COCA-COLA, LET ALONE COCAINE, SO YOU KNOW THEIR STUFF WAS 100% CLEAN! WORTH MAYBE TWENTY DOLLARS A CUP IN CHICAGO!"



"WE KNEW WE WOULD HAVE TO CAUSE A COMMOTION QUICK IF WE WERE TO GET AT THOSE TRUCKS..."

COME BACK SOON, EH?

PLEASE COME BACK!



DIS REALLY STINKS! THEM CITY JERKS GIVIN' US FREE BEER, THEN MAKIN' US WAIT IN LINE TO PISS!

YOU SOME KINDA STUPID HOSER — NEVER SATISFY, EH?

NEXT TIME PARTY AT PELICAN BUTTE!

YEAH! WE PISS HELL OUTA THESE GOAT SPLEEN HOMOS!

GOAT SPLEEN SUCKS A LARGE ONE, EH?



"THIS TACTIC SEEMED TO WORK WELL..."



"BEFORE YOU COULD SAY 'EH?' WE GRABBED THEIR THREE TRUCKS AND HALLED ASS...."



HEY!

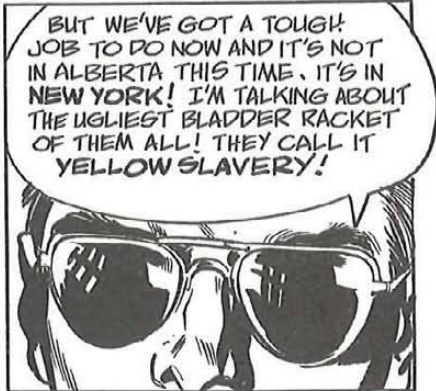
THEY'RE STEALIN' OUR PISS!

EAT SHIT, NITTI!

COME BACK, YOU COCKSUCKERS!



NICE WORK BOYS, NICE WORK!



BUT WE'VE GOT A TOUGH JOB TO DO NOW AND IT'S NOT IN ALBERTA THIS TIME, IT'S IN NEW YORK! I'M TALKING ABOUT THE UGLIEST BLADDER RACKET OF THEM ALL! THEY CALL IT YELLOW SLAVERY!

"THE GYNDICATE SENDS OUT PISS PIMPS TO SNATCH RUNAWAY GIRLS...."



PORT AUTHORITY BUS TRAIN

HEY, LADIES! DEY CALLS ME "HONEYDRIPPER." YOU CHICKS WANNA COME TO MY PAD AND SEE MY BAFROOM?

UH... OKAY, MR. DRIPPER.

"THEY'RE QUICKLY FORCED INTO BRUTAL SLAVERY...."



GROAN

OH!

UH!

WHEW

NUMBER 23! DRINK THAT WATER, BITCH, OR I'LL HELP YOU DRINK IT! HAHAHAHAAAA!

WHO ARE THE TOP DOGS IN NEW YORK, BOSS?







OKAY, CHUBBY!  
WHERE'S LEAKY/  
LUCIANO'S  
TALK OR IN  
YOU GO!

**TOSS  
HER IN!!**



NO! NO! NOT  
THAT! H-HE'S AT  
H-HIS OFFICE... 635  
MADISON AVENUE!

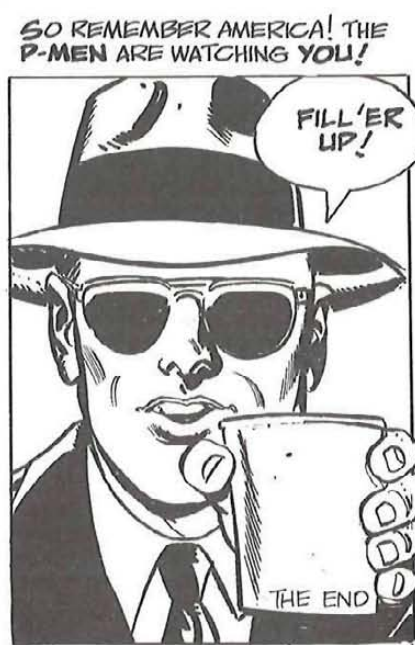


PRETTY BOY! BED  
WETTER! YOUSE BOYS  
IS DOIN' A SWELL JOB!  
PROFITS IS UP BY  
30% AN' ...



OKAY, LEAKY/  
THE PARTY'S OVER!  
HOPE YOU'RE NOT  
- HEH, HEH -  
PISSED OFF!

**CRASH!!**



SO REMEMBER AMERICA! THE  
P-MEN ARE WATCHING YOU!

FILL'ER  
UP!

THE END



# War Is Hell

by Bernie X.  
As told to Gerry Sussman

I'm one of those guys who's always getting his ass wet when he shouldn't even be in the pool, if you know what I mean. I can't keep out of trouble, no matter how hard I try. I always say to myself that I'm going to mind my own business, put in a day's work, wash up, and go home. But something always happens and I get involved with other people's business. And I get burned.

I'm doing my last fare of the night. It's very late, about three in the morning. I got one of those hot-shit Latinos in the backseat of my cab—Mr. Excitement. What's happening is that he's getting laid back there by a young lady with streaky blond hair sticking up like spikes. They're both in their clothing, but she's on top of him and getting a nice little ride. It's not the first time it's happened in my cab and it won't be the last.

Anyway, this couple finish their business and get out somewhere on the Lower East Side on Avenue B, in front of a bodega, one of those Latino grocery stores. The girl with the spiky hair looks like a young Tuesday Weld—remember her? The guy looks like a young Desi Arnaz. A greaseball, but he carries himself with a certain style. He's Mr. Cool. And he leaves me a fifty-dollar tip and a wink that says "Hey, man, thanks for letting me use your bedroom." I can't argue with a guy like that. I'll rent him my bedroom anytime he wants. Times aren't that good.

I turn in my cab at the garage and take a quick look at the backseat. I figure there might be a wet spot, but it's clean. Instead, I notice a small notebook, one of those fancy ones made of crocodile that you use for appointments. I peek into it. It belongs to Desi. It must have fallen out of his pocket while he was giving Spike the high hard one.

The notebook has all the wrong things in it. Normal people don't write stuff like this in their appointment books. They write "Lunch with John Jones, 12:30," or "Sales meeting, 2:45." They don't write "Tarantula arrives at midnight," or "Scorpion shipment, 3 A.M.," or "Call Black Widow from highway phone."

The man is in the spider business. He's importing spiders into New York to terrorize us. Sure. And I'm Prince Otto of Denmark. A smooth Latino drops me a fifty without batting an eye, loses a notebook with secret codes in it, and then pops into a bodega that looks like it hasn't sold a carton of milk since Jack Kennedy was shot. Am I talking about a big-time drug dealer or what?

I know I should flush the fucking notebook down the toilet, but I smell more money where that fifty came from, and when I smell money, I'm not afraid to travel in the fast lane. I cruise the neighborhood and find the little bodega. I'm in luck. Desi is there, along with a couple of his friends, and he is very happy to see me.

"You see, I told you this man was honest. I knew he would come back. He's my man," he says.

His pals give me a funny look, like they want to cut me up into small pieces, wrap me in Saran Wrap, and put me in their freezer. But Desi shakes my hand warmly, asks about my family and my health, and then asks me for the notebook. There's a pause before I answer. Desi breaks out in a big laugh.

"Well, fuck me! How fucking dumb stupid of me," he says.

And he pulls out a wad of bills and peels off a couple of hundred. Not bad. A nice gesture. I hand over the notebook and thank him. There is another significant pause. I'm standing there instead of walking. Why, I don't know. I should have walked out of there backwards, bowing all the way.

"Well, is there anything else?" Desi asks me. "You want a half pound of baloney? A pack of cigarettes?"

He laughs. I laugh. It's time to go. No question about it. I thank him again and zip out. It's always a pleasure to do business with a drug dealer.

That should have been the end of it, but I smell something unkosher about Desi and his pals. I think they smell something unkosher about me, because the pals get into their car and start to follow me.

They're in no hurry. They just cruise along and stay behind me while I try to make a living. Like they're my escorts.

Now I know I got trouble. I have to fuck around with a drug dealer, a guy who shoots your eyes out, then kills your family, your friends, your neighbors, and your dog.

I can't shake these guys. This is not a movie where I can drive down the street at a hundred miles an hour. I'm not in *The French Connection*. I'm driving up Madison Avenue in midtown Manhattan. But what the hell. I give them a few fast turns and whirls and sure as shit I give them the slip.

I let out a big sigh of relief at a red light, and suddenly this big hand comes through my open window and it has a gun attached to it. The door opens and I got company. The guy with the gun and his friend. First they take my reward money back. Then they take me for a ride.

What happened was that Desi had more than one car tailing me. They had three... with radios. They never lost me. The two guys in my cab are named Ramon and Ramon. They call themselves the Ramons. Every time they say it, they break up. I don't get it. They explain that the Ramons are also the name of a rock 'n' roll band, only they spell their name with an "e" at the end.

They take me to a deserted pier somewhere in Brooklyn. Not the kind of place where you want to build a summer home—more like the kind of place where people get shot in the head and pushed into the water. They pull me out of the cab, and tie a bunch of bricks to me and throw me into the river.

I am not a great swimmer. I go down once and barely come up. I go down again, but somehow I find something to hold onto, some hunk of wood coming out of the pier. I don't know how long I can hold on. I scream for help, but only the rats can hear me in this fucking place.

Just as I think I'm going to slip for the last time I hear a voice calling out to me. It's an old drunk, staggering toward me. He pulls with all his might and manages to hoist me high enough so I can climb the rest of the way. But as he makes his last pull he falls right

through a broken section of the dock, cracks his head on something, and sinks without a trace. I'm saved and he's gone.

I sit there and cry. A drunk, a guy with no name, saves my life and dies because I got involved with a guy I shouldn't have fucked with. I'm busted up and I got a dead man on my conscience and I'm building up into a very bad mood. I want someone very bad, someone named Desi.

After a hot bath and a couple of boilermakers I go back to the bodega. It's closed. Nobody in the neighborhood wants to talk to me. There's no Desi to be found. Then I turn a corner where there's a big fence full of movie and club posters and who do I see on one of the posters but the girl with the spiky hair who was banging Desi in the backseat. She's something called a performance artist. Her name is Loretta Lamaze. She's performing in a place called the Euthanasia Club on Avenue C and Fifth Street. Loretta is my best bet to lead me to Desi.

A performance artist is a fancy name they got now for someone who does an act. In the old days they called it vaudeville. You did animal acts, juggling acts, magic acts, singing and dancing acts. Now a juggler is a performance artist.

I ask a guy next to me who's wearing a wedding dress and a nose earring what Loretta does. He looks at me like I'm from Mars. "She gives birth, what do you think?" he says. He's right. Loretta comes onto this tiny stage looking very pregnant and goes into labor, like she's having a baby. She screams, she swears, she sweats, she sings, she tells weird stories and babbles away about anything that comes into her mind, with a lot of shit about sexual politics, whatever that means. It's a crazy act, but the people love it and urge her on. Guys come running on the stage with ice for her sweaty face. They throw towels to her. One guy offers to give her a shot of morphine. But Loretta turns him down. She's into natural childbirth.

I got to admit that she really does it good. The guy with the dress says that she does it different every night, just like real childbirth is different for every woman. "Sometimes she's in labor for hours and hours . . . like I mean ten, fifteen hours before she's finished," he says. "Sometimes the baby dies. Sometimes *she* dies. Sometimes the whole thing only takes an hour. It depends on her mood."

I'm thinking she's going to pull one of those baby dolls out of her flue or something at the end of the act, but she doesn't work with props, just her imagination. I wonder how long she'll

be in labor tonight. I want her to help me find Desi real fast. I'm lucky—she gives birth to a nice eight-pound boy in about two and a half hours.

After the show I corner her in her dressing room and tell her about Desi and the Ramons. She looks right through me like I'm not there. She tells me to fuck off, she's coming down from her performance. She still feels weak. She's going home to nurse her baby. Actors get so deep into their part that they can't get out of it. I offer her a free ride home in my cab.

She lives in a small loft somewhere near the World Trade Center. On the way down she falls asleep. I carry her into her place, put her in bed, and fall asleep on her couch.

**W**e both awake around noon. Loretta is very young, but is one of those modern girls who never get flapped over anything. I'm in her house so I must be okay. I'm now a part of her life. She staggers around, drinks a large glass of vodka with a squirt of cranberry juice, takes a dozen pills, and eats a bowl of bran flakes and low-fat milk. She wants me to eat a bowl. It will give me fiber, she says. I decline. I don't eat much in the morning. I like to fuck in the morning to get my heart started. She offers to shoot me up with pure liquid zinc—it goes right to the prostate. Keeps my prostate small and frisky instead of big and flabby. I tell her my prostate doesn't need any zinc. It's in tip-top shape. That seems to get her excited, because she wants to test it out immediately. She even knows some of those old Japanese tricks with the gauze and the Vaseline. I haven't been laid in two days, so I need a good workout.

A good workout is exactly what I get. Loretta likes to take charge of the action. She's got to prove how sexy she is. Fine. She's got a fantastic body underneath that spiky hair, so I let her do anything she wants. I've never seen a broad with so much energy. It's like she's doing one of those Jane Fonda exercise tapes. She keeps saying how she's going to "fuck my brains out," "fuck me in half," "fuck me to pieces," "fuck me till my ears bleed," and on and on.

After about four hours of this she collapses. Now it's my turn. Before she can react I jump on her bones and give her one of my best, one from the heart. There's a regular-season fuck and a playoff fuck. I give her a championship playoff fuck. She finally discovers the difference between acting and the real thing. It's like eating ice cream for the first time. Of course, one scoop isn't enough. She wants six, nine,

thirteen. I stop at twelve. Thirteen is bad luck, I tell her. Besides, I have to find Desi.

I tell Loretta what happened between me and Desi, how he tried to kill me.

"That's Desi, all right. He's got a mean streak," she says.

"Mean? You know what a drug dealer does to you if he doesn't like you? And to your family and friends and neighbors?"

"Oh, Desi isn't a drug dealer," she says. "At least not to my knowledge."

"What the fuck is he? An orthodontist?"

"He's an arms dealer. He's one of those contras," she says.

So that's what all those fancy code names were all about. The spiders were codes for arms shipments. Loretta tells me she met him at a very wild party and thought he was a hunk. He likes to get her zinc injections and go all night. When he's high he boasts about how his contras are going to beat the crap out of the Sandinistas and get their country back. He has these bodega businesses as fronts so he can use banana boats to ship his guns. He's even offered to take her on a boat ride to Nicaragua to watch him in action. In fact, there's supposed to be a boat leaving for Nicaragua tonight.

It takes us about six hours because Loretta isn't sure exactly where in New Jersey this boat is docked. But we find it. It's way down the coastline, even lonelier and spookier than that pier in Brooklyn. I park as far away as I can without attracting attention and we sneak up to the pier. And there it is. A boat is unloading bananas into trucks, while the trucks are unloading crates of guns into the boat. It's a trade. And there is Desi, all dressed up in a spiffy camouflage suit, supervising the operation.

I have a little camera with me to take pictures of the incriminating evidence. I want to nail Desi every which way. In the confusion of the loading operation me and Loretta sneak on the boat so I can take good shots of the cargo. Suddenly I feel the boat moving. It's sailing away. They must have finished loading. I can't fucking believe it. We're on our way to Nicaragua.

Loretta thinks it's an adventure. Like I said, she takes it all as it comes. She likes to imitate the characters she sees in movies. All she wants to do is fuck, perform, drink, do drugs, and have life experiences. And now she wants to fuck me day and night in the hold of the ship where we're hiding. She calls our adventure *Desperately Seeking Desi*, only she's the girl in *Something Wild*.

The next movie Loretta should be



imitating is *Deep Sbit*, because that's what we're in. When we dock in Nicaragua she accidentally knocks over a box and makes so much noise that we're found out. Two stowaways on a gunboat going to the contras do not have a big future.

Of course, who is there to greet us but Desi himself. He is smiling, but I can tell he is crazy mad.

"I should have known," he says. "Everybody tells me the Jews are greedy, they are money-mad, but I never believed it until now. Two hundred wasn't enough reward. You had to follow me all the way to Nicaragua for more money."

Desi is now doing his sarcastic spic act out of *Scarface*. I still think he deals drugs too. He's got the drug dealer's sense of humor. I'm waiting for the punch line.

The punch line is that he is now sure that me and Loretta are spies. Loretta was fucking him to get information to pass on to me. Everything's too coincidental. First she fucks him in my cab, and then the smart trick. She doesn't steal his notebook, she takes it and leaves it in the cab for me. Then I copy all the codes down and return it to get a reward, to show how honest I am. He suspected me from the beginning, which was why he wanted me killed. It all makes sense now.

I protest and insist that we are not spies. I'm just a humble cabdriver and Loretta is a performance artist. She wanted to show me his boat, that's all. I had no idea what the fuck was going on and then it was too late. I couldn't jump off the boat. I couldn't swim.

But when Desi frisks me and finds the camera I can't argue with him anymore. *Deep Sbit* will soon be changed to *Firing Squad*. I am in a fucking jungle with a crazy broad, a crazy spic, and a bunch of soldiers that make the bandits from *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* look like West Point cadets. Desi's right. I was too greedy.

Before Desi can figure out what to do with us a jeep shoots out of the jungle and a guy jumps out who looks very familiar. I've seen him on TV. He's wearing a combat outfit just like Desi's and he greets Desi with a smart military salute. It's none other than Oliver North, the guy who was in charge of the first shipments to the contras. He's back in charge. I can't believe it. He looks like that guy on the A-Team.

**D**esi explains it to me like I was a young boy trying to learn the facts of life. When you fight the Communistas you don't stop sending arms because some pussies in Washington tell you not to, he says. In war you got to

break the rules. The reason Oliver North is in charge again is because no one would expect the administration to put him in charge again. He was supposed to be punished. No one would ever dream that North would come back. That's the beauty part. It's perfect.

For a minute North can't believe what he's seeing. He's very pissed at Desi for letting us sneak into the operation—very unprofessional, he calls it. He shakes his head and sighs. The Commie spy business must be going to shit if we're the best they got for this hot spot, he says.

I try again to convince someone that we are not Commie spies, that we are patriotic Americans. Actually, we are working for the CIA, I say.

"What branch?" North asks.

I can't answer that, I say. It's top secret. My orders come from a secret source, direct from Washington. North doesn't believe me. He doesn't like Loretta's looks either. But she likes him. I can sense that she's getting ready for a new "life experience."

North asks me to whisper the ultimate secret code line into his ear, the code that every top CIA man knows. If I know the right line he'll believe me. The line hasn't been changed since Allen Dulles took over in the fifties.

"Maybe you are a spook," North says.

"I can never tell anymore what the Company will hire. They use some pretty weird types for certain jobs."

The secret code phrase. Jesus, there's only about twenty-nine million possibilities. Jesus . . . Jesus . . . that's it! I have a hunch it's a religious line. Something totally unexpected for the CIA. I whisper it into North's ear.

He smiles warmly. "Shit, that's the nicest try I ever heard," he says. "The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. That's a good one. But you're wrong."

"Wrong? What the fuck are you talking about? That's the code I got. I don't know about *you*, but that's the one *my* people use. Maybe you old-timers use something else, but we work with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

North frowns. "You are a fuckhead," he says. "A fuckhead is someone who is in the wrong place at the wrong time. Now I have to figure out what the hell to do with you and your weirdo girlfriend. The possibilities are infinite, but you're still a big fucking pain in the butt."

Loretta is turned on by this guy and tries to give him the eye. But he doesn't look like he's interested in fucking and sucking at this moment. But I can see a bunch of other guys who definitely are—the contras. They are looking at Loretta and barely able

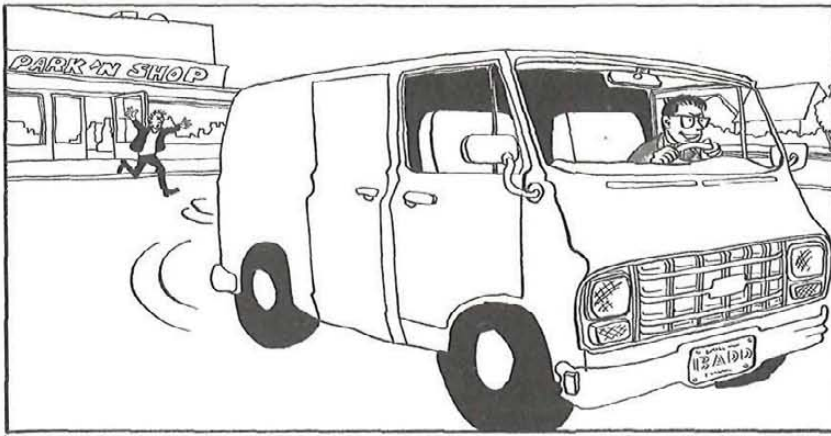
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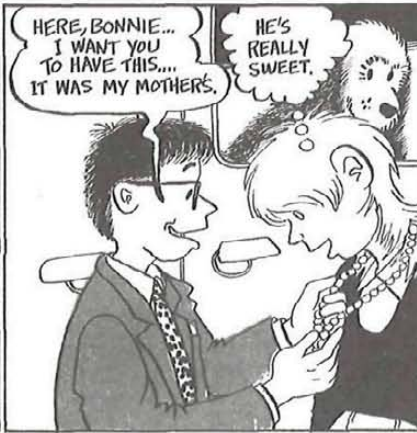


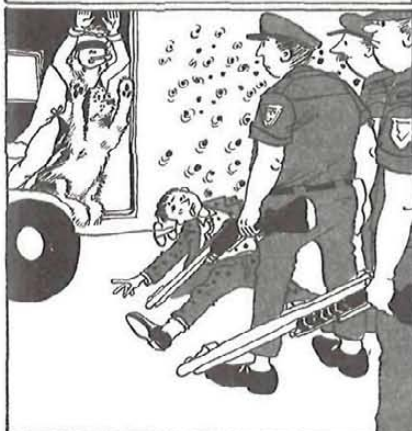
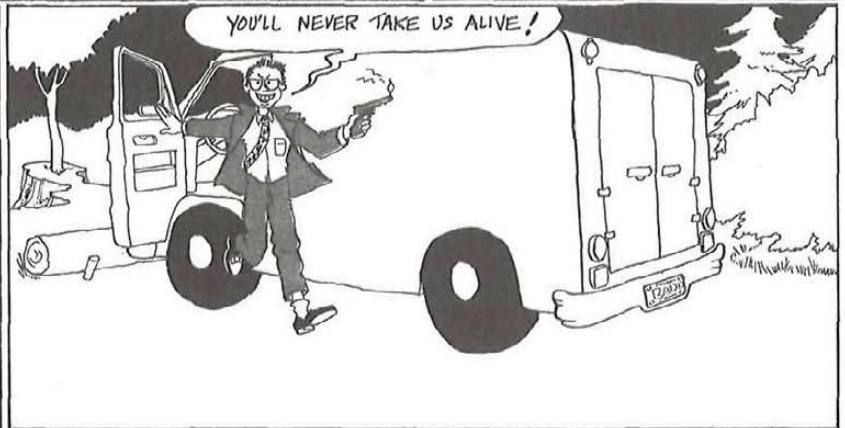
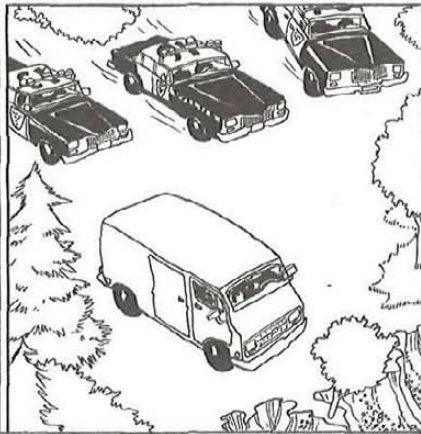
# Trots and Bonnie and Clyde

by  
Shary  
Fienniken









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# The FBI Uniform Crime Report Crime in the United States—1986

Compiled by Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky

## FOREWORD

Nineteen eighty-six was truly a banner year for crime in the United States. Criminals of every race, color, and creed participated in a great national effort, the result of which was to catapult the United States into a position of clear crime leadership when compared to other industrialized nations, such as Japan and Germany.

To be sure, criminal activity consisted of a high proportion of the usual murders, robberies, rapes, and aggravated assaults. However, much imagination was shown in such areas as white-collar crime, mass murder, and even criminal activity and intent at the highest level of national leadership. In contrast, criminal activity in Japan, for example, remained fairly lackluster, making use of little of that nation's much talked-about technological superiority.

This report is a statistical compilation of criminal activity in the United States during 1986. It employs various tabulations and graphs in order to clearly portray the precise nature and extent of the various activities involved. As in previous years, we trust that this information will be helpful both to the criminals themselves, to their families and victims, to law enforcement agencies, to lawyers and paralegals, and to various elected officials searching for new areas of clandestine behavior.

*William H Webster*

William H. Webster  
Director

## CRIME FACTORS

The causative factors leading to criminal activity have long been a subject of investigation by various disciplines. While many environmental and genetic factors have been correlated with crime, the following factors are, in the opinion of many experts, statistically related to the volume of criminal activity in a given area.

Population density in a given area of Negroes and other minority group members.

Population density in surrounding areas of Negroes and other minority group members.

Modes of transportation used by Negroes and other minority group members, especially percentage owning or having recently stolen automobiles.

Economic conditions of Negroes and other minority group members in a given area, especially percentage owning large color television sets.

Family conditions with respect to intra-group cohesiveness, especially percentage of Negro and other minority households headed by a strong individual male such as that portrayed on *The Cosby Show*.

The Uniform Crime Report offers statistics and conclusions based on a variety of carefully gathered data. *The reader is, however, cautioned not to conclude from these statistics that it is the uniform belief of the FBI and other appointed law enforcement agencies that all crimes in the United States are committed by Negroes and members of other minority groups or that, in fact, members of these groups do not frequently spend several consecutive months or even years without engaging in criminal activity.*

## CRIME CLOCK 1986



one criminal act, or  
intention to commit  
criminal act, every  
.5 seconds

one incredibly gory,  
violent crime every  
3 seconds

one complex, brilliant,  
non-violent, non-gory  
crime every 2 seconds

one shopping-mall mass  
murder every 10 seconds  
(every 6 seconds in  
Texas and Rhode Island)

one ax murder where  
pretty, young, full-figured  
girl is hacked into pieces  
that may or may not be  
mailed somewhere every  
9 seconds

one ordinary "vanilla"  
murder every 6 seconds

one computer defrauding  
of 100,000 people or more  
every 9 seconds

one cleverly rigged local  
election every 6 seconds

one awarding of bogus  
municipal contract every  
3 seconds

## Prime Crime Time, 1986

Certain crimes seem to be correlated closely with time-dependent variables, several examples of which follow.



### DAY PRIOR TO SUPER BOWL

One 27" Sony Trinitron  
stolen every 4 seconds



### FULL MOON

One chest-clawing and  
throat-slitting every 17  
seconds



### HOOR AFTER DALLAS

One rape of older female  
every 14 seconds



### HOOR AFTER JOAN RIVERS'S SHOW

One non-sexual assault  
on older female every 7  
seconds



DAY AFTER REGIONAL  
DELIVERY OF COLT 45  
MALT LIQUOR  
No crimes recorded

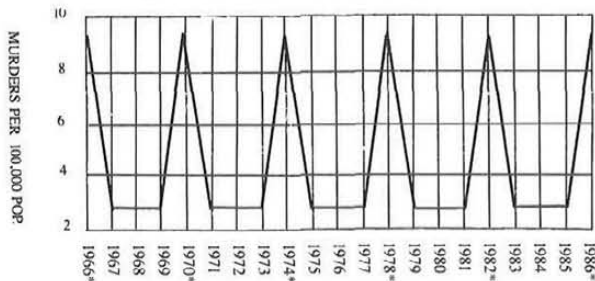
## CRIME INDEX OFFENSES REPORTED

### MURDER AND NON-NEGLIGENT MANSLAUGHTER

#### DEFINITION

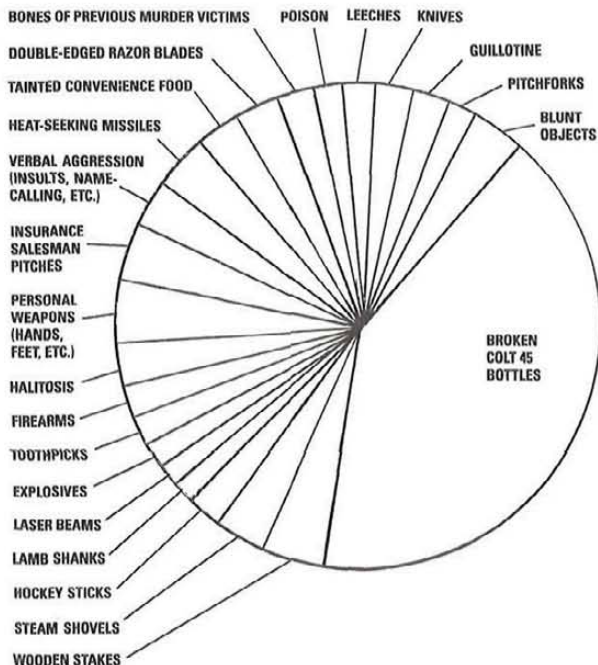
Wantonly, cruelly, and maliciously, for any reason or reasons whatsoever and under any circumstances or at any hour on any day, taking the life of an individual who is not presently, nor ever has been, a member of any minority group.

Reported Murder Rate by Year, 1966-1986



\*Year of FBI proposed budget requests.

## Type of Weapons Used, 1986



## Circumstance by Relationship, 1986

### MOTIVE

VICTIM	MOTIVE						
	Romantic triangle	Just plain hated the person a lot	Argument over football	Command from voice inside head	Refusal to give spare change to car-window washer	Angry because convenience store out of Colt 45	No particular reason
Husband	40	2	51	1	3	0	3
Wife	43	8	0	1	0	47	1
Mother	8	43	0	1	0	47	1
Father	0	43	8	1	0	47	1
Household pet	1	NA	NA	90	NA	9	0
Girlfriend	43	8	0	1	0	47	1
Boyfriend	47	8	0	1	43	0	1
Neighbor	32	16	9	1	0	40	2
Obscene phone caller	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA
Butcher	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Dentist	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Insurance agent	0	100	0	0	0	0	0
Co-worker	51	2	3	1	0	42	1
Kindergarten teacher	0	0	0	2	0	0	98

Figures given are percentages for category of victim. NA = Does Not Apply.

## Victims and Perpetrators by Race and National Origin

### PERPETRATOR

VICTIM	PERPETRATOR					
	Negro, very black	Negro, medium	Negro, light-skinned	Hispanic	Jew	Oriental
Caucasian	51	29	16	3	0	1
Caucasian, sunburned	51	8	2	37	0	2
Negro, very black	58	0	0	42	0	0
Negro, medium	30	28	0	42	0	0
Negro, light-skinned	19	19	19	42	0	0
Hispanic	25	25	25	25	0	0
Jew	83	83	83	83	88	83
Oriental	0	0	0	0	0	100
Churchgoer	0	0	0	0	0	0

Figures given are percentages of perpetrators for each victim category.

Murder is a problem as ancient as the existence of human emotion, and one that is both very difficult to tie to concrete societal factors and for which to suggest valid solutions. This is evidenced at every level of the hard data gathered. However, one interpretation of the data, achieved through a mathematical factor analysis with a reasonable coefficient of probable relatedness, suggests that the level of this particular crime may be somewhat reduced, or in fact eliminated nearly entirely, by assuring more prompt and expedient delivery of Colt 45 to local and regional convenience stores in order to assure that such deliveries arrive when expected by the local populace.

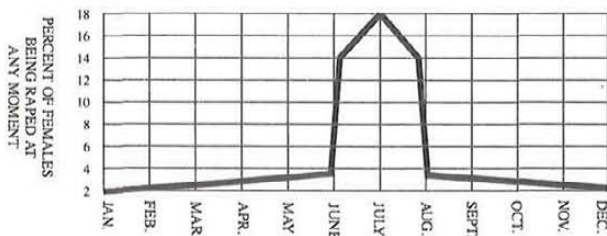
## CLEARANCES

In general, clearance rates for murder in 1986 remained close to previous levels, with apprehension of approximately 72 percent of the perpetrators when in minority group categories; 2 percent of the perpetrators when in non-minority group categories; and 97 percent of the victims in all categories. Regional statistics closely follow the national trend, with certain Southern states showing somewhat higher apprehension rates.

## FORCIBLE RAPE DEFINITION

Forcible rape, as defined by these statistics (following *Dworkin* et al.), is considered to be the carnal knowledge of any woman by any man at any time or place, under any circumstances, and with or without that female's supposed consent, whether expressed, implied, or in writing.

Rape Perpetration by Month, 1986



## Types of Rape by Category

(Compiled by statistician Wilbur N.)

### VICTIM

NATURE OF ACT	Well-endowed blonde	Redhead with firm calves	A bit chubby but nice	"Just asking for it"	Women who make fun of statisticians who live with their mothers and wear glasses
Rape where perpetrator fondles left breast	100	0	0	99	0
Rape where perpetrator fondles right breast	100	0	0	99	.02
Rape where perpetrator fantasizes it's Marilyn Monroe	0	0	100	100	.02
Rape where perpetrator has cigarette afterward	38	44	0	72	0
Rape where perpetrator has friend take movies	75	25	0	98	0
Rape where perpetrator doesn't do it right	5	7	0	66	.02
Rape where perpetrator slowly follows victim, his footsteps echoing on the shadowy pavement, the glint of her stockings shining like hot coals in the moonlight, her perfume streaming backwards through the air while his heart begins to pound and he stops thinking about statistical formulas.	0	0	0	0	100

Figures given are percentages who were raped in 1986 or who deserved to be.

## CLEARANCES

The year 1986 showed general improvement in rape clearances in many localities. In states such as Alabama and Mississippi, particularly, clearance rates often approached 350 percent, with offenders taken into custody even for unreported crimes. Northern statistics may be biased somewhat by the fact that in New York City, rape has been declared by the Supreme Court (*Rhodes v. Garcia*) to be consistent with prevailing community standards and hence entitled to First Amendment protection.

## ROBBERY DEFINITION

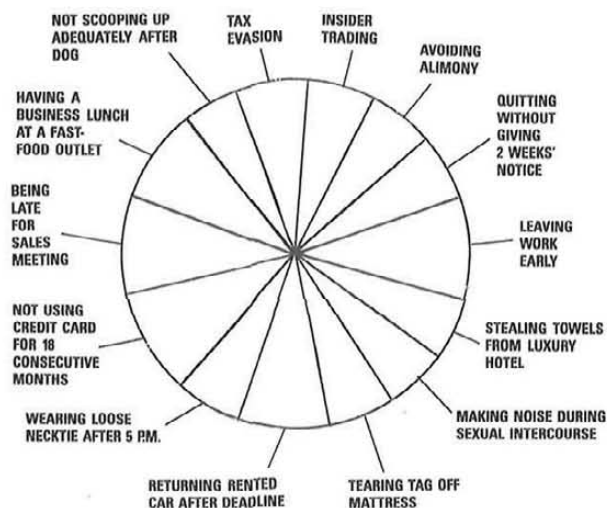
Robbery is defined as the act of taking, or the effort to take, from any person or place, either by threat of force or clandestinely, and in a distinctly nasty manner, an object or objects of value to either the individual or the establishment from which it was taken.

We are of the opinion that robberies of all types increased dramatically in 1986. However, data pertaining to this, which was to be tabulated and presented below, was kept in a briefcase that was taken, along with several pens and ashtrays, from the FBI Washington archive at approximately 7 P.M. on June 18.

## WHITE-COLLAR CRIME DEFINITION

White-collar crime, as considered herein, consists of crimes perpetrated by white people who wear shirts with collars and shoes rather than sneakers.

## Types of Crime and Proportion



## CLEARANCES

There was one arrest for white-collar crime in the United States in 1986, up 100 percent from last year.

## COMPUTER CRIMES DEFINITION

Any criminal act incorporating, as an essential part of such act, a computer.

Crime by Type	No. of Suspected Instances
Bashing someone over the head with lap-top computer	709
Suffocating someone with printout paper	14
Starving someone to death by locking him inside mainframe	11
Causing electrocution via overloaded modem	6
Putting deadly poison on keyboard of PC	3

## CLEARANCES

While computer crime was up markedly in 1986, these criminals in general were found to have IQs well over 200 and have not yet been apprehended by qualified local or federal officials.



## REGIONAL REPORT: HOWARD BEACH, NEW YORK

Lest local factors become submerged in statistics garnered over larger geographical areas, each year this report selects one smaller-sized city or town construed to be typical of its type and, for whatever insights it may offer, details criminal activity there. This year, agency computers have selected Howard Beach, New York, a small, quiet, oceanfront community nestled on the south shore of Long Island. Filled with happy faces, a thriving population, and the neighborly spirit typical of such places, a town like this would seem to be virtually exempt from criminal activity. Yet the data indicate otherwise.

### Breakdown by Race

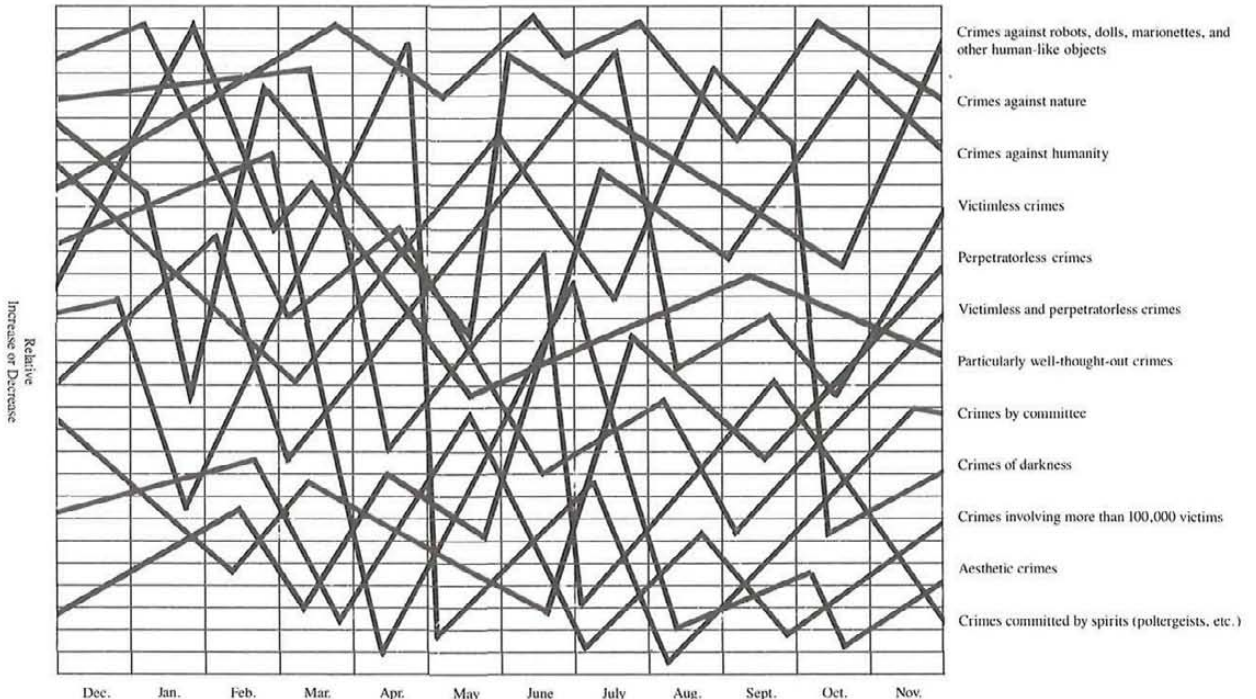
Group	Percent of Crimes Committed
White	0
Caucasian	0
Hispanic	0
Oriental	0
Eskimo	0
Negro	100

Types of Crime	No. of Arrests
Murder	0
Robbery, excluding auto	0
Auto theft	0
Extortion	0
Aggravated assault	0
Rape	0
Loitering	1,407
Jaywalking	682
Spitting in public	296
Entering white pizza parlor	3
Walking through white neighborhood	761
"Crashing" white party	8
Staring at white people	9,701
Not lacing up high-tops	4,008
Consuming Colt 45 in public	1,616
Crossing a highway (arrested posthumously)	1

## CONCLUSION

Crime, like the weather, will always be with us. In this category, at least, the United States was the clear world leader in 1986 and, by our projections, should continue to be so well into the 1990s. While much emphasis has been placed in the mass media on the detrimental effects of crime, simple fairness requires an occasional look at the many benefits crime can bring us as a nation. Crime provides countless jobs for law-abiding citizens, ranging from detective to truant officer to social worker. Criminal activity helps keep countless individuals off the already overburdened welfare rolls and thus helps to lower taxes for all of us. Crime provides a rush of morning excitement for many who read about it in their local newspapers, and is the subject of numerous entertaining television series, both fictional and documentary-style. This is not to imply that crime is solely a good thing, and, indeed, with proper funding the government will continue to hunt down and prosecute criminals until their value to society has been documented by a fuller armamentarium of sociological research. In the meantime we can, if nothing else, approach with a modicum of respect both the ingeniousness of our country's finest criminals and the fact that increasing numbers of Americans have turned to such activity.

## GENERAL OVERVIEW OF CRIME IN 1986



# BROOKLYN



by James Michener

**I**t was a colorful autumn day in Brooklyn. The avenues were etched in beautiful hues of purple and red, for the prostitutes were changing to their winter wardrobes. The noisy breeze was laced with the scent of burning wood as gentle old drunks lit fires to keep warm. Picturesque subway trains rolled past up on the El, their graffiti'd cars shining brightly in the morning sun. It was harvest time, and busy car thieves and second-story men whistled happily as they took their wares to the fence.

In a small kosher deli, a man named Abe Haucks stood behind the counter of his store. He was a calm, happy fellow who always wore an apron, even when making love to his wife. He momentarily gazed out the window at the cheerful autumn scene. "Such a nice day," he said. "Such a nice day and I have to be robbed again."

For several men were holding guns on him. Abe was robbed twice a day whether he needed it or not. He stood there helplessly and wondered if perhaps there was a reason he was victimized so often, some sort of poetic justice. It seemed unlikely, for he led a good life and didn't know much about poetry anyway. "Maybe I should knock it off with the apron in the sack," he said half aloud.

Abe remembered the last time his store was held up, remembered it as if it had happened the day before. Actually it had happened the night before, when two teenagers cleaned out his cash register but missed a spot under some money.

Once he had been taken hostage. A drug-crazed teenager had jumped over the counter and held a pork chop to his head. "One false move and he bites the farm," the punk shouted at the police. He escaped into an alley and let Abe go, saying with menace, "I'll meet you again some day."

And now he was no better off. Four men stood before him. Two had guns, one had a harpoon, and the fourth held perhaps the deadliest weapon: a Harvard M.B.A.

It had all started with Rocco Catalone, a local gangster out for a quick stickup. Dressed in a yellow shirt, yellow pants, and white shoes, Catalone almost resembled a canary, except that canaries don't smell like Ragu and beat up people with baseball bats.

Moments after Rocco walked in and pulled his gun on Abe, a black man named Wolkie Jefferson did the same thing. "My gun's bigger than yours," he said. Catalone's eyes grew misty; guns reminded him of his mother. "Oh Mama," he cried, clutching his own weapon to his heart. "Oh Mama."

As Abe handed the man a handker-

chief, a yuppie entered the store. He announced that he was staging a corporate raid and taking over the deli. "I'm T. J. Cashflow, and this here's the T. J. Cashflow Gang," he said, nodding to a large dog at his feet. The dog, named Pesto, was an Akita, trained in Tai Kwon Doo Doo.

Finally, a young Eskimo with a harpoon ran into the store and demanded ice. Exasperated, Haucks threw his hands into the air, then realized his shirt had holes in the armpits and brought them down again. He then pulled his own gun, a 37.99 special.

None of them could know of the thousands of years of Brooklyn history and family lineage that had led them to this moment. Dinosaurs had once roamed freely on this spot; Indians had used the very subway system thousands of years earlier, when it was a lot cheaper.

Had Haucks known of this vast history, he would have said, "So what? I'm getting robbed and you want to talk about dinosaurs?"

---

**Great mountains rose up from the ground; at their feet enormous oceans spread for miles, wetting everything. The globe soon divided into two separate tracts of land: "New York City" and "Other."**

---

Nevertheless, the story of Brooklyn is a fascinating one. And if it's told by James Michener, it's a long one, too. It starts with a modern-day scenario involving five men and an Akita in a deli. Then it goes back to the very beginning of time and moves forward over the course of thousands and thousands of years. Often the story isn't very pretty.

But then, neither is James Michener.

**As Good a Place to Start As Any**

The earth has taken six billion years to evolve to its present state. At first a ball of hot gases and fire, its surface cooled, and great shifts and movements took place, as if this planet-to-be had been drinking heavily. Great mountains rose up from the ground; at their feet

enormous oceans spread for miles, wetting everything. The globe soon divided into two separate tracts of land: "New York City" and "Other."

"Other" became a cultural wasteland, a place without brunch, and will not be discussed further in this text. (If, however, you are interested in learning more about it, look for my next book, *Other*, to be released this spring.)

Changes still lay in store for New York City, as wind, water, time, and brainstorming changed the lay of the land, dividing it into five boroughs. The subway system, complete with an El, was formed during the Archeozoic era. In short, this means that New York's subway is older than the Grand Canyon. Those who use the subway today can verify this readily.

**Around the El**

One hundred and thirty-six million years ago, give or take a couple of million years, a massive *Diplodocus* named Sugar Plum Fairy came and hit the swamp, looking for soul food and a place to romp. Although she had a tiny brain and was awesomely stupid, she was in many ways the greatest of creatures ever to walk the earth, if not the fattest. Sugar Plum weighed more than thirty tons and was taller than a five-story building. It is hard to appreciate the massive size of such a creature, particularly if you have to dance with her. She was a docile, pacifistic vegetarian who was essentially shy, probably because she was embarrassed to be seen naked.

Approaching the El, she emerged from the swamp up onto the banks beneath it to sun herself. She did not know that an enormous *Tyrannosaurus rex*, who stood more than thirty feet high in his stocking feet, was hiding in ambush. He was an intimidating, ferocious carnivore, the only Brooklyn native in history with a mouth bigger than Norman Mailer's. The rex came barreling toward Sugar Plum at full speed, leaping more than fifteen feet through the air with each step, his massive jaw gleaming with double rows of monstrous, razor-sharp teeth.

Sugar Plum wasn't thrilled to see this. She had no intelligence, but her instinct told her to blow town fast. T-rex was hot on her heels as she lurched into the water. At that moment one of New York's first subway trains swept past loudly up on the El. Rex, who didn't have too much topspin on the ball himself, turned to look at it. As he did, Sugar Plum jumped up into the air and landed on his foot. The surprised T-rex screamed out in pain. He limped back to the banks by the El, as Sugar hopped heavily on through the swamp, like a fat

girl in the shallow end of a pool.

In a tree nearby, two pterodactyls took the whole scene in.

"I never thought that Diplodocus would walk away from that big T-rex," said one.

The other nodded. "It'll make the papers," he said.

## The Same Spot Thirteen Thousand Years Ago

Org, a Cro-Magnon man, lived in a dirty little cave near the El. It was furnished with only the essentials of survival: a mastodon hide to sleep on and a small pile of stones to ward off unwanted visitors. It was imperative that he keep away company, for Org's home was obviously unsuitable for entertaining.

One day he saw a friend named Bronk. Since they had no verbal language as yet, they communicated through a series of hand signals.

There is a mastodon not far from here, Bronk gestured.

Org gestured in return: How far is it? I have much to do today and can't say I'm crazy to run off after yet another huge and savage animal, particularly when I have a migraine you wouldn't believe.

Bronk, staring quizzically at his friend, motioned with his hands that the mastodon was only a ten-minute walk away, and what was he doing that was more important than catching a mastodon? Perhaps he was interested in Cluck Cluck, the dashing little redhead who had just joined the tribe.

Org gestured in return: I heard that she goes down like a submarine. Of course I'm interested in her!

As the men laughed, none other than Cluck Cluck herself walked past. She saw the two of them talking, and gestured to Org: Is that a club in your loin-cloth or are you just glad to see me?

Upon seeing her say this, Org reached into his loin-cloth, pulled out a massive club, and hit her over the head.

Have fun with your mastodon, he gestured to Bronk, dragging Cluck Cluck away by the hair. I might be a savage, but I'm not a homo.

### The Wopamos

*On the banks of the river  
Stood Vinnie B., young Indian brave.  
On the other side of the river  
Stood his sweetie, a broad named Mave.  
Mavis Gucci  
Was her name  
And a lovely pizza she had,  
But Vinnie's love of expensive jewelry  
Made his ending rather sad.*

*Vinnie B.  
Loved little Mavis  
With a love as great as the rain.*

*Vinnie B.  
Loved little Mavis  
But he loved his golden chains.*

*He couldn't swim  
The raging river  
Due to the chains and his gold bands.  
He couldn't swim  
The raging river,  
He clutched the jewelry in his hands.*

*Mavis Gucci  
Chewed her gum  
And she watched him  
Choke and drown.  
Now he'll always  
Be with his jewelry  
In the happy guinea ground.*

*Vinnie B.  
Loved little Mavis  
With a love as great as the rain.  
Vinnie B.  
Loved little Mavis  
Like he loved his golden chains.*

## Moe Haucks

Moe Haucks and his little family stood in line at Ellis Island with thousands of other immigrants. Tears welled up in Moe's eyes, for he was unhappy to wait so long. He and his wife had a terrible argument:

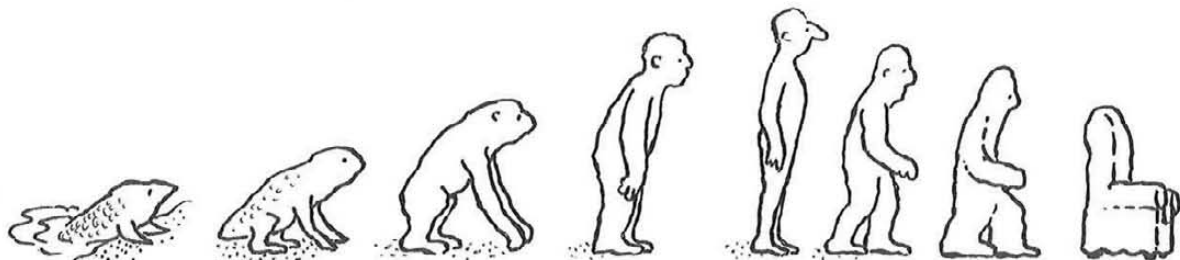
*Moe's wife:* Moe, why are you crying?

*Moe:* Who's crying?

*Moe's wife:* You are!

*Moe:* Excuse me, Mrs. Waterwatcher!

continued on page 75



# BERSERK!

The Controlled-Circulation Newsletter for the Frustrated Man

## Stray Slugs

### Dead Letter Office

The Dustbowl Blasters, a berserker club from Enid, Oklahoma, is petitioning the United States Postal Service for a commemorative stamp honoring Pat Sherrill, the "Post Office Killer" who sent his co-workers a volley of lead thank-you cards this past summer after being laid off from his mail carrier job. "This guy's a real American hero," says Blaster president, Smitty Wesson. "I mean it, he's the Oliver North of mail delivery. Everybody's always bitching about too much bureaucracy and lousy postal service. But whoever really went into a post office and cleared out the deadwood until Pat went on his spree?"

### Move Over, Yuppies

The FBI's National Crime Advisory Board is predicting a lively summer for 1987. According to the experts, we'll be seeing a sharp increase in berserk high jinks over the coming months, as long-term low gas prices lead to a real recession, with all those layoffs and pay cuts that really get under our skins. Increasing waves of immigrants should meanwhile continue to make blue-collar Americans feel overwhelmed and worthless, while recent Reagan decisions are expected to increase international tensions and add to that I-may-as-well-go-out-on-my-own-terms sense of fatalism. And anyway, it's a non-election year, so we can look forward to a slow news summer... and that means plenty of publicity for our kind of action. It looks like impotent

## Let 'Er Rip

In this world of overrated pleasures and underrated treasures, sometimes it's hard for a man to know just what he needs to be happy and content with himself. Everything in today's media screams "Success! Money! Power, power, power!" One gets the impression that one has to be lean and tanned, dressed in YSL sportswear and a Rolex watch, gunning a new Porsche at full speed down a freeway while a \$2,000 car stereo blows a high-powered Nikki Sixx solo right through the juicy middle of the moist-mouthed huge-titted blond harlot snuggling next to you and offering you sex and power and cocaine to zing through your mind screaming faster bigger better more

But how is a regular guy, a decent guy, not a genius but not a real dumb guy, a guy who just wants a little respect and his fair share of the good things in life, just a job and a house of his own where he can take care of his family and his semiautomatic weapon collection... yeah, just a guy like you... how is a guy like that supposed to make his way through this sleazy world? How is he supposed to keep them from tearing him apart? What's he supposed to do when his wife starts screaming "Gimme this, gimme that," and the kids are whining for the Masters of the Universe toys you can't afford and you lay it out for the boss why you need more money and he provokes you into arguing with him so he can fire you for being belligerent and then they call you unemployable and they all turn against you and all you wanted was a little human dignity but they can't even give you that and they beat on you and beat on you and beat on you until you have to fight back

Well, it just makes you wonder what to do, doesn't it? Surely we'd all like a simple solution, just one quick stroke that could cut through all the confusion. But does the media give you that solution? Hell, no. The media just says buy, buy, buy. The media just wants to exploit your dreams. The media just wants to suck your blood. So let's give them what they want. Let's give the sons of bitches what they want. You want blood? Is that what you want? Blood? You want blood to put on the news, want blood to juice up your film at eleven, blood to spatter in the faces of the little people while you pretend to be horrified by it pretend to be disgusted while you're hungry for it flowing dripping spattering you hypocritical bastards if that's what you want

Psychologists tell us that letting stresses build up is unhealthy, that a quick, sudden release is often the best therapy for life in our complicated times. Maybe that's why more and more people every year are turning to berserk rage as a solution to life's little trials. And why many others, not yet prepared to make that dramatic, and often fatal, step, seek to gain a little pleasure and serenity from planning their own Big Burst and from enjoying vicariously the accomplishments of other berserkers.

But enough philosophizing. We've got an exciting issue for you this month, beginning with more of those hot news items from the crazy world of mass homicide. So let's charge in and have a blast... and remember the song of the berserkers:

*When they've got you on the run,  
Don't cave in or go limp,  
Just come out with your favorite gun  
And show 'em you're no wimp.*

Gerard Jones  
Editor

## Stray Slugs

rage may be the fad of the future! Better get out there and get shooting before the herds of human sheep start trading their BMWs and coffee grinders in for semiautomatic arsenals!

### High-Powered Therapy

Did we say "fad"? Take a look at what criminal psychologist A. K. Kalashnikov told the American Psychiatric Association recently: "We must not confuse the single-outburst rampage killer with the pathologically sado-erotic 'serial murderer'. With the constant Approach/Approach and Avoid/Avoid dichotomies of our society, the rampage can be a traumatic self-therapy for cognitive dissonance. The violent reach outward is, in effect, a violent journey inward in search of the individual's human essence." Sounds like we're part of the health craze now, like fiber and vitamin C. Maybe next time you go on a spree you can tell your victims that you're just searching for your human essence—while you're splattering theirs all over the walls!

### Slow and Steady

Healthy or not, those darned serial killers have topped us again in the annual body count. Nationwide figures for 1986 show habitual killers with a tally of 102, with berserkers dragging in at only 88. But there's one bright note: counts for both groups are sharply up from 1985. We're still way behind jealous spouses and drug-gang hit men for the lead, but we're gaining!

# MASS MEETING

Yeah, we've all heard the one about America being tilted toward the west (so all the loose nuts roll into California). Well, the Golden State has its defenders and its detractors, but surely no other clime has been home to so many berserk heroes, from Theodore "Silver Hammer" Straleski to the "I Hate Mondays" gal to the famous cop-turned-berserk-politician who is honored every year with our high-

est award (below)...not to mention more serial killers and cult murderers than you can shake a buck knife at. And after all (sorry, New York!), California has become the undisputed capital of the broadcast media that give us our number-one reason-to-be. So what better setting for the biggest, most explosive annual American Berserkers Convention yet than beautiful Los Angeles?



And what more beautiful representative of the city than this gorgeous "California Girl," presenting the 1987 Dan White Award for Exceptional Violent Outburst to the urn containing Carl Ingle, the "Cable TV" killer of Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin. Ingle edged out the heavily favored Pat "Post Office Killer" Sherrill thanks to a slimmer pretext: where "POK" flew off the handle for being fired, Ingle's only excuse for shooting up a cable TV office was being turned down in a job interview!



These'll keep you up longer! Every berserker's favorite moment of the convention was the Protective Clothing Fashion Show. The maniac of tomorrow won't just wade into a crowd and start firing in his street clothes, only to get cut down by police bullets five minutes later... Why waste a moment that comes only once in a lifetime? With a little advance armoring, you can stay on your feet for those few extra, precious shots.



And they can cook, too! Our beautiful hostesses served a real berserk snack assortment all through the convention: hamburgers chock-full of MSG (James Huberty's favorite!), plenty of strong black coffee and amphetamines, and, as ever, the famous White's Delight—the *de rigueur* Hostess Twinkie. When dinnertime came around, none of us could eat a bite. Boy, that's what we call diminished capacity.

Why don't women go berserk? That was the question being posed by this concerned panel of feminist researchers, led by criminal psychologist Myrna Koch-Heckler. Exploring the low incidence of random killings among women (and conveniently ignoring such *femmes fatales* as *60 Minutes* star Sylvia Segris), Myrna tried to convince the conventioneers that men should avert violence and become better human beings by "feminizing." After an hour of good-natured razzing and taunting from the crowd, Myrna grew so frustrated that she blew her cool and sprayed the hall with machine-gun fire.



# YOUR BEST SHOT

Had a funny or exciting experience with violence lately? How about a fantasy your fellow connoisseurs of mayhem would like to share? We welcome all contributions from our loyal readers, whether you're letting fly wildly or dead on target. So come on, gang—shoot!

## I Could Just Bust!

(What does it take to light your short fuse?)

Always such a quiet man. Never caused any trouble. Just a good neighbor. Didn't know him very well, kept pretty much to himself.

Yeah, that's what they said. All up and down the street. And you knew what they were thinking. "Someday he's going to explode and kill us all."

You could see it in the way they'd pull their kids back, whispering, "Careful, Jimmy. That's the quiet man who minds his own business." At work I'd hear them whisper, "God, I hope they don't fire him. You know how those meek loner types are." Finally it was the cops, knocking on my door in the middle of the night, saying, "We hear you're a polite, retiring guy who doesn't make friends easily and never causes any trouble." "That's right," I said. "Okay," they said. "So how about showing us your stash of automatic rifles?"

The trouble was, I really was just a quiet, pleasant neighbor who kept to himself. I didn't have any automatic rifles. I didn't nurse any paranoid grudges, didn't have any unresolved hostilities toward my father. I didn't even go to Charles Bronson movies. But every time some assassin or psycho made the news, every time they started the interviews with shocked neighbors of the killer, I could see the eyes peeking out from between curtains when I walked down the street, see the glint of binoculars when I stood at the window.

So I changed. I turned myself into a loudmouthed, belligerent asshole. And wouldn't you know it, everything started looking up. I'd ram my neighbor's fender and jump out of my car screaming obscenities, and pretty soon the guys on my block were inviting me into their duplexes to argue about the Bears and the Raiders. I'd tell the boss where he could shove his unbalanced ledger and right away I was getting promotions. Oh, sure, everybody'd shake his head and say, "What an asshole" whenever I left the room, but at least I got respect.

Then it started turning sour. Guys picked fights with me in bars. I found myself going out with women who shrilly urged me to punch out other assholes in the stands at hockey games. The boss put me in charge of intimidating delinquent accounts. I found myself part of the climate of violence that's suffocating America, and it made me hate myself and everybody around me.

So I decided to mellow out. I made myself into a warm, loving, giving human being. I did favors for everybody in the neighborhood, putting in more hours and getting paid less than anybody at work. And they laughed at me. "Wimp." "Sap." "Sucker." Those are the nicest names they call me.

They all take advantage of me. I've quit my job, but nobody else will hire me. Too nice, they say. I go out of my way to do things for the neighborhood kids. They just ask for more and laugh at me behind my back. I give love, love, love. They spit on me.

Makes me want to kill somebody.  
Walter Ruger  
Winchester, PA

## Is My Face Red!

(What was your most embarrassing violent outburst?)

HO-boy! What a goof-up I pulled last Friday! Luckily, I was able to make it all right in the end.

You see, it was the Negroes. I've always had trouble with Negroes. I don't cause them any trouble. Hell, I let them go their way just as long as they let me go mine. But they won't let me alone. Always showing me up at work, going faster than I can, carrying more than I can. Beating me out for raises and promotions. They win the football pools and I lose. You wonder why? Look what color those football players are. Those people stick together, you know. They won't just let a white man live his life.

Then there were these layoffs at the factory and I was out on my butt. I told the foreman he should fire the Negroes first, but he said he couldn't do that. They've got him scared. They stick together. I punched him. He said I would never work there again. The Negroes.

On the subway home a Negro boy wanted my money. I told him

he had my money, he had my job. He laughed at me. I was hearing him laugh all the way home, even into my own home, even into that vodka bottle I was emptying. Well, my wife came home and I wanted to feel better, so I tried to make her make me feel good, if you get my meaning. And she slapped me and cursed me and started to leave. So I said, "I know where you're going, bitch! I know what you're going to! You're going to a Negro with a giant penis!" She laughed. And then I heard voices in my head, it was like the voices of all the white men who'd starved to death and been humiliated by the Negroes. Saying, "Put an end to Negro laughter, put an end to it forever!"

So I fumbled around, and maybe I wasn't too clear in the head, and I fumbled some more until I found my Uzi. I'd bought it as a collector's item, but now I had a good cause I could use it for. I drove down to that place called the Arkansas Razorback Red Hot Bar-B-Q, where the Negroes hang out.

When I went in with my Uzi they started screaming, their white teeth shining like dice. I yelled, "The laughter of Negroes will be silent forever," and I opened fire. And what do you think came out? Nothing but water!

You see, I'd grabbed my son's water-gun Uzi, that fancy one he ordered from that Sharper Image place. Instead of my real one. My son listens to Negro music. He has a poster of a Negro woman on his wall, looking at him with sexual proclivities. That's how they enslave you, with their sexual proclivities. My own son. The Negroes.

They laughed. Police came. Negro police, and asked me what

I was doing, and they saw I was drunk and they told me to go home and sleep it off. On the way home I saw that I'd made a fool of myself, that I hadn't done the right thing after all. But I said, Well, Tommy, at least you didn't get yourself shot. It's not too late to set things right. At least you're still alive to fix up the mess you made. So I filled up the water gun with acid and I shot it in my son's face.

Yeah, I guess you could say my face was red. But not like his!  
Tommy Thompson  
Gary, IND

## This'll Kill Ya!

(Heard a funny one about homicide lately? Shoot it to us!)

There's this manic-depressive chronic loser, see? And he's just lost his job, and these kids hassle him on the bus, and when he finally gets home he finds his wife in bed with another guy. So he goes for the Ruger Blackhawk .357 magnum he's got in his drawer, right? And he's about to go on this shooting spree, but suddenly everything seems so hopeless that even that doesn't seem worthwhile. So he puts the gun to his own temple and gets ready to pull the trigger, and he says to his wife, "You drove me to this!" And his wife starts laughing. She just laughs and laughs and laughs at this poor bastard, and he's standing there with the gun at his head. So finally he can't take it anymore and he yells, "Don't laugh, bitch! You're next!"

Get it?

Buddy Beretta  
Remington, GA

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Dept. D-O-A, Los Angeles, CA.

# Time to Kill

Resident critic Shel "Python" Speyer takes aim at this season's best and worst entertainments.

"When I hear the word 'culture' I reach for my revolver."  
—Hermann Göring

## BOOKS

**J**ust when we thought we had a real vigilante hero, a guy who could show everybody the prosocial side of homicidal rage, what happens but all the limp-wristed, quaking-kneed, bureaucracy-sucking "experts" come in and start deflating him with the usual whining "prisoner of his upbringing" crap. That's what's happening in *Quiet Rage*, by Lillian B. Rubin, the first book to come out about subway gunslinger Bernie "Screwdriver" Goetz. It's your basic wimpy liberal government-endorsed view, with all the traumatic childhood and modern urban alienation you could want. Yeah, well, we know all about being pushed beyond our ability to perform in a world changing too rapidly for our comprehension. We know all about feelings of impotence and desperation. Am I right? But what these psychotherapeutic pseudo-gods don't pick up on is the fact that Bernie did something about it! Just like James Huberty. Just like Dan White. A black kid wants your money? BAM! A Mexican gets your job? BAM! BAM! A homo smirks at you? BAM! BAM! BAM! (Pause to reload.) BAM! In a world full of chickenshit compromise, we need a guy

who can stand over the body of a fourteen-year-old kid he's just shot in the back and say, "You don't look so bad. Have another." And then pop him again! BAM! Nothing puts that spring back in your step and makes the world look so simple as a little sudden, highly publicized violence.

We don't need more books like this. What we need are more Norman Mailers. Where are you, Norman? America's frustrated men are calling for you. The man who made Gary Gilmore a literary hero, who fought to get Jack "Beast Belly" Abbott his last stab at freedom... that's the kind of writer we're dying for now.

## MOVIES

**I**t may be a dead time for books, but the movies are as fiery as ever. True, those damned serial murderers still get the cream of the crop, what with all the *Halloweens* and *Friday the 13ths* and the rest of the cinematic tributes to old Ed "Ladyfingers in the Cookie Jar" Gein. But we get our share. For years now we've had the likes of Stallone, Bronson, and Eastwood advertising the curative effects of violence, and, thank God, I don't see any end in sight. Sure, it's sad to see Clint wasted in *Heartbreak Ridge*—why

does he think he has to do this subtle, bittersweet, "human" stuff when he knows damn well that one pop of a blow-back action automatic will blast all his problems to kingdom come?—but we know he'll be back, cleansing the world of niggers and junkies in *Dirty Harry*.

In the meantime, take time out for a rousing little flick called *Sid & Nancy*. Yeah, yeah, I know what you're thinking. It's about one of those goddamn rock stars who climbs up onstage and gets a million bucks and a ton of free pussy just for making an idiot of himself while you're biting your lip and trembling as your boss humiliates you in front of everybody just like your father used to do. What does he know about frustration? you're saying. At least, that's what I was muttering incessantly under my breath at the back of the theater—until this flick shot out and hit me right between the eyes.

Granted, this Sid Vicious only killed his girlfriend. Any Jerk can kill his girlfriend, right? He didn't even do anything interesting with the body once it was done. But he spends the whole movie shaking, twitching, snapping, ready to bust. And when he finally crosses his little Rubicon and aces the twist, it's as satisfying as seeing a guy taking down whole Mexican families in a McDonald's. Despite his poor productivity, at heart this Vicious kid was as good a berserk killer as the good Lord ever made. Maybe by showing one of their rock 'n' roll idols devoting himself to explosive fury we can give these whiny We-Are-the-World punk-ass kids a little healthy respect for violence.

## THE TUBE

**W**ell, whatever else happens, TV will always love us. Sure, most of the time it's just a few quick shots on the evening news, then the usual old hypocritical horror. Remember that little bit of distilled social-worker pap about mall-killer Sylvia Segris on *60 Minutes* a couple months ago? Like always, the rampage killer comes off as a "problem" instead of as a viable solution to the shit-choked idiocy of our times. Of course, Harry Reasoner knows as well as you and I do that if those "problems" ever got solved, TV news ratings would be taking a nosedive, and sponsors would be looking somewhere else to peddle their Tylenol and toilet paper. So why are they all really so upset about things like Sylvia's shooting spree at the Springfield mall in Philly?

# THE STANFORD SLUGGER!



You don't have to be a gun freak to be a berserker. Next time you need a quick outburst and don't want to hassle with the care, cleaning, and noise of a firearm, get a good grip on the Stanford Slugger! Thirty-four inches of flame-tempered ash, specially carved for heft and balance, with a ten-pound head, this big-league sledgehammer feels natural in cocking, swinging, and follow-through. Identical to the hammer used by "Bang Bang" Straleski in his exciting victory over a Stanford math professor—every handle is emblazoned with his signature. From the makers of "Eagle Scout" Whitman rifle stocks and "Eyeballs" Manson buck knives, killers you can count on.

Send \$39.95 to Slugger, Box 666, Palo Alto, CA.



# SNIPPINGS

## Goetz Gots Guts

Dear Editor,

Boy, I sure admire all the heroes in your mag, especially Bernard Goetz. Sometimes black kids pick on me at school, making me give them my lunch money and jabbing me with screwdrivers and junk. That always makes me real flusterated, and I always used to just go home and kick the dog or light kittens on fire. But, boy oh boy, thanks to Mr. Goetz I know what I'm gonna do next time I get real mad!

**Timmy Martin, 12 years  
Smallville, IA**



## Goetz Gets Goats

Dear Editor,

I think you a racist publication. Why else you pay all this attention to little ugly white boy? White boys shoots some black child, he a vigilante and a hero. But you don't hardly mention me at all. Nobody mention me no more. But I kill six people in one night. Shit, I even shoot a little baby in the face. But the Man say, "Shit, that just another shine killing. That between those people. Let them work it out." Shit. When the last time you see me on the news? I think maybe it's time the white man's media give a little attention to the berserk brothers.

**David Welch  
East Oakland, CA**

*David, maybe you should blame your own lousy sense of timing instead of prejudice in the media. Slow news weeks are always the time for these massacres, as Bernie Goetz apparently realized. If you'd done your shooting when the headlines were about farm prices and Japanese imports you could have dodged the media overlap. But right in the middle of Irangate? Come on, brother!*

Dear Editor,

What is it with you people and this Bernie Goetz clown? First your editorial makes a hero out of him for taking berserk rage out of the underground and making it a popular cause ("The Jackie Robinson of Bloodshed,"

December issue). Then your reviewer wants to see a movie made about him, with Clint Eastwood cutting down Ken Norton, Leon Isaac Kennedy, Jim Brown, and Richard Roundtree. And finally you go so far as to run a centerfold of him.

Well, listen, if Bernie Goetz is going to be our hero we may as well throw down our guns and become animal rights activists. The man's got no killer instinct at all. He shoots four unarmed kids at close range and he can't waste a one of them. Then he just stops, doesn't try to reload, doesn't take a single shot at an innocent bystander. Now back when I was a boy we had real heroes. Howie Unruh didn't stop shooting after he'd wiped out all the next-door neighbors who'd been teasing him. Hell, no. He walked straight downtown and shot a beautiful and a baker and a whole lot of other people who didn't have anything to do with him. Hell, Goetz didn't even have the balls to keep firing until the cops had to cut him down. He should be ashamed of himself; and you should be ashamed for holding up this trembling-handed coward as a hero for today's young folks.

**Dick Colt  
Camden, NJ**

## America the Beautiful

Dear Editor,

Ah, you Americans! Yes, yes, we call you Great Satan and Imperialist Empire and all this much of very too nasty names! But, yes, deep in our Moslem hearts we are envy you too much! What we must dress up in religious discipline and, how you say, fundamentalist fanaticism, you enjoy with such spontaneous and pleasure! If we wish to leap into the crowd and begin to blast with the guns, we have to make up the political causes and scream the crazy slogans. In the otherwise, nobody gives us the guns or puts us on the television cameras! But you too lucky Americans! Like the Diet Coke, you shed the blood just for the taste of it! Someday, someday, we will make Beirut and Jerusalem just like your post offices and your subways! Salaam!

**Abdul ibn Budda-Budda  
South Lebanon**

## Everything Is Beautiful

Dear Editor,

In horror my blood chilled, heart stuttering a beat then lurching ahead into the chilling gloom, thoughts mordant with a psychosexual fog bearing

down like a lead shell on the tremulous veneer of rationality which is our society. Such were my reactions, reading with wide haunted eyes, flipping pages with bony yet somehow eerily youthful fingers, as I forced myself to plunge into, yes, into and through, for my frail body trembled for the pale light at the other end, the icy scarlet foam that is your magazine.

I have collected newspaper clippings, magazine clippings, of berserk killers, drawn to them by the erotic force of their cyclic self-destruction, knowing that from the small and petty pains of their ill-educated blue-collar lives I could wring something worthy of the name of Art. That's what I do, you know. Your magazine, like the



gothic novel of a decaying preindustrial European class, lays bare the wormy heart of our society and its dreams-cum-nightmares. Yes, rife it is with vulgarity, sharp with the sweat of crude men unable to do else but work for a living, men who have never known the sublime and truly human joy of riding a bicycle around Princeton and having undergraduates gape at you in awe, men who probably wouldn't appreciate it if they had the chance. But with the icy clarity of my bug-eyed stare I find the art within the ugliness. Not to mention cracking the bestseller list.

There is a closeness between the master of literature and the berserk killer, kinship in the drafty darknesses beneath the skin of those who follow these roads less traveled, whether hurling themselves into the maw of bullets and the law, or taking the much greater risks of wrestling with ideas and subjunctive clauses. Yes, closeness there is, and it chills my blood. Don't be surprised to see a lot of your material in my next big fat bestseller.

**Joyce Carol Oates  
Princeton, NJ**

*We're pleased to have you close to us, Joyce. The closer the better. In fact, the next time a shooting spree starts up, we hope you're in the front row.*

# SNIPINGS

Dear Editor,

Thank God for you berserkers. I'd never seen your magazine until I flipped through a copy in the waiting room at the trauma center of my local hospital, and, by golly, it did my old heart good to see somebody keeping alive the American spirit of guns, guts, and glory. Used to be, back in the good old days, you could bring a whole community together around some irrational violence. If we had a nigger gone bad we'd just get the town together and rehabilitate him quick, with the aid of a good strong hickory limb. Back in '17 the Jewish munitions magnates were trying to trick us into getting into that dirty world war in Europe, and we fought it hard. But once we finally got sucked into it for real, it was Look Out, Mr. Kraut! Now we screw around, tying our hands with due process and diplomacy. Just like in the days of the Wild West, it's come down to a few strong-minded individuals to show us what's got to be done. With any kind of luck, before I die I'll see a day when a man can't be fired without his wormy co-

workers diving for cover, when a mother can't emasculate her son without every woman in America looking over her shoulder, and when every nigger on the subway is fair game.

**Buck Shooter  
Smallbore, TN**

Dear Editor,

Please be advised that your commercial exploitation of my client, Mr.



AP/Wide World

Richard Speck, is in violation of trademark and is not protected by fair usage doctrine. The slogan "Born to Raise Hell" and the procedure of raping and strangling student nurses are trademarks of Richard Speck Enterprises, Inc., and any generic use of this slogan and this procedure constitutes a dilution of properties. In view of Richard Speck Enterprises, Inc.'s forthcoming book, film, music video, and other commercial enterprises, such dilution constitutes unfair and actionable competition. Please clear all future uses of the Richard Speck name and trademarks through this office.

**Manny Slaughter  
Slaughter, Slaughter &  
Slaughter Assoc.  
Chicago, IL**

*All right. Maybe it's about time that berserkers got a few rewards for laying it on the line. But as for the likes of you, Manny... well, we just wish we could dress you up in a little starched white dress and a funny cap some night and toss you into Dick's cell.*

## For the serial killer on your gift list...

# TALLY

FOR THE MAN WHO TAKES HIS TIME



### This month in TALLY:

**The "Corona" Award for Most Kills in 1986.** With Henry Lee Lucas finally out of the running, who will cop the big prize this year? With the aid of reliable private sources and the folks at Price Waterhouse, we'll give you the answer. Who knows? It could be... YOU!

**It's a Great Place to Start:** Donald Ng on how military service helped train him and Leonard Lake for their successful careers in kidnaping, rape, torture, and dismemberment.

**As Easy As Stealing Life from a Baby:** Bringing due credit to a long-neglected group, serial infanticides. Includes a colorful profile of a hospital nursery volunteer with a dangerous hobby.

**God and the Murderer:** How have religious attitudes changed from the freewheeling, drug-induced transcendentalism of Charlie Manson to the fundamentalist Satanism of Richard "Nightstalker" Ramirez? A fascinating theological exploration by Anton La Vey.

**Now It's Your Turn!** Henry Lee Lucas and Juan Corona debate the sexual ethics of the thrill-murder. Henry says rape is the perfect appetizer to the rich entrée of strangulation. Juan says that's sick. Who's right? You tell us, in our latest readers' poll!

**The Plainfield Home Companion:** The underground serial-killers' radio network grows, as a ham operator (and ham actor) dispenses neighborly small-town humor in the role of Wisconsin's famous cannibal, necrophiliac, grave robber, murderer, and amateur taxidermist Ed Gein. And if you can read between the lines, the "News from Lake Mindbegan" segment will keep you posted on who's done what to how many where. It's a whole new meaning for "radio serials"!

Plus: New love poems by Son of Sam, the first literary appearance of Son of Son of Sam, a fond look back at the roaring days of Leopold and Loeb, and your horoscope by "Zodiac."

Only \$2.00, wherever sociopathic magazines are sold.

## BROOKLYN

continued from page 68

It just so happens that I have been standing in this line two hours already and I am wondering if I am going to wait in line all of my life.

Life was no picnic for the early settlers of Brooklyn. Most men worked like dogs, which was particularly tough on their knees. They went home at night with nothing to look forward to but a bowl of goulash, and perhaps a pleasant argument with the wife. For these were the dark days before labor unions, VCRs, and recreational drugs. But there was excitement in the air, as men like Moe Haucks realized that in Brooklyn, if you worked hard and had a good advertising agency, you could make a fortune.

Moe Haucks had neither, however, and he worked in a sweatshop not far from the El. It was in this place that he met a friend whose clumsiness with English cost him his life.

His name was Bernstein. "Tell me, my friend, don't you think that the little man in this country is getting shrewd?" Bernstein asked one day.

"I don't think about such things."

"No, you don't. But what do you do?"

"I work in a sweatshop and I sweat. A big hairy man collects my sweat and the boss sells it to people."

"The boss is a millionaire, you are but a pawn."

"I'm a pawn, you're a rook, and in the Village they have queens. Who cares about such things? Eat your lunch."

Every day Moe heard the Commie spiel, and before long he and several others were brainwashed. They decided to stage a daring raid on the factory one night to take it over.

But it failed before it could begin. Bernstein was well equipped for revolution but hopelessly inept at English. In the darkness outside the factory, the men took last-minute directions from him. "First," he said, "we'll circumcise our watches."

The men were so nervous that they indeed attempted to perform this operation on their watches. But of course one can never turn back the clock, and their efforts were in vain. A passing guard spied them and laughed so hard that he accidentally shot the whole gang, earning himself a handsome bonus from the company.

And Moe had a son named Ezekiel, who begot Herschel, who begot Jacob, who begot Herman, who begot Joshua, who begot Obie, who begot Olaf, who begot Abraham, the deli owner.

## Giuseppe Catalone

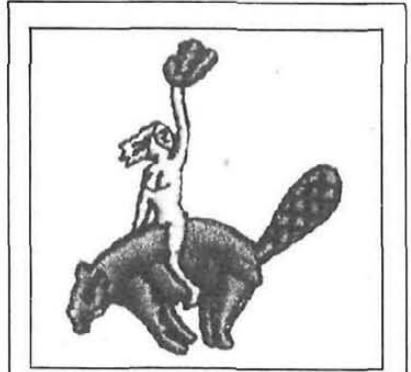
In the year 1895 Giuseppe Catalone, a

bricklayer, moved to Brooklyn to escape high rent. In Manhattan he could only afford a one-room apartment for the fourteen members of his family. For the same amount of money in Brooklyn he was able to buy a two-room condo and use the other room to house his goats. He worked hard on his construction jobs and rose rapidly up the scaffold of success. In time he built a Jacuzzi for the goats and sent his children to private schools. The boys went to Jesus Christ Almighty Construction College, where they learned the finer nuances of the trade, and the girls attended a finishing school, where the devoted sisters showed them how to grow a mustache and gain sixty pounds around the hips.

One evening as Giuseppe wheeled a cart of bricks down Flatbush Avenue—he often had to take work home—an incident occurred that changed his life forever. He was accosted by a gang of nuns with stilettos. When they demanded that he turn over his patent leather work boots, Giuseppe refused. A violent fistfight ensued and, though nobody was injured severely, word got around the neighborhood that Giuseppe Catalone was a man who could deal with the sisters.

The mob recruited Giuseppe and he signed up for a four-year hitch. He studied numbers running in the evenings. In

continued on page 96



## BUCKIN' BEAVER RANCH

A place in the heart. Due west of infamy, just south of respectability. Home of the Ramrods, renegade patriots who indulge their vices.

Be a Ramrod. Wear the brand of the BUCKIN' BEAVER RANCH, a ravaged floozy astride an undulating beaver. Embroidered in Brown, Flesh and Blonde on a heavy 50/50 blend polo shirt. Sizes S, M, L, XL. Colors: Navy, Yellow, Red, White, Pink and Lt. Blue.

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B-N-B ENTERPRISES

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Please allow four to six weeks delivery.



# LIFE ON DEATH ROW

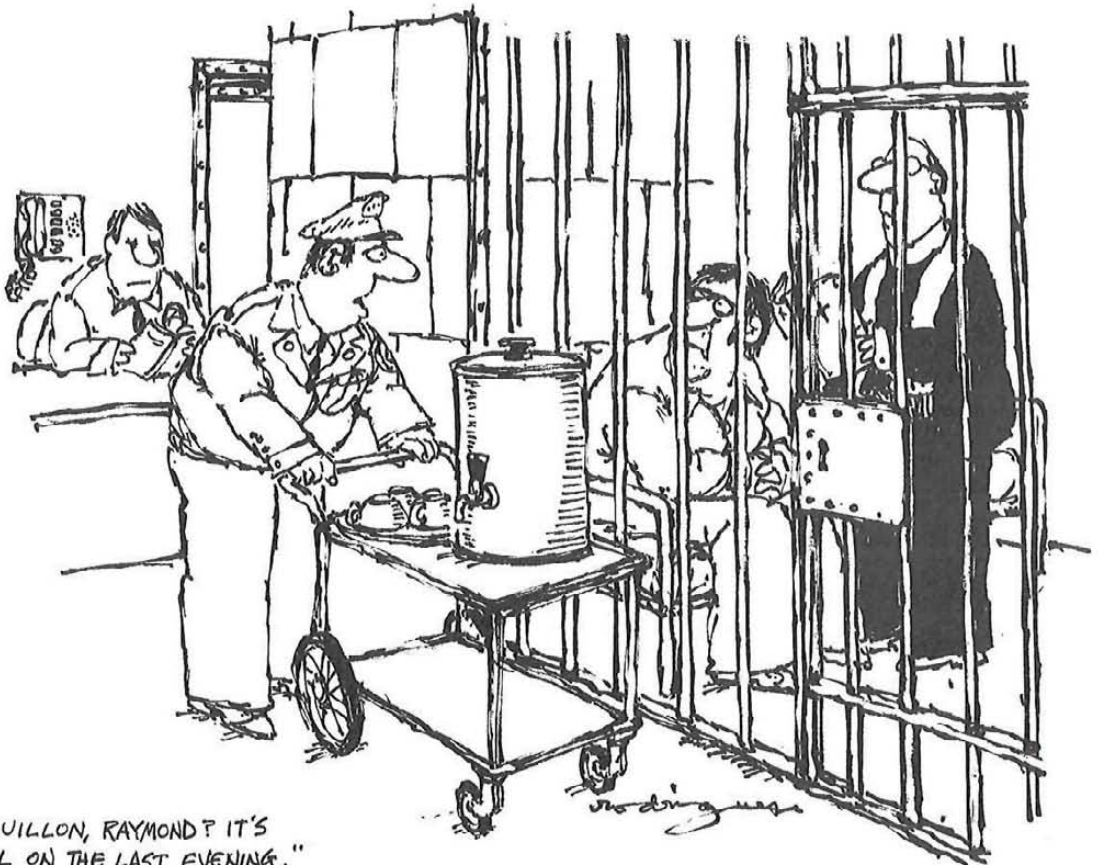
by: rodriguez  
©COPYRIGHT 1987



"YOU'VE ONLY GOT 7 HOURS, ARCHIE, WOULD YOU LIKE A WOMAN? NO SEX, OF COURSE, JUST HUGGING AND KISSING...."



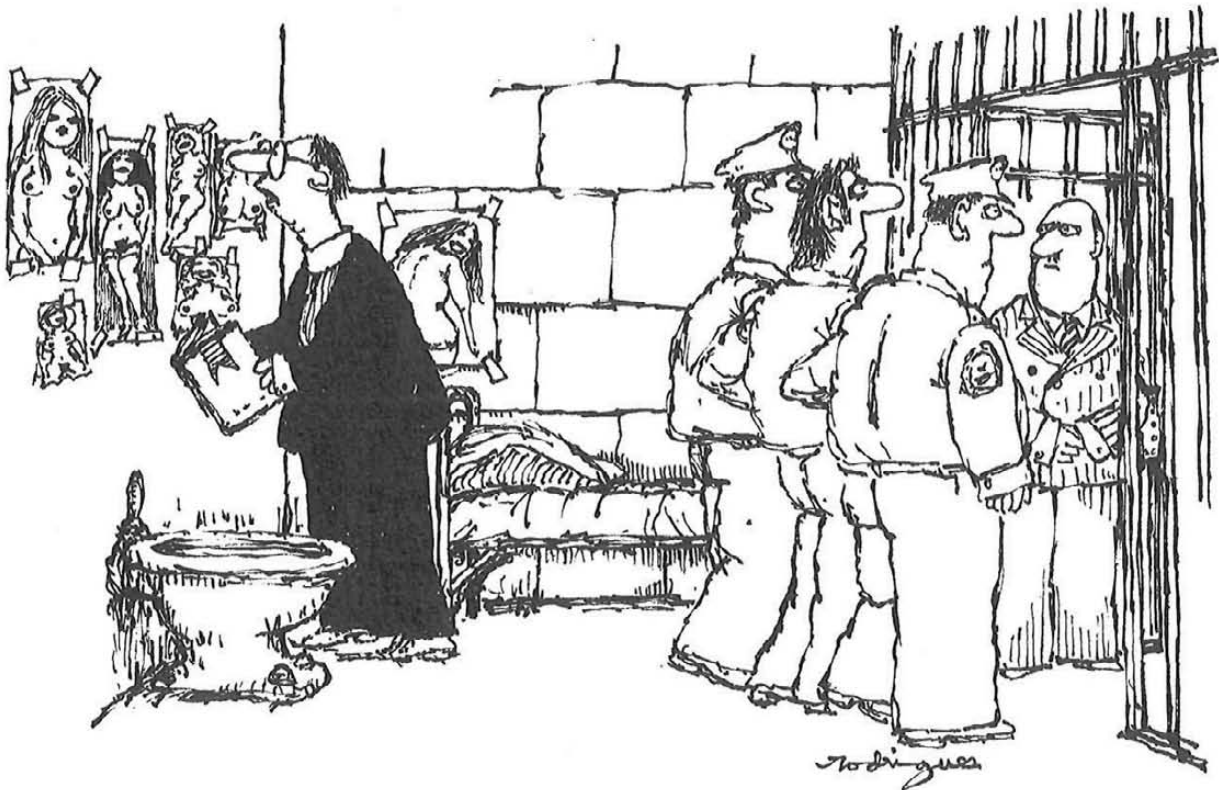
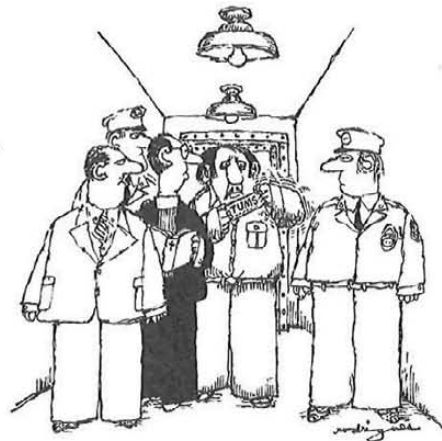
"...I'M SORRY, FRANKIE, IT'S BAD NEWS.  
I WAS JUST ON A DIRECT LINE TO THE  
GOVERNOR. HE SAID, 'NO LAST MEAL!'"

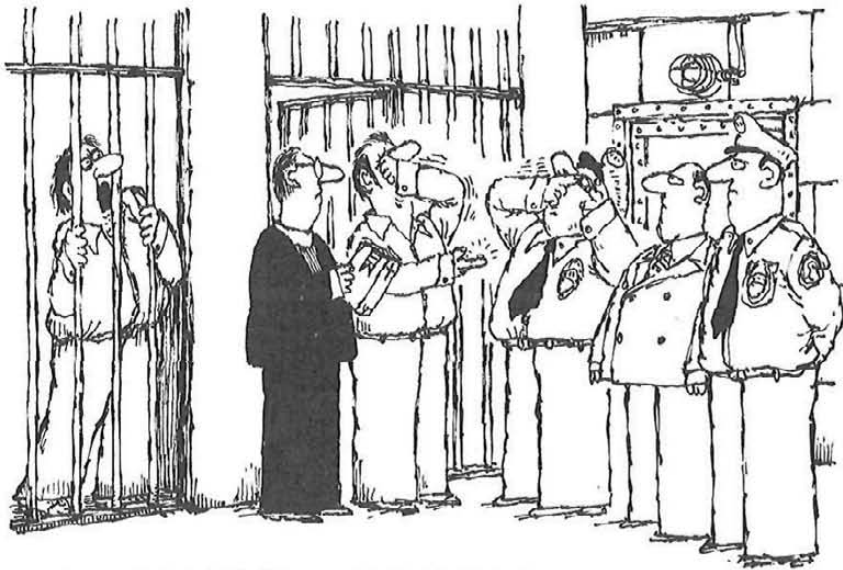


"CUP OF BOUILLON, RAYMOND? IT'S  
TRADITIONAL ON THE LAST EVENING."



"JIMMY, DIDN'T MAMA ALWAYS TELL YOU TO HAVE CLEAN UNDERWEAR ON? WELL, I JUST HOPE JUSTICE SCALIA TURNS DOWN YOUR APPEAL AND YOU HAVE TO GO TONIGHT, IT'LL SERVE YOU RIGHT!"





"LENNY, YOU BASTARD,  
YOU PROMISED ME  
YOUR CONTACT LENSES!"

"JOHN, AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW,  
THE TIMEX WATCH FOLKS  
HAVE A SLOGAN, 'IT TAKES A LICKING AND  
KEEPS ON TICKING,' AND THEY WOULD LIKE YOU  
TO WEAR THIS WATCH FOR A LITTLE EXPERIMENT  
FOR WHICH THEY WILL PAY YOUR ESTATE \$5000...."



**THIS HANDY CALENDAR TAKES THE GUESSWORK OUT OF LONG SENTENCES!**

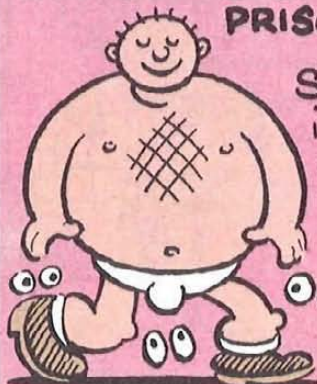
PAINT YEARS ON LID OF MARGARINE TUB

ATTACH ARROW WITH PAPER FASTENER



SAY! ONLY 50 YEARS TO GO!

**SAY "GOODBYE" TO FRUMPY PRISON UNDIES!**



Strut your stuff in bikini briefs cut from an old sock!



# CON CRAFTS

**TURN THOSE IDLE YEARS INTO TIME WELL-SPENT CREATING CRAFTS YOU CAN SELL TO OTHER INMATES OR USE YOURSELF!**

**BY RON BARRETT**

**CARVE A BAR OF SOAP OUT OF A GUN!**



PAINT WITH WHITE SHOE POLISH.

Take up whittling!



**LEG IRON NAME TAGS HELP YOU GET ACQUAINTED WITH FELLOW INMATES!**



PAPER CHAIN

TAG

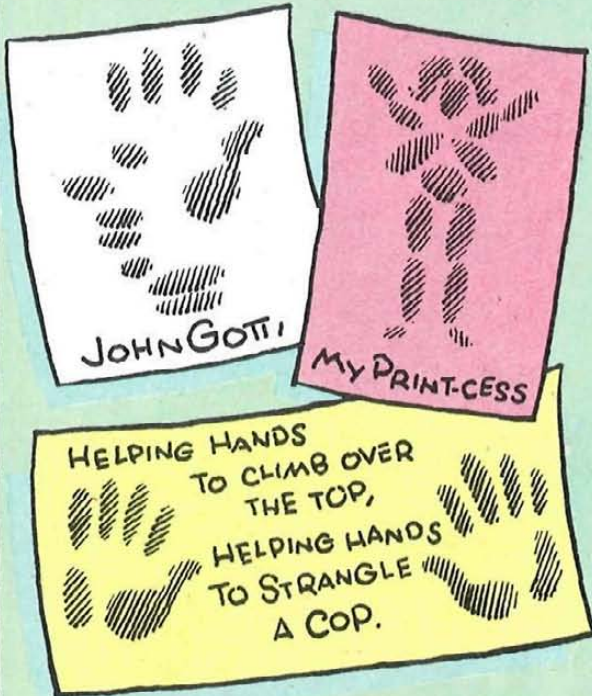
Hide in laundry truck. Go to town. Buy a styrofoam ball (2" dia.). Return to prison. Assemble as shown.

PAINT BALL BLACK FOR EXTRA REALISM

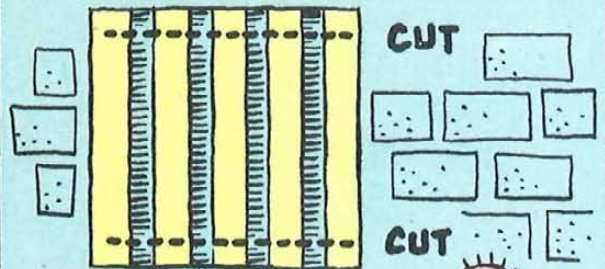




ADD THE PERSONAL TOUCH TO YOUR CELL WITH FINGERPRINT PORTRAITS AND PLAQUES.



A UNIQUE BAR STOOL MADE OF REAL BARS!

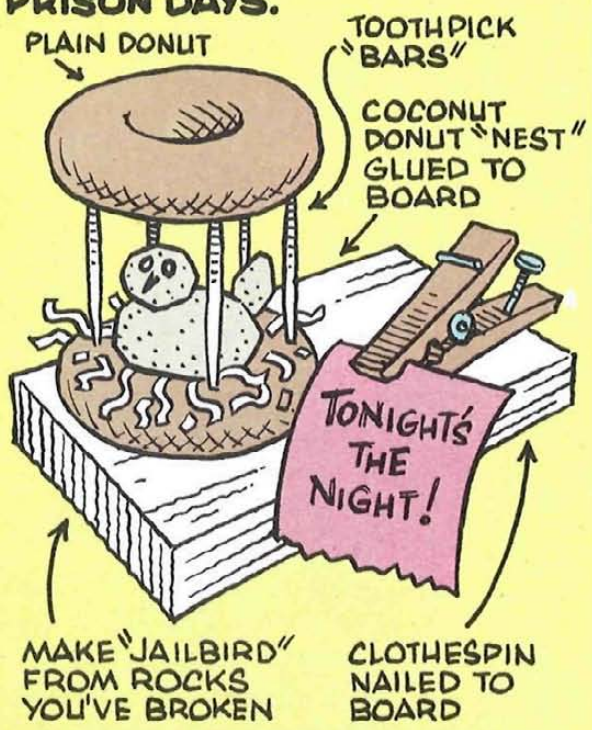


FOR THIS PROJECT YOU'LL NEED TO STEAL:  
1 HACKSAW  
1 TUBE GLUE  
1 PIE PAN



Glue bars to pie pan. It's one time you won't mind being a **STOOLIE!**

"JAILBIRD" NOTEHOLDER HELPS ORGANIZE THOSE BUSY PRISON DAYS.



MAKE "JAILBIRD" FROM ROCKS YOU'VE BROKEN

CLOTHESPIN NAILED TO BOARD

A POINTY KNIFE IS HANDY TO HAVE.

FOR THIS PROJECT YOU'LL NEED TO STEAL:  
1 BUTTER KNIFE FROM THE DINING ROOM

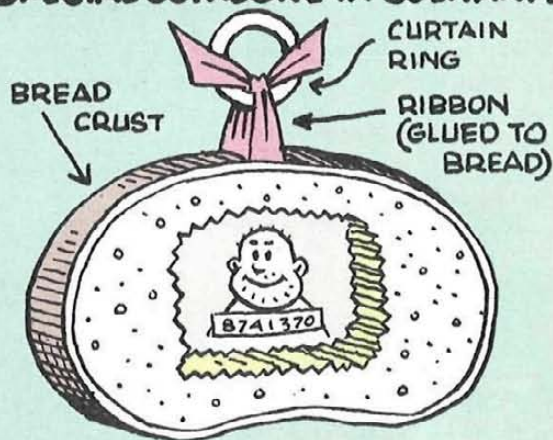
MAKE IT POINTY BY SCRAPING ON YOUR CELL WALL



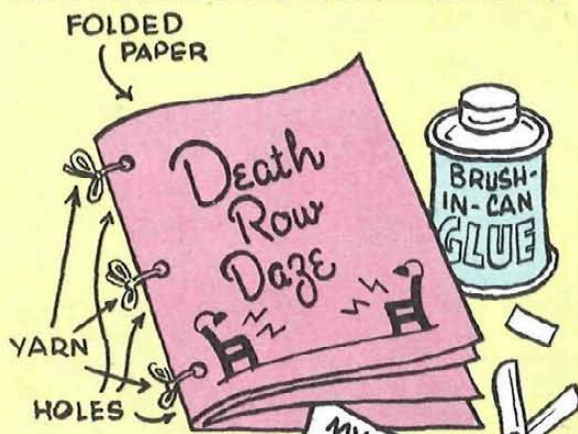
USE AS A:



**BREAD CRUST FOTO-FRAME!**  
**A THOUGHTFUL GIFT TO THAT**  
**SPECIAL SOMEONE IN SOLITARY!**



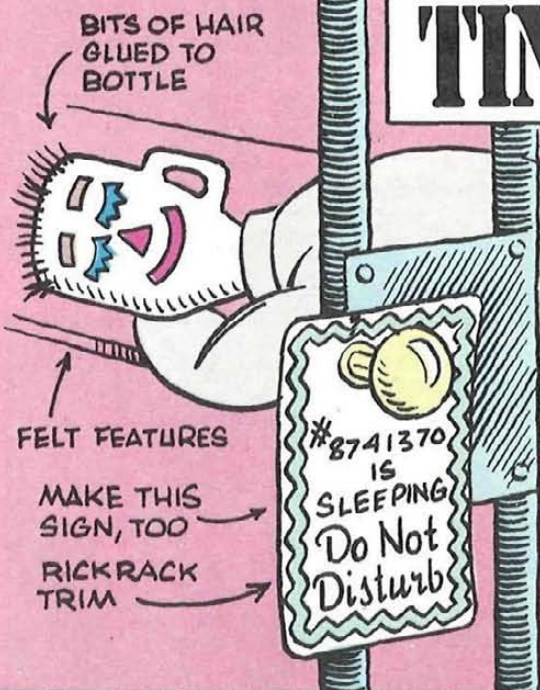
**YOU'LL WANT TO REMEMBER**  
**YOUR LAST DAYS. YOU CAN, IF**  
**YOU MAKE THIS SCRAPBOOK!**



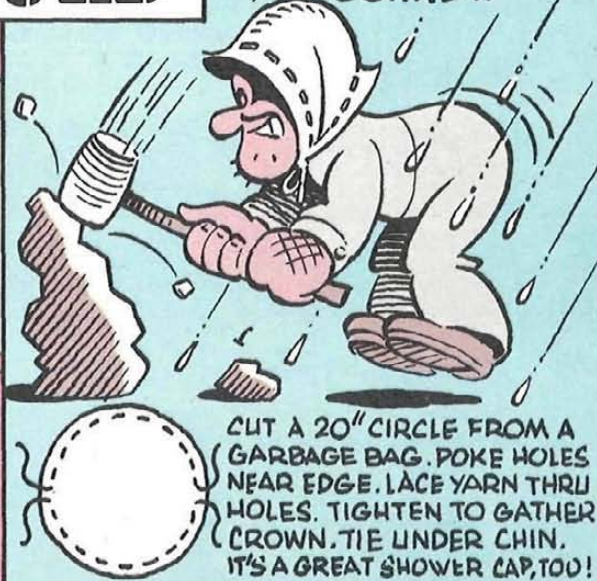
# CON CRAFTS CON- TINUED



**IT'S NOT HARD LABOR**  
**TO MAKE A BLEACH**  
**BOTTLE DUMMY!**



**A DOWNPOUR WON'T**  
**DAMPEN YOUR SPIRIT**  
**FOR BREAKING ROCKS**  
**IF YOU WEAR THIS**  
**GARBAGE BAG RAIN**  
**BONNET.**



GET COMFY IN THE CHAIR WITH  
THROW PILLOWS MADE  
FROM SHIRTS YOU'LL  
NEVER WEAR  
AGAIN.



YOUR GUARD WILL GO "STIR  
CRAZY" OVER THIS CHARMING  
KEY HOLDER.



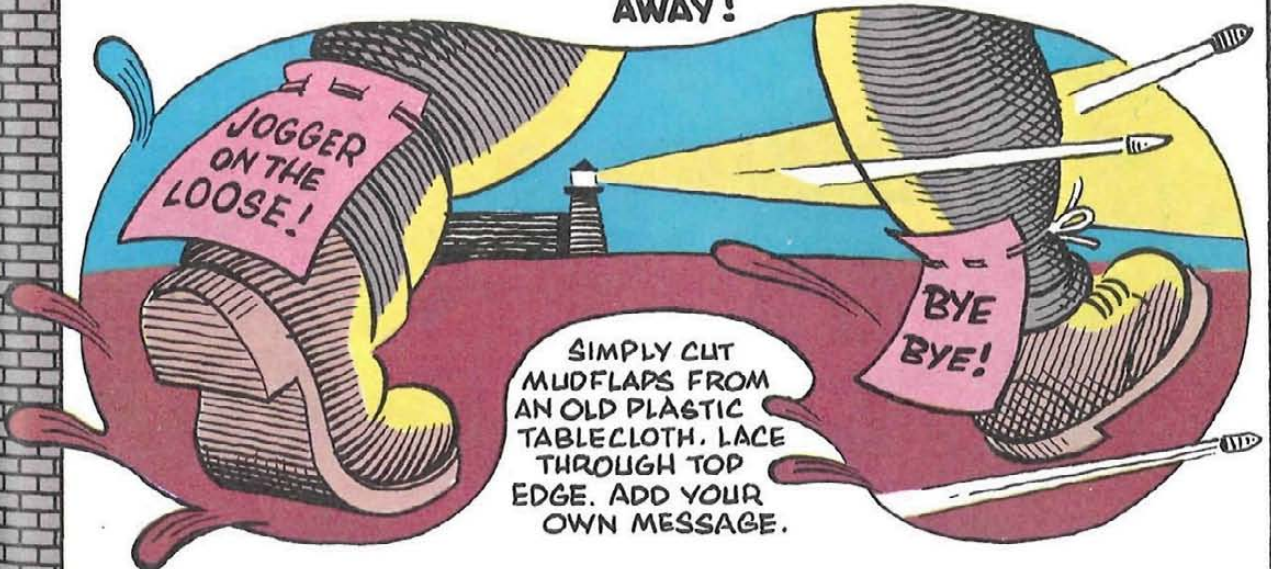
PERSONALIZE  
IT WITH  
MACARONI

FOR THIS  
PROJECT YOU'LL  
NEED TO STEAL:  
1 STIR STICK  
FROM PAINT  
SHOP  
MACARONI

Hang  
Near Cell!



MUDFLAPS KEEP YOUR CUFFS CLEAN WHILE YOU'RE RUNNING  
AWAY!



SIMPLY CUT  
MUDFLAPS FROM  
AN OLD PLASTIC  
TABLECLOTH. LACE  
THROUGH TOP  
EDGE. ADD YOUR  
OWN MESSAGE.

---

# THE CHAIN OF COMMAND

---

by Rick Meyerowitz



1



4



5



8



9



2



3



6



7



10



11



# THE EFFECTIVE MANAGER!

*There's Profit and Fun  
in Running Your Firm like Attila the Hun*

by  
Ed Bluestone

**T**he modern business manager finds himself faced with an extraordinary paradox. His survival in the business world often depends on his ability to project an outwardly humanistic approach to corporate management while he simultaneously relies on the same primitive barbarism which his prehistoric ancestors called on to slaughter the dinosaur.

The Effective Manager must switch from pipe-smoking philosopher to teeth-baring predator and back again dozens of times a day. It's his ability to appear civilized while simultaneously pursuing his avaricious goals with unrelenting savagery that has kept America strong from the time of Columbus to the present. With this thought in mind, it is hoped that the following primer

on basic managerial skills will help today's Effective Manager to maintain his traditional place in the forefront of American society.

## IMPROVING YOUR REPRIMANDS

The effective reprimand is a business manager's most time-honored method of keeping his employees in line. The following suggestions are guaranteed to maximize the effectiveness of your disciplinary chats.

1. It's always wise to reprimand an employee in front of others. The factor of "shame" can play an important part in altering his behavior. In fact, whenever possible, it's advisable to reprimand employees on local television. The condemnation of the entire community can

do much to discourage employees from persisting in undesired behavior. Ask a local news show if you can have a few seconds each night between the weather and sports to chastise errant employees. In many cities, televised reprimands have not only proven effective but bolstered a station's ratings as well.

2. When the employee tries to defend himself, pretend to listen, and the moment he's through, look him in the eye and proclaim, "You're a liar."

This approach should be used even if you feel he's telling the truth. Any recognition that the accusations against him might be false when you gave them credence is a direct admission of your own fallibility. Your mistakes are none of his business.

3. Don't be afraid to get physical when you reprimand an employee. Pull-



Len Skapp

**A stuffed animal incentive program can seduce workers into amassing hundreds of overtime hours, which are then cashed in for relatively cost-effective stuffed toys.**

ing on one of his lips will get your point across. So will snapping an elastic band against his ear. When you want to emphasize a point, it's a good idea to grab his tie and jerk his head forward.

As you speak, keep poking your subordinate with your index finger and calling him "Buster." Say things like "Listen, Buster, you're way out of line." Really poke him hard with each "Buster." If you do this correctly, he should wind up with a visible bruise for each time you've used the word "Buster."

4. Lengthy reprimands are effective. The reprimand that consists of one hour of nonstop screaming won't be soon forgotten. Don't be afraid to repeat yourself, especially when using words like "idiot," "numbskull," and "moron."

If he cries, don't let up. Go for the kill. Tell him you'd cry too if you had his brain. Ask him if both of his parents

were human. Tell him you've noticed baboon-like characteristics in his facial structure.

But always end the meeting with a pat on the back and the comforting words "I know you'll improve."

5. When you can see an employee's behavior change for the better, don't let him forget the reprimand. Remind him of his past misbehavior and make it clear that he'd better not revert back to it. Let him know that you consider his good behavior a temporary sham and plan to keep your eye on him. Say things like "I've got your number, Buster."

## **BEYOND THE REPRIMAND: CREATIVE PUNISHMENTS**

The traditional business manager has always looked at the disbursement of

punishments to rule breakers and underachievers as a "regrettable duty." The modern manager disagrees with this appraisal. He sees the disbursement of punishments as "downright fun," much-needed recreation, and one of the most delightful tasks associated with his position. Gone are the bland days of summary firings and disciplinary fines. Here are some of the more creative punishments finding favor in today's corporate world.

### **The Punitive Opera**

At the end of each year, the company's lowest achievers and biggest troublemakers are forced to perform an opera for the rest of the firm. The worse an employee's work record, the more solos he's required to sing.

### **The Punitive Ballet**

Another version of the punitive opera. The *Nutcracker Suite* makes a fine punitive ballet for many reasons: its year-end holiday flavor, the many past successes of head maintenance men in the role of the Mouse King, the opportunity to punish dishonest security guards by casting them as Sugar Plum Fairies, and the chance to make every overweight employee wear extremely tight leotards.

### **Gorilla Suit Detention**

The employee is forced to wear a gorilla suit for a week. Gorilla Suit Detention is especially effective with employees who work the field, such as sales representatives. Imagine having to show up for lunch and hand your customer a note from your boss which says, "This man is being punished. That's why he's in a gorilla suit. If you want to help us with his punishment, offer him a banana. Please don't encourage him to remove his gorilla headpiece. This is being done for his own good. . . . Sincerely, Al Goodman, CEO, Goodman Industries. . . . P.S. We would appreciate it if you would buy our product from this gorilla."

## **MOTIVATING YOUR EMPLOYEES WITH NON-FINANCIAL REWARDS AND GRADUALLY ATTAINABLE GOALS**

The business manager's obligation to reward employees for good work has always presented him with a paradox. On one hand, rewards are necessary. Raises, vacations, bonuses, and perks are the primary reasons that most people work. On the other hand, the less money wasted on rewards, the more money there is left for management to reward itself with. The Effective Manager recognizes this unique dilemma as the Achilles' heel of the reward system and appropriately relies on an effective antidote: the Non-Financial Reward.



A Non-Financial Reward is anything that fulfills the employees' need to be rewarded while at the same time fulfilling management's desire to spend as little money as possible on rewards.

Let us now examine some innovative Non-Financial Rewards.

#### **The In-House Vacation**

The In-House Vacation offers the employee an opportunity to vacation at work while avoiding the feeling of worthlessness attached to payment for doing nothing in some faraway resort.

Employees who've experienced the In-House Vacation happily agree that there's no other way to stay home. First, plastic palm trees are moved into the employee's office. So is enough sand to cover the floor. A machine from Hamacher Schlemmer provides the sound of waves crashing against the shore. A fan supplies "ocean" breezes. The employee's family is encouraged to visit him (on his lunch hour, of course).

And then there are those little surprises that make vacations so memorable, like a brief appearance by the CEO in a grass skirt, or a serenade by the accounting department, who strum ukuleles while crooning "Tiny Bubbles."

#### **Stuffed Animals**

Stuffed animals have a knack for mesmerizing the person who seeks to own them. We've all seen the guy at a state fair or seashore resort who spends eighty dollars throwing baseballs at milk cans in order to win a twenty-dollar stuffed animal! As an employer, you can

use this unique ability of stuffed animals to make fools of those who covet them.

A stuffed animal incentive program can produce such wondrous results as employees who work two hundred hours of overtime for a thirty-dollar stuffed panda, the woman who gives up her medical benefits for a ten-dollar stuffed snake on the day before she succumbs to a costly illness, or the sales manager of thirty years who gives up his pension for that teddy bear that has captured his heart.

#### **The Squealer's Bonus**

Squealers in the work force are an invaluable asset to management. Squealers tell management who's goofing off, who's stealing, who's organizing, who's having an affair with management's wife, and who's doing anything that management might disapprove of.

Obviously, squealers are worth their weight in gold. But in a Non-Financial Reward structure, there doesn't seem to be anything that adequately rewards squealers for their invaluable contribution to business.

So when it comes to rewarding squealers, the Effective Manager takes the rare stand of advocating Financial Rewards—at the expense of whoever's been squealed on. The Squealer's Bonus comes directly out of the salary of the squealer's victim.

Along with his depleted paycheck, the victim receives a note which says, "Thirty dollars have been deducted as a bonus for Timothy Weber, who squealed

on you for leaving early last Wednesday." And then the note goes on to explain exactly how the bonus was used. "Timothy used your money to buy an ugly Hawaiian shirt, which he stained at dinner an hour later. He has now requested that more money be removed from your next paycheck to finance the shirt's dry cleaning. Management has taken this request under consideration and a decision is pending."

Thus the squealer has been rewarded at the expense of his victim in a perfect deployment of the Squealer's Bonus.

#### **Deceptive Salary Ploys**

Deceptive salary ploys are aimed at convincing the employee that he's being paid more than he actually is. Here are two excellent deceptive salary ploys.

*Payment in Pennies.* Each week the employee receives his entire salary in pennies. Pennies are heavy and difficult to lug home. Anyone who has schlepped forty pounds of pennies on a crowded subway is bound to feel that he's being paid a lot.

*Payment in Unrefined Gold.* This is the pennies routine taken to a further extreme. The employee is paid in raw gold ore. Say he earns five hundred dollars a week. Five hundred dollars' worth of raw gold is usually encrusted in a thousand pounds of rock and granite. The employee will have to rent pack mules just to get his salary home each week.

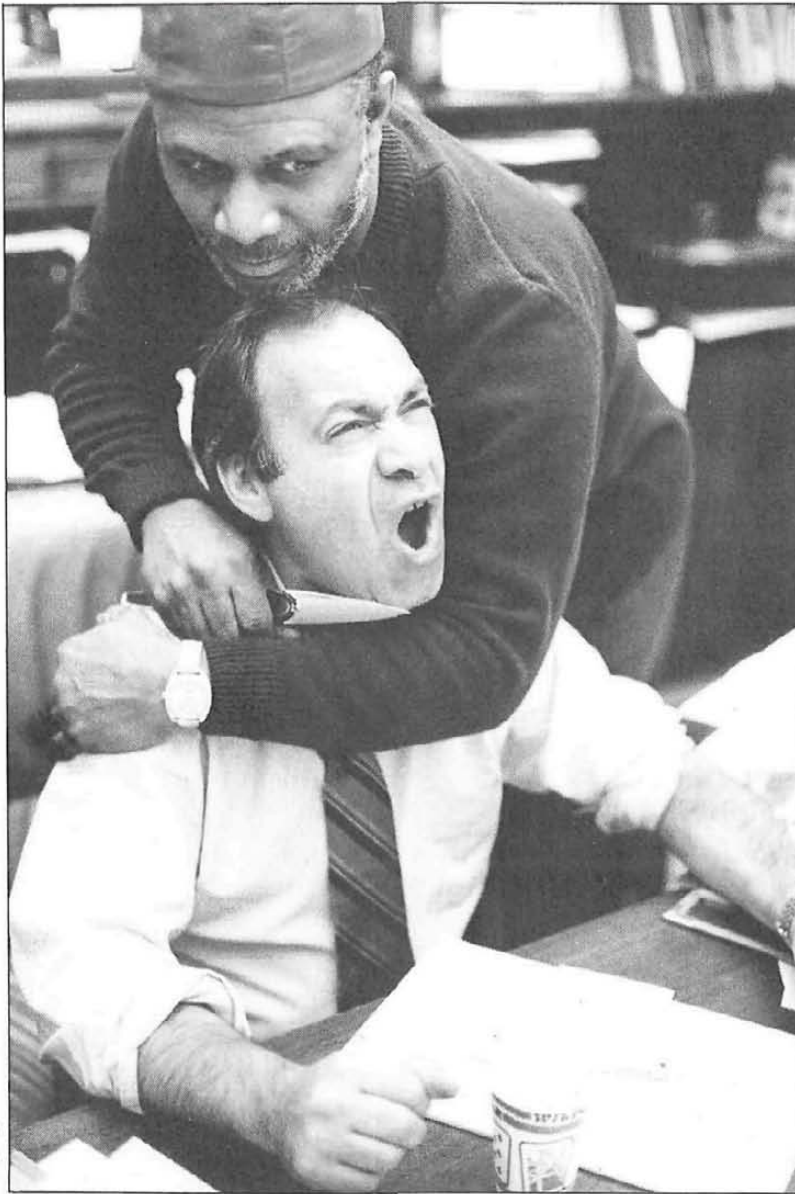
#### **The Bonzai Paycheck**

The Bonzai Paycheck is Japan's prima-



*Paying employees with Bonzai Paychecks, incredibly diminutive in size, and utilizing high-powered floor fans is a surefire way to decrease total overhead.*

Len Skapp



Paul Davis

**Beware: If you use the Gradually Attainable Goal incentive plan, you could face resentment from some employees if the GAGs are too unrealistic.**

ry contribution to the world of Non-Financial Rewards. Passed off on the work force as a cultural perk, the Bonzai is less than one square inch in size, mimics the full-size paycheck to a tee, and looks adorable. But it's easy to lose. That's the catch! Management won't replace it. In fact, management counts on one out of ten employees' losing their Bonzai Paychecks each week.

That's what makes payday so exciting under the Bonzai Payroll System. The second the little checks are passed out, management turns on high-powered fans. Soon the factory floor looks as if all the workers have lost their contact lenses at the exact same time.

Some companies have even made ex-

tra money selling a book entitled *Finding Your Bonzai Paycheck: A Layman's Guide to the Factory Floor*. The book is filled with helpful chapters like "The Ten Favorite Hiding Places of Bonzai Paychecks" as well as invaluable hints like "Check the bottoms of your shoes" and "Ask a friend to examine your back."

#### **Gradually Attainable Goals**

The Gradually Attainable Goal is a group reward that is dangled in front of the entire work force as an enticement to raise productivity to a higher level. But the Gradually Attainable Goal's effectiveness depends entirely on the group's finding out gradually that their goal is gradually attainable.

#### **A Case In Point**

**Situation:** You manage a work force that must perform in a sweltering hot factory all year long. At least one employee a week dies of heart failure. Resignations are at an all-time high. Production is at an all-time low. You tell your employees that if they can maintain a high level of production for one year, management will consent to build an employee swimming pool.

The swimming pool becomes a holy cause. Peer pressure causes the entire work force to maintain maximum efficiency. Employees barge into your office to show you their flippers and diving masks. Deck chairs and chaise longue are purchased. Finally the year is over, the company has made a fortune, and the pool is constructed.

Now a notice goes out that if the work force can maintain one more year of maximum efficiency, the pool will be filled with water!

The work force now begins to perceive the swimming pool as a Gradually Attainable Goal. Your employees barge into your office, splinter most of your furniture, and a mail-room employee named Bubba holds a razor next to your neck. You assure Bubba that something can be worked out. That's what collective bargaining is all about.

You huddle with your supervisors and a decision is made to tell labor that it must return to work before negotiations can begin. Reluctantly labor agrees, as its union leaders rationalize that "no swimming pool is worth a strike." A month later a deal is made. Two months of maximum production will lead to the pool being filled with water.

Eventually the big day arrives. Towels in hand, everyone runs to the pool, only to find out that not only is the pool filled with water, but the water has sharks in it.

Bubba visits your office. You've wisely stayed home. The negotiators return to the table. There are many issues to be resolved. How soon will the sharks be removed? Will the work force have to remove them? Who'll feed the sharks? Who'll pay for their food? Who'll calm Bubba down? Will labor ever enjoy the use of the pool? This is the continuing pattern of agreement, productivity, and negotiation that keeps the corporate wheels turning thanks to the Effective Manager's decision to employ a Gradually Attainable Goal.

## **THE IMPORTANCE OF MEETINGS**

An Effective Manager must realize that the meeting is a corporation's primary medium for exchanging information, formulating strategy, and making people wish they were not in a meeting.

The formats of meetings vary as great-

ly as the problems that necessitate them, yet each format should retain the common threads of creativity and effectiveness while fulfilling the manager's basic need to do something when he's not rehashing a meeting or preparing for the next one.

Here then are some of the contemporary business world's most innovative meeting styles.

#### **The Knute Rockno Meeting**

You dress up as a coach with a whistle around your neck. You tell your sales force that your board chairman's nine-year-old son is critically ill. You go on to explain that the boy's main interest in life is following your company's stock. The little tyke owns five hundred thousand shares, and it's not helping his condition to see the stock go down.

Then you bring in a doctor who's supposedly treating the boy. The doctor tells your employees that unless business improves, the boy will surely die. Next you bring out charts and show what must be done in terms of increasing sales to help the child survive.

Snapshots of the child are given to your employees, who are told to look at the kid's picture before they call in sick, go home early, or ask for a raise in salary.

Inevitably some of your employees will want to visit the child in the hospital. So it is advisable to hire a child actor to stay in a hospital, pretend he's the board chairman's son, and greet visiting subordinates. The child should have *Wall Street Journals* all around his room and be well-versed on the firm's financial status.

At any mention of continued poor sales, the child should feign chest pains and pretend to faint.

#### **The Underwater Survival Meeting**

When a problem must be solved in a short period of time, the Underwater Survival Meeting may be the answer. The meeting takes place underwater with you and your subordinates suited up in scuba gear.

There, in the ocean's depths, you communicate with aquatic blackboards and water chalk. Of course, the pressure is all on your subordinates, because their air tanks are only half full. Your tank is full, and the meeting's ground rules specify that anyone who surfaces before the problem is solved will quickly be terminated.

"The last few seconds of Underwater Survival Meetings are always a gas," explains one manager. "I love the frantic scribbling on the chalk boards with millions of air bubbles blowing all around. And my subordinates usually come up with some very creative solutions when their air is running out. Of course, sharks are always a help. They can turn a real dunce into a CEO in seconds!"

#### **The Meeting Wedding**

The Managerial Woman faces many obstacles in her climb up the corporate ladder. A primary concern of the CEO considering a woman for an important managerial position is the fear that once her training period is over, she may become romantically entangled, then engaged, and that the impending wedding will preoccupy her mind to the detriment of her work.

Her CEO lives with horrendous fantasies of walking past his female manager's office and hearing her say to a major client, "We're performing the ceremony ourselves. . . . I'll be reading aloud from Leo Buscaglia and then my fiancé will answer my reading with a passage from Robert Schuller. . . . So if you don't want

to give us an order today, that's fine, but *please* come to the wedding."

The surest and easiest way of alleviating such fears is to plan a "Meeting Wedding."

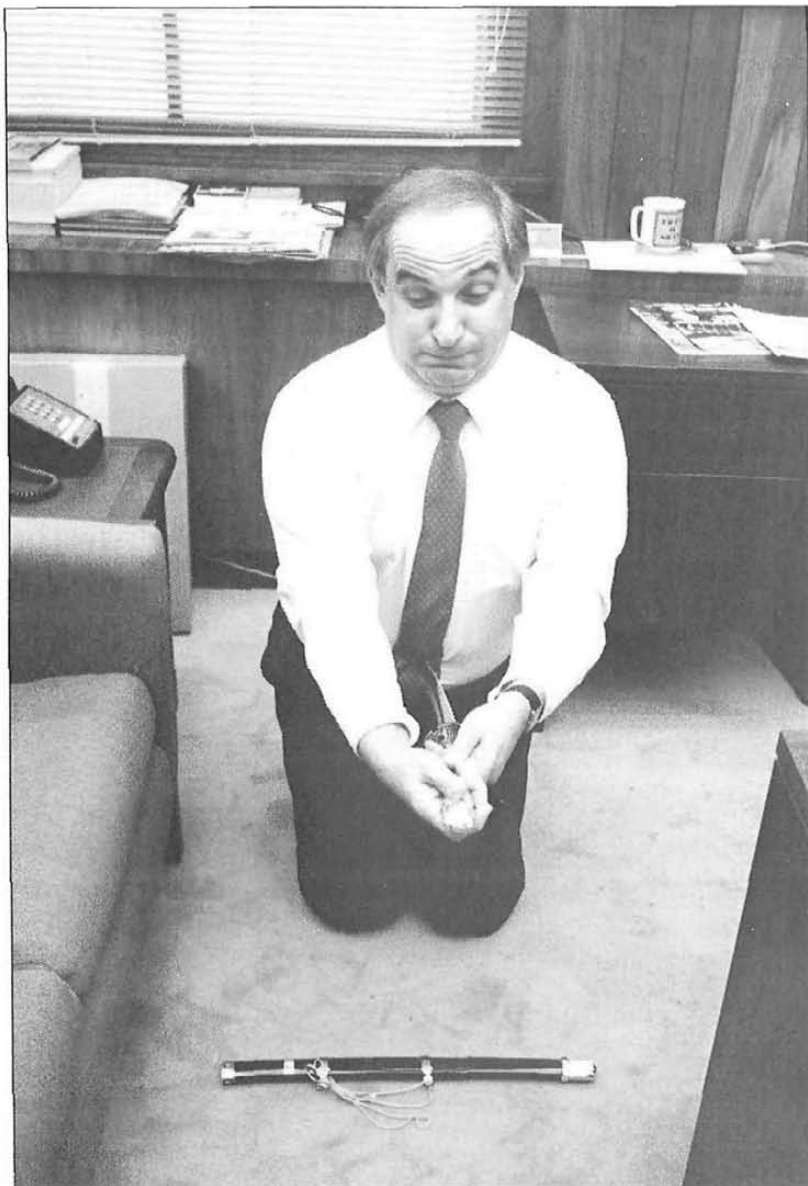
The Meeting Wedding takes place during a short break in a normal business meeting and demonstrates to the bride's CEO and co-workers alike that she is determined not to let her wedding take any more time than necessary away from the performance of her managerial duties.

On the day of the wedding, the bride wears her gown under her normal workday attire. This may leave her looking slightly "bunched," but any criticism of her personal appearance should be countered by the bride with a quick, po-



*By utilizing the "slam dunk" method of banging up on irritating callers, the Effective Manager reduces his total volume of future incoming calls.*

Peter Keimman



Peter Kleinman

*The Hara-kiri Resignation, shown above, should be implemented only in cases of extreme executive burnout. A ceremonial cloth (not pictured) can reduce carpet-cleaning costs.*

lite reminder she is being married later in the day and is wearing a wedding gown under her clothing.

The meeting at which the ceremony will be performed should go according to normal procedure until the time when the CEO looks at his watch and says, "We're going to take a seven-minute break in order to have a wedding."

Such announcements are inevitably met with anguished sighs and such verbal complaints as "Just as we were getting someplace, you're going to stop the meeting for a wedding! . . . That's unfair to the company. . . . Why can't they just live together? . . . She must be pregnant if you're doing this."

The CEO should quickly silence such

complaints. They're time-consuming and unprofessional. As the bride removes her street clothing to reveal her wedding gown, the groom is rushed in from an outer office where his bachelor party is taking place. The stripper from the bachelor party should not be allowed to attend the wedding. Her presence has a tendency to make the bride feel overdressed.

Fast, portable music can be supplied by an organ-grinder and monkey, with the monkey doubling as best man.

With everyone gathered around the CEO, he begins to read the wedding ceremony. The ceremony should be non-denominational, with the CEO interjecting the name of his company wherever the

word "God" is normally used. An example: "Let no man put asunder what Berkeley Furniture Glue has joined together." Or "May you travel smoothly down life's highways with the help of Nelson's Radial Tires."

The ceremony should never exceed seven minutes, and a secretary should continue to take shorthand throughout in order to maintain the rhythm and businesslike atmosphere of the meeting that precedes and follows the ceremony.

As rice is thrown around by everyone, the groom is escorted back to the outer office, while his bride now stuffs her wedding gown back under her street clothes. Brief congratulations are in order, but once the normal business meeting resumes, the wedding should never be mentioned again.

At the meeting's conclusion, the bride should remain behind to vacuum the rice from her CEO's rug. This is the appropriate time for the CEO to make his first attempt to coax the bride into having an extramarital affair with him. The bride should not take this personally and should interpret it, rather, as a first test of her resolve to succeed in married life.

A CEO's job is to hurl challenges at his subordinates that will enable them to grow, prosper, and in this case fortify their marital vows.

## TELEPHONE TACTICS

Every Effective Manager knows that a proper grasp of telephone tactics can give him an important edge over those with whom he does business. The following hints will help you formulate well-thought-out strategies in your quest to make the telephone work for you.

### Putting People On Hold

Putting someone on hold is always a valuable telephone tactic. It demonstrates emphatically that there are other concerns in your professional life that take priority over talking to the other party at a moment's notice. Here are some of the best times to put someone on hold.

1. When the other party's anger is reaching the boiling point, "hold" is the telephone equivalent of a cold shower. It gives the other party a chance to take his anger out on his secretary and strain his throat to a point where he can't scream too loudly at you when you get back on the line.

Just when he says, "I've been waiting years to say this, and now I'm going to tell you exactly what I think of you . . .," that's the perfect time to put him on hold.

Returning a half hour later, you should yawn loudly and say, "Now, what

## EFFECTIVE MANAGER

were we talking about?"

2. When you've grown hungry, you might want to put the other party on hold while you eat your lunch. Tell him that a serious problem has come up in your "food division."

Make sure your "hold" button is down while you eat. You don't want him to hear you saying to your secretary, "What goes better with baloney, mayonnaise or mustard?"

3. When you're doing poorly in a negotiation, you might want to put the other party on hold while you regroup. This allows you to return a few minutes later and deny that you ever made your previous concessions. When the other party calls you a liar, claim that you banged your head while he was on hold and you now have amnesia. Then call him by the wrong name and ask to start the negotiation over from scratch.

### Hanging Up on People

The most important thing that an Effective Manager will ever be required to do on the phone is hang up on someone. Hanging up has great symbolic meaning. It can mean, among other things, that you've taken enough guff, or you have total disdain for the person you're speaking to. And, in the event the other

party has already hung up on you, hanging up is the only option available to you, short of screaming at the dial tone.

When you're going to hang up on someone, never warn him. Just stand up and raise the receiver as high above your head as you can and jump as high as you can before "slam dunking" the phone back on its hook. For added impact, stand on your desk chair and do the same thing. The idea of the "slam dunk" hang-up is to do as much damage to the other party's ear as possible, making him reluctant to irritate you in the future.

### Return Calls

Never return a business call in less than a year. To do so is to betray your need to do business with the other person. Let him think nothing is of less importance to you than returning his call.

When you finally do call him, act surprised when he mentions the one-year wait. Say to him, "No kidding—it really took me a year? . . . Time flies when you're running an empire. . . ." Never apologize. Instead, emphasize the "high priority" you've given his call, saying, "You ought to see my message list. . . . I've got one here from 1929. . . . It says something about the stock market having a bad day. . . ."

Remember, return calls can only be made too early; never, ever, too late.

**Excuses for Not Coming to the Phone**  
Don't let your secretary tell people that you can't come to the phone because you're "in a meeting." Give the caller a break with the following more intriguing excuses that he hasn't heard before. Your secretary should say, "He can't come to the phone right now. . . ."

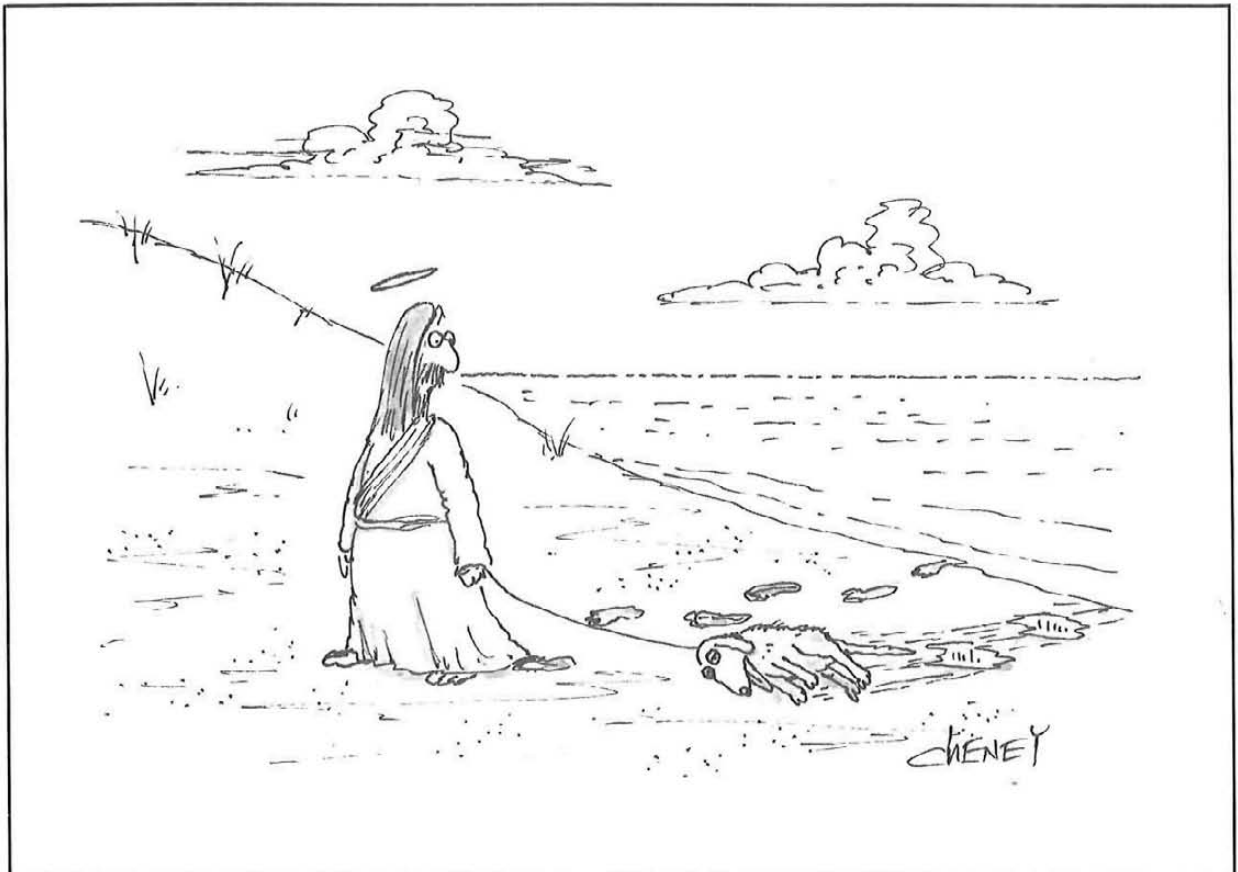
"He's beating his mother."  
"He's shaving the pope."  
"He's squeezing his zits."  
"He's taking his tap lesson."  
"He's fencing."  
"He's handcuffed and chained."  
"He's having sex with his father."  
"He's sitting in spinach."  
"He's dressing up as Aaron Burr."  
"He's teaching a mouse to roller skate."

## SIX WAYS TO KNOW WHEN YOUR JOB IS IN TROUBLE

Regrettably, even the most Effective Manager will, from time to time, find his position in jeopardy. The following indications of imminent doom are sure signs that it's time to start looking elsewhere on the sly.

1. Your memos are attached to rocks and thrown through your window.
2. Your secretary is making more money than you are.

continued on page 108



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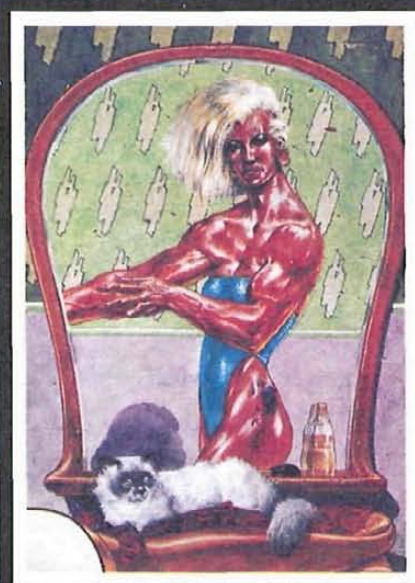
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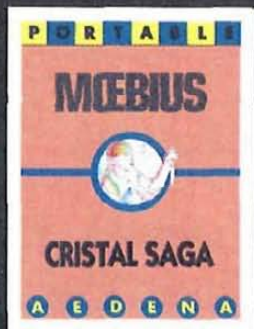
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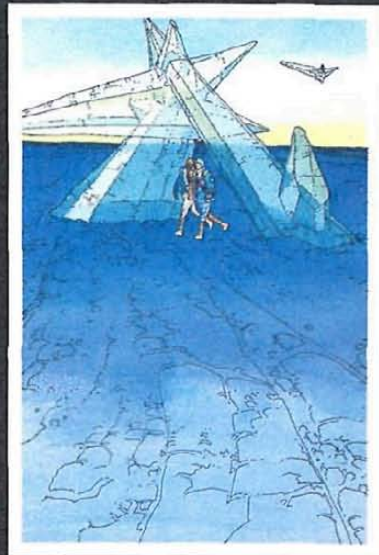
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## BROOKLYN

continued from page 75

time he learned the finer aspects of high society, such as the proper way to address the boss of bosses, and which wine to serve at a wake. He fraternized with the big shots of the five families, who invited him to all of their reunions. After thirty-five years of faithful service he was awarded a gold watch and retired, though he still did a little consulting work on tough contracts.

And Don Catalone begot Anthony (Tony C.), who begot Vincent (Vinnie the Viper), who begot Julius (Koo-Koo Ka Ju), who begot Rocco (Rocky Rahgoon).

## Washington Irving Leroy Jefferson

Leroy Jefferson lived in a quaint black settlement of Brooklyn called Coontown at the beginning of the century. Like his father, and his father before him, Washington had a dream. He dreamed that he had been to the mountaintop. It was crowded with women and watermelons, and would have been perfect except that he had to share it with Martin Luther King, who talked too much.

Jefferson lived only for his dreams. He shined shoes fifteen hours a day and supported a family of eighteen children. It was no surprise then that he had a little trouble dealing with reality.

One day, however, he had a revelation. "There is no mountaintop," he said to himself. "There is no watermelons. You be nothin' but a shoeshine boy the res' of your life. Be happy with what you got, a good family, and make the mos' of your life, boy. For though it is fifty some years until your kind even be allowed in

## There stood an enormous Tyrannosaurus rex, the only Brooklyn native in history with a mouth bigger than Norman Mailer's.

movie theaters 'n' shit, there is still good things in life, though I can't think of nothin' now."

And Leroy be gettin' Joseph, Michael, Charlie, Billy, and Debbie, who be gettin' Choo Choo, Chesterfield, Cadillac, and Lenny, who be gettin' Cannonball, Pudding-Pie, and Victrola, who be gettin' Microwave, Zachariah, Portocall, Willow Reed, Tom, and Jerry, who be gettin' Smokcless, Zipperwild, Cockatoo, Tyler, Lester, and Wolkie.

## Lubber Walrus

In the frozen tundra there are no brunches, no pricey liquor stores, nor even any stories about Norman Mailer. Lubber Walrus spent his youth on a fishing boat, wondering if it was true that Brooklyn girls would make whalcy-balely for a stick of chewing gum.

When the Eskimo boy was nineteen he moved to Brooklyn and saw that it was indeed true. The only problem was, who wants to waste good gum?

## Thomas J. Cashflow

Thomas J. Cashflow, Jr. was born the son of a railroad tycoon in 1911. His childhood was spent on the hot crowded beaches of Southampton. He seldom knew where his next meal was coming from, and always prayed it wasn't from the upstairs maid, who served abominable desserts. He worked his fingers to the bone playing the piano at his mother's insistence, and was forced to toil with a tennis racket for hours on end every day. After these exertions his shirt was often absolutely drenched in repulsive disgusting sweat. His teen years were depressingly desultory, and he

continued on page 98





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## BROOKLYN

continued from page 96

spent his time wandering aimlessly from party to party. For him, life was a Big Bore.

This bleak outlook on existence changed one summer evening when he saw the woman of his dreams. She was a maid at a friend's party, a beautiful little Italian girl with dark brown eyes. He took her aside and introduced himself.

Her name was Maria Bigassi, and she was from Brooklyn. They talked through the night, and in the morning Thomas was madly in love with her.

The next day Thomas approached his father, who was enjoying a bourbon on the veranda. Thomas told him all about Maria, and informed him he was going marry her. He didn't care if she was from another class. Through his conversation with Maria, he had come to see the hardship of the masses. He now beheld that human dignity and compassion transcend all classes. For the first time in his life he felt alive, damn it all.

Thomas's father happily congratulated him and wished him the best of luck. "You're going to need it, son," he said.

"If you marry this girl you'll never get another penny from me, and you'll have to spend your life in the slums."

Thomas took a moment to let this sink in. He knew he was making the biggest decision of his life. He poured himself a drink and took a stiff swallow.

When he turned to face his father, Thomas said with well-chosen words:

"Oh, come on, Father, you didn't *really* think I would marry that little twit, did you? Oh, but I did have you going, didn't I?"

And Thomas J. Cashflow, Jr. married Elizabeth Vanderbilt Carnefeller and begot Thomas J. III, who begot Thomas J. IV, who moved to Brooklyn and attempted to buy it on the installment plan.

## Pesto the Akita

"If it's a dog's life," Pesto's mother, Volvo, used to say, "how come we still pee on trees?" Pesto's father, Adolfo, would reply, "Stop growling. At least we have rich owners. We eat two square meals a day and go to a country home

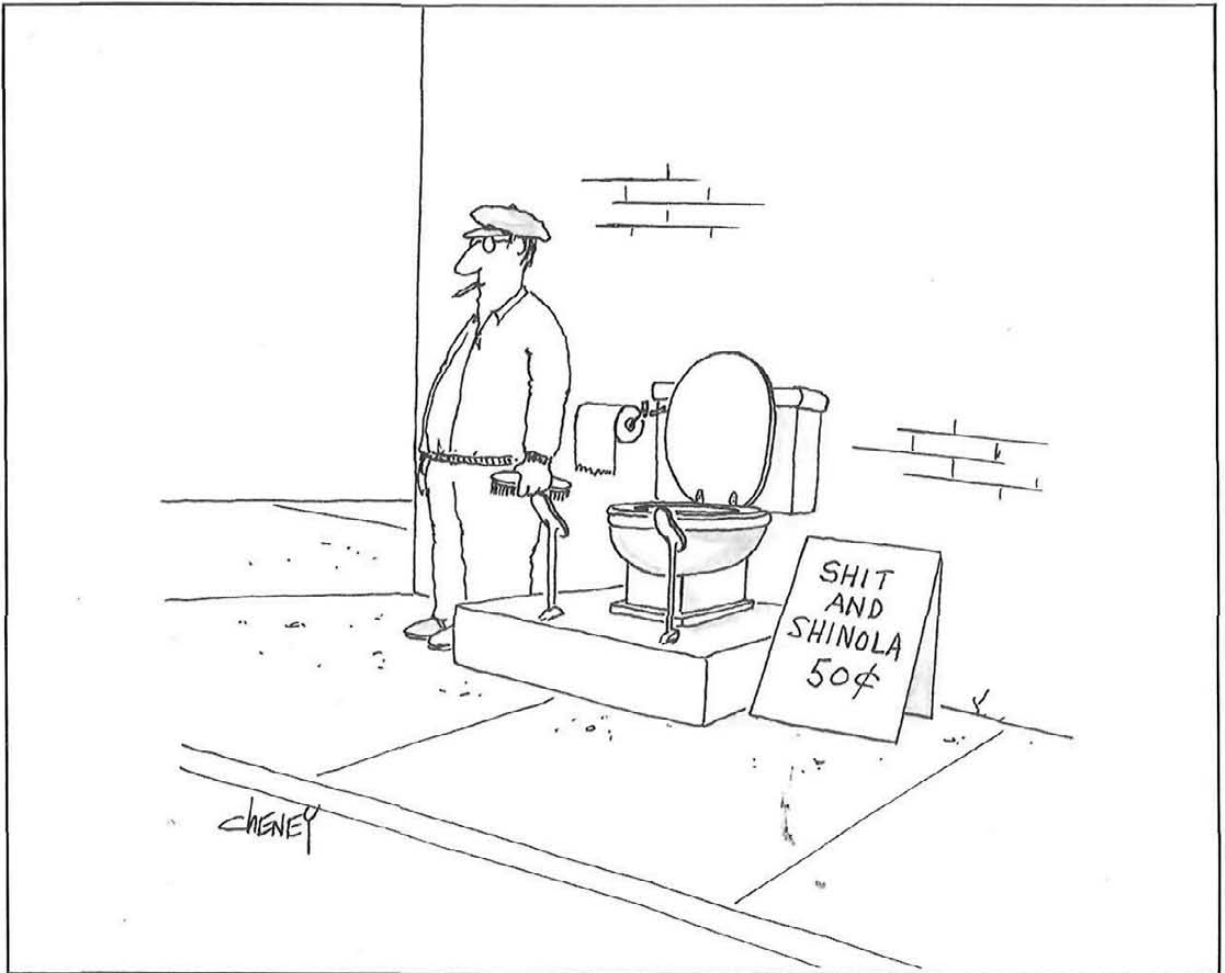
on weekends. Be thankful you were born an Akita, and not a Puerto Rican."

## Remember the Deli?

Though they were in the icy clutches of death, the men in the deli weren't above reasoning out their differences. For them, a clever old expression said it best: "A man who dies for honor dies a schmuck!"

They reached an equitable agreement. Haucks agreed to give Pesto a few cans of Alpo. Jefferson was content to take the money from the register. Haucks sold his store to Cashflow for a fantastic profit. In turn, Cashflow paid Catalone a tidy sum to burn it to the ground and collected a very handsome insurance settlement. Haucks gave the Eskimo some ice and he left.

And so, on a cool, crisp autumn evening, as taxicabs honked like geese and hungry little rats scampered about on garbage cans, five good men walked home safely, having opened their bank accounts and given death the finger. ■



# FUNNY PAGES

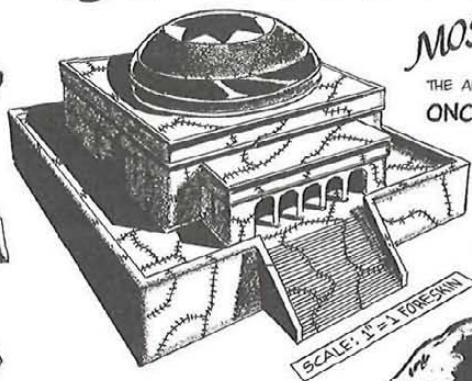


Nat Lamp's

## Not Believe It or Not!

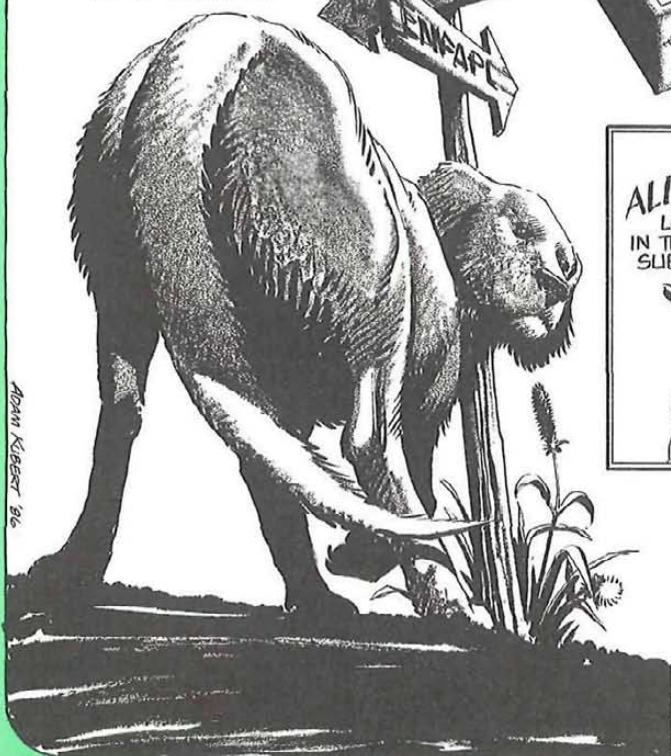
### RUFUS

a Labrador retriever  
OWNED BY THE CALDWELL  
FAMILY OF MONTCLAIR, N.J.,  
AND LOST WHILE  
ACCOMPANYING  
THE FAMILY ON A VACATION  
IN VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA,  
NEVER FOUND HIS  
WAY HOME!

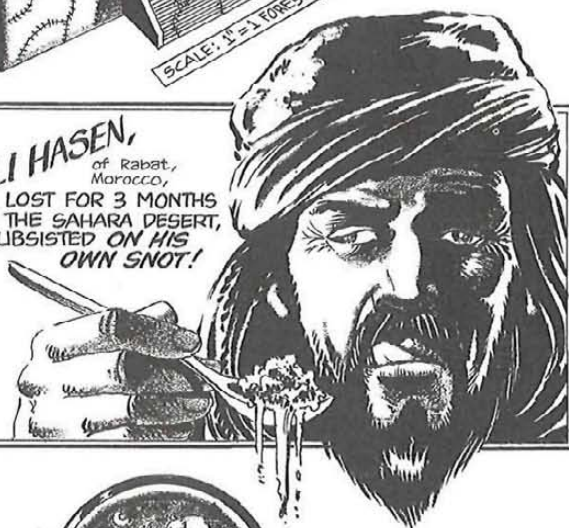


### MOSES MAIMONIDES

THE ANCIENT TALMUDIC SCHOLAR,  
ONCE CONSTRUCTED A  
SCALE MODEL OF  
THE THIRD TEMPLE  
OF DAVID OUT OF  
FORESKIN!



ALI HASEN,  
of Rabat,  
Morocco,  
LOST FOR 3 MONTHS  
IN THE SAHARA DESERT,  
SUBSISTED ON HIS  
OWN SNOT!

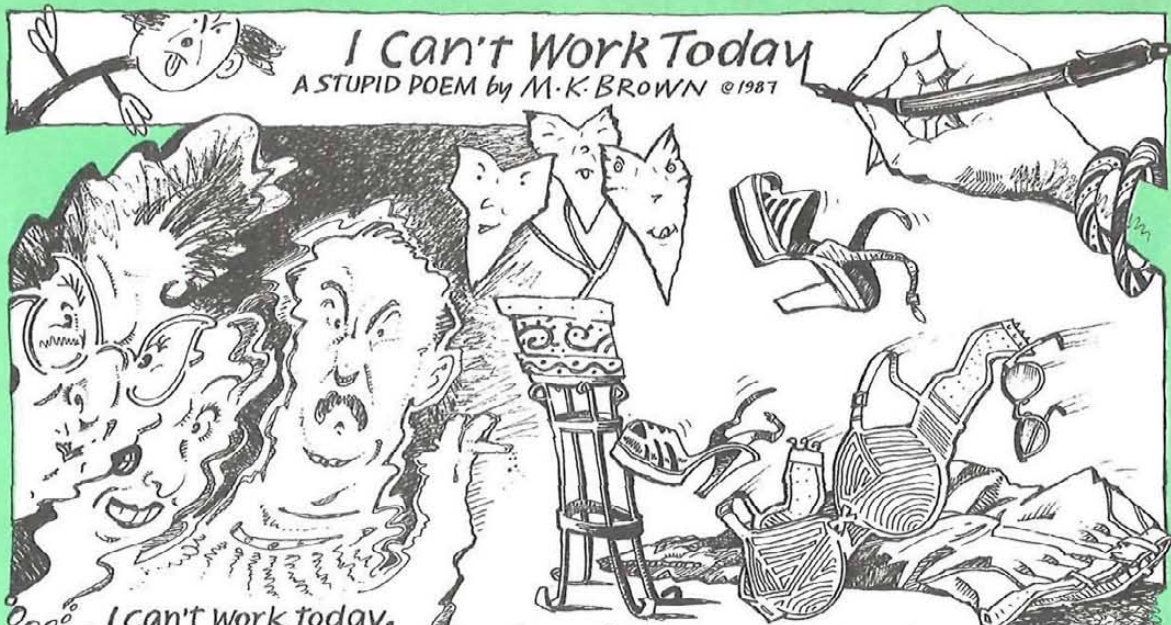


ALTHOUGH  
A MONOCELLULAR  
ANIMAL,  
THE PARAMECIUM  
IS BORN  
WITH A FULL  
HEAD OF HAIR!

WRITTEN BY VICTOR LEVIN AND ALAN KIRSCHENBAUM

# I Can't Work Today

A STUPID POEM by M.K. BROWN ©1987



I can't work today,  
All the old ghosts are  
Hanging around.

Everything  
Looks Stupid!

My clothes  
Are uncomfortable

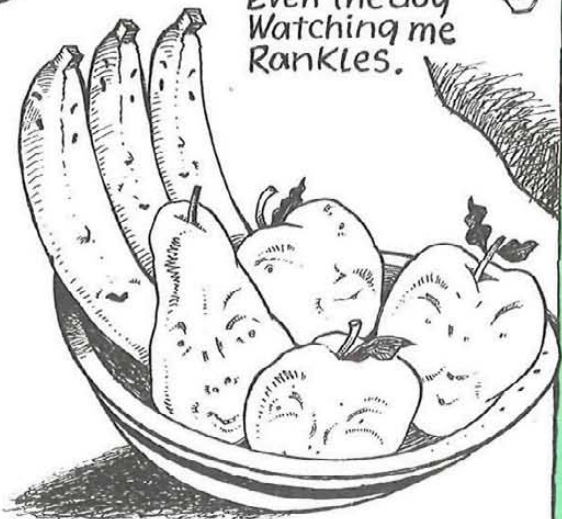


in fact, NOTHING works today;

Even the dog  
Watching me  
Rankles.



And the SKY,  
A "funny" blue now,  
Keeps changing Color!



I see a bowl of fruit on the table,  
There are faces in it.

I wonder how Liz Taylor is doing.

The end

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# SAM deGROOT

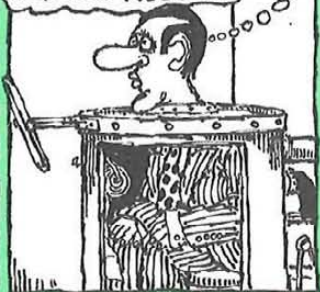
ONE OF TWENTY-ONE PRIVATE DETECTIVES IN THE FREE WORLD IN AN IRON LUNG

## THE STORY...

DOWN AND OUT ON SKID ROW, SAM IS BEFRIENDED AND TAKEN IN BY A STRANGER, EVERETT. FURNISHING HIM WITH WHAT SEEM TO BE EXCESSIVE AMOUNTS OF DELICIOUS FOOD, HE DISCLOSES TO SAM THAT HE IS A CANNIBAL AND HE IS FATTENING HIM UP TO EAT HIM!

PEEVED AT THIS REVELATION, SAM CONTEMPLATES HIS PLIGHT

SO THAT'S WHY HE TOOK ME IN, TO FATTEN ME UP AND EAT ME. AND THAT'S WHY HE INSTALLED THIS TOILET IN MY IRON LUNG - WITH FORCE-FEEDING EVERY HOUR, I REALLY NEED IT!



WITH THIS FORCE-FEEDING, SAM, YOUR LIVER IS GOING TO GET VERY LARGE - YOU KNOW, THE WAY GOOSE LIVERS GET WHEN THEY FORCE-FEED THEM.

...AND YOU'RE ACTUALLY GONNA EAT MY LIVER, EVERETT?

OH, NO! I HATE LIVER! I'M GOING TO SELL IT - IT'S HIGHLY PRIZED AMONG CANNIBALS - I CAN GET \$200 A POUND FOR IT!

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!



MR. SUMATRA! PLEASE COME IN!

EVERETT, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! IS THAT THE LIVER THERE YOU TELEPHONED ME ABOUT?



YES, MR. SUMATRA, I EXPECT BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH FORCE-FEEDING, HIS LIVER WILL GO 25 POUNDS!

25 POUNDS! THAT IS MARVELOUS! SUPPOSE I LEAVE YOU A CHEQUE FOR \$500 AS A DOWN PAYMENT...

ANY CHANCE OF A LEG, TOO, EVERETT?

SORRY, MR. SUMATRA, THE LIVER IS YOURS, BUT I'VE SPECIAL PLANS FOR THE REST OF HIM.

NO HARM IN ASKING. YOU'LL CALL ME WHEN HIS LIVER IS READY?

INDEED I WILL! GOODBYE, MR. SUMATRA.



GEE, HE MUST BE SOMEBODY IMPORTANT, HE SAID "CHEQUE" INSTEAD OF "CHECK."

SPECIAL PLANS?!!

HEY, EVERETT! WHAT'S THIS "SPECIAL PLANS" YOU GOT FOR ME?...

HEY, YOU'RE NOT GONNA START COOKIN' ME ALREADY?!! YOU SAID SOMETHIN' ABOUT WAITIN' UNTIL I GOT TO 300 POUNDS, I AIN'T EVEN 200 POUNDS!

UNLIKE THE AVERAGE PERSON WITH NORMAL PHYSICAL ACTIVITY, SAM, YOUR LIFE IS TOTALLY SEDENTARY - WHICH MEANS THAT YOUR FLESH IS EXQUISITELY TENDER!!!

...AND SO, FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WHILE I'M FATTENING UP YOUR TENDER FLESH, YOU'LL BE HICKORY-SMOKED AS WELL!



NO, NO, NO, SAM! THIS STOVE ISN'T TO COOK YOU.



CONTINUED

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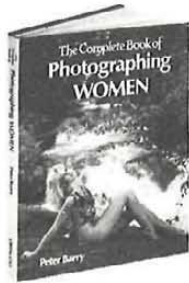
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DICK

THE DAYS DEALINGS WITH SIN LAY HEAVILY UPON MY HEART. THAT, OR MY LUNCH WAS ACTING UP.

I SAW HER OUTSIDE THE MEN'S SHELTER

SEEMED LIKE A FUNNY PLACE TO TAKE DONATIONS

SOMETHING WASN'T KOSHER, IF YOU WILL.

THERE WASN'T A CONVENT WITHIN MILES OF THIS DISTRICT. THEN THERE WAS THE LITTLE MATTER OF THE FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW.

THAT'S WHEN IT HIT ME!!

SHE WASN'T REALLY A NUN! SHE WASN'T EVEN A DAME!

YOU KNOW, YOU CAN GET 2-300 YEARS IN PURGATORY FOR IMPERSONATING A RELIGIOUS AUTHORITY.

HE BROKE DOWN AND SPILLED THE WHOLE PITIFUL STORY. IT SOUNDED ALL TOO FAMILIAR.

It all started with little sins like lying. Before I knew it I was into the harder stuff... coveting my neighbor's wife... coveting my neighbor!

LOOK AT HIM NOW. TAKING FROM THE POOREST OF THE POOR. I SLAPPED THE CUFFS ON HIM.

'Tis not up to me but the Lord to find forgiveness for your transgressions.

I'M JUST HERE TO DISH OUT THE PENANCE.

©1987

MCMAREE '30



# NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

THE LOST  
GENERATION

RICK  
GEARY  
©87



SCOTT AND ZELDA WERE  
WED IN 1920...



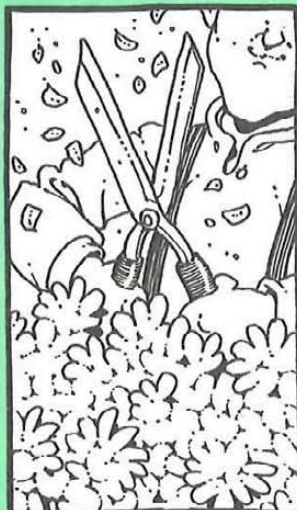
JUST AFTER THE ESTIMABLE  
SUCCESS OF HIS FIRST  
NOVEL...



THEY SETTLED IN A QUIET  
SUBURB.



AN ALL-MODERN KITCHEN.



SCOTT TRIMS THE HEDGE.



DOWN THE STREET LIVED  
THE ARROGANT HEMINGWAY.



HE AND SCOTT WOULD OFTEN  
GET INTO IT— ALL IN FUN,  
OF COURSE!



NEXT DOOR WERE A PAIR OF  
ECCENTRIC LADIES.



AND ACROSS THE STREET,  
CROTCHERY OLD PICASSO.



WEEKEND COOKOUTS WERE  
ALL THE RAGE.



SEVERAL SEASONS WERE  
PASSED IN THAT PLEASANT  
NEIGHBORHOOD.

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Unisex sports apparel from world-famous

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— authentic styling and fit and brilliant, eye-catching graphics. Buy them now before your favorite store sells out.



**TS 1050—AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY.** You'll look like Joe or Josephine Montana and be able to throw the bomb when you wear this 100 percent-nylon-mesh authentic football jersey, the same one used by most NFL teams. Ours is more distinctively styled with our logo on the front and the famous Mona Gorilla in full color on both sleeves. White. \$29.95.

**TS 1049—AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY.** Same as above, but made of 50 percent nylon plaited/50 percent cotton, specifically designed with cotton inside next to your skin for comfort and absorbency. White. \$20.95.

**TRUE FACTS T-SHIRT.** Choose from the following four T-shirts. The True Fact is on the back and a very funny portrait of George Washington is on the front. \$10.95

**TS1060A** "A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket."  
—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter

**TS1060B** "White Sulphur Springs, Montana—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister."  
—San Francisco Chronicle

**TS1060C** "After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks."  
—UMKC University News

**TS1060D** "Manchester, Iowa—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck."  
—Washington Post

**TS 1045—ACRA HOODED SWEATSHIRT.** The jocks will sweat with envy when you wear this extra-warm sweatshirt with pockets. Wearing it signifies you won your letter on the infamous National Lampoon Cohabitation Team. Exceptionally high quality. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. Raglan sleeves, convenient center pouch pocket, double-thickness hood with drawstring, and ribbed knit cuffs and waistband. In navy, with yellow lettering. \$18.95

**TS 1046—ACRA SWEATSHIRT.** Same specs as the hooded shirt, but without the hood. In navy with yellow lettering. \$13.95.

**TS 1048—MARATHON 80 SHORTS.** The Cohabitation Team wears these with the Acra sweatshirt for quick takeoffs. 100 percent nylon trecot running short with matching liner and inside key pocket. Doubles as bathing short. In navy, with yellow National Lampoon imprint. \$9.50.



**TS 1059 National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt** It's the T-shirt that everyone's talking about (everyone at *National Lampoon*, that is), and they're all saying the same thing: "My, what a nice T-shirt." It's great for a number of uses, including wearing. So get yours soon!  
**\$7.95 each**



**TS1029—National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** Has the pictures of Otter, Bluto, Flounder, D-Day, and the others on the front. \$5.95

**TS1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering, this product is available in a veritable troika of color schemes. \$13.95



**TS 1057—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT.** The return of our National Lampoon superhero, Polienessman, in one of his most famous adventures. In full color, and with the same specs as the Mona Gorilla shirt. White. \$10.95.

**TS 1052—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT.** We predict this will be the hottest item of the year. But then we predicted Carter would beat Reagan. It's our authentic sports practice shirt with our famous Mona Gorilla in color and her college and graduation date. Made of 100 percent cotton. Deep armholes, extra body length and fullness. Women can wear it as a short dress. White. \$10.95.

**TS 1053—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT.** A great conversation piece. Ed Subitzky's Risque Comic Strip with a great punch line. In full color, and the same specs as the Mona Gorilla shirt. White. \$10.95.

**TS1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt** Celebrates the funniest National Lampoon film since the first one. \$7.95



**TS1019—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95



**TS1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. \$5.95



**TS1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** The same item worn by our own team before management said we couldn't have any more. \$7.00



**TS1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey** Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people. \$10.95



**TS1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey** With the famed V neck covered by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95

**TS1061—Dirty T-shirt.** Ever hear the "dirty" joke about the kid who fell into the mud? Well, that's what this shirt is like, except it's a little more expensive than the joke. \$7.95

**TS1038—National Lampoon Frog Sweater** If it looks like quality, that's because it's handwoven by machines. With frog by cartoonist Sam Gross in gray or black. \$20.95



**TS1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** Says "We can do anything we want, we're college students" on the back. And with 3/4 length sleeves, you can keep more of your arm clean when you slide into second. \$7.00

**TS1032—National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. \$6.95

**TS1040—National Lampoon Nightshirt** Fun to wear. More fun to take off. \$7.95



**TS 1058 National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt** No T-shirt collection would be complete without this one, adorned as it is with the movie logo and a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswalds to Europe. \$6.95 each

**TS1041—"I got my job through the National Lampoon"** And you can get your T-shirt through the *National Lampoon* as well. It's our newest T-shirt and it's awful nice! \$6.95



**TS1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt** Cartoonist Sam Gross has lent his double-amputee frog to the spot above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



**TS1062—Marty Moose Golf Shirt.** The most famous moose since Bullwinkle now has a golf shirt fashioned after him. And he's very happy, so please buy one. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95

**TS1063—Marty Moose Sweater.** Comes in three sizes and two colors, gray and black. \$20.95



**TS1030—National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining, now sporting a striking new logo. Get it? Striking? \$33.95



**TS 1043A • TS 1044B National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt.** On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*. \$16.95 each.

TS 1019 \$4.95	—S—M—L	TS 1038 \$20.95	—S—M—L	TS 1045 \$18.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1026 \$5.95	—S—M—L			TS 1046 \$13.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1027 \$7.00	—S—M—L			TS 1048 \$9.50	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1028 \$7.00	—S—M—L	TS 1039 \$10.95	—S—M—L	TS 1049 \$20.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1029 \$5.95	—S—M—L	TS 1040 \$7.95	—S—M—L	TS 1050 \$26.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1030 \$33.95	—S—M—L	TS 1041 \$7.05	—S—M—L	TS 1052 \$10.95	—S—M—L
TS 1031 \$7.95	—S—M—L	TS 1043A \$16.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1053 \$10.95	—S—M—L
TS 1032 \$6.95		TS 1044B \$16.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1057 \$10.95	—S—M—L
TS 1034 \$14.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1061 \$7.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1058 \$6.95	—S—M—L
	COLOR _____	TS 1062 \$14.95	—S—M—L	TS 1059 \$7.95	—S—M—L
TS 1035 \$13.95	—S—M—L			TS 1060A \$10.95	—S—M—L—XL
	COLOR _____	TS 1063	—S—M—L	TS 1060B \$10.95	—S—M—L—XL
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## EFFECTIVE MANAGER

continued from page 93

3. Just before an important eight-hour meeting, you're given tickets to *Nicholas Nickleby*.

4. You're offered the opportunity to work with poisonous snakes.

5. Whenever you mention "next year," people start to giggle.

6. Your expense account is cut drastically and renamed your "allowance."

### The Hara-kiri Resignation

Even more regrettably, there are times when the Effective Manager has proved so ineffectual that his reputation has preceded him to every possible source of future employment, thus eliminating the "hunt for another job" as a viable alternative. That's when Japanese management's most important contribution to career planning (or "non-planning," as the great Zen masters refer to it), the Hara-kiri Resignation, may be the Effective Manager's only acceptable way out of his predicament.

### A Case In Point

You've taken a profitable Japanese company and reversed its direction. The firm was a high-tech gold mine. Then they hired you, and you sold them the idea of the Canine Computer, a PC for dogs.

"It's a dog's dream," you argued. "He can bury bones and store the locations

on his PC." The Japanese board of directors looked at you as if you were crazy, but you kept talking. "If he wants to locate his fleas, the computer will give him a printout of his entire body," you added. "It can save him hours of scratching."

"Where will these dogs get the money to buy a PC?" they asked.

"Americans will buy anything for their dogs," you answered confidently. Now the company is nearly bankrupt. It owns twelve thousand Canine Computers. They're programmed with games like "Fetch the Stick" and "Find the Hydrant." Games which you told the board would put them on easy street.

You open your desk drawer and there's the ceremonial knife. You remember when Yushima, the board chairman, gave it to you and said, "There are times in business when resignation is not enough. . . ." Is there any doubt that the Canine Computer fiasco is one of those times?

## THE TEN CARDINAL RULES OF CORPORATE MANAGEMENT

The big ten! Timeless in their wisdom, the Ten Cardinal Rules of Corporate Management, which were developed at Mount Sinai Hospital, seem a perfect way to conclude our discourse

on how to be an Effective Manager.

1. NEVER ASK AN EMPLOYEE TO DO SOMETHING WHICH YOU WOULDN'T DO YOURSELF IF YOU WERE IN HIS SHOES AND AFRAID OF BEING FIRED.

2. NOTHING GETS AN EMPLOYEE'S ATTENTION LIKE SLAMMING HIS HAND IN THE DRAWER OF A FILE CABINET.

3. WALK SOFTLY, OR YOUR EMPLOYEES WILL HEAR YOU COMING.

4. IF YOUR SUBORDINATES DISLIKE IT, IT'S PROBABLY A GOOD IDEA.

5. CUTTING SOMEONE ELSE'S SALARY IS EASIER THAN CUTTING YOUR OWN.

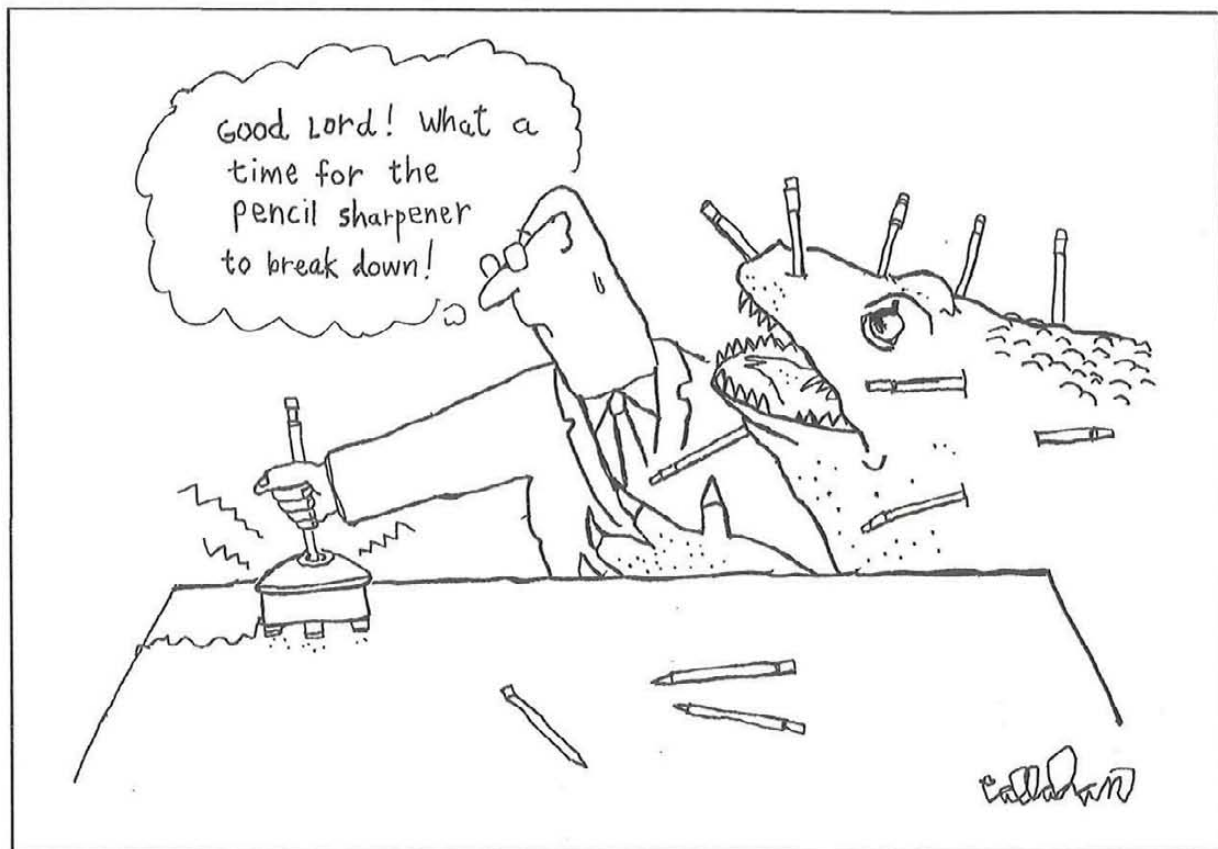
6. NEVER PROMOTE A WOMAN YOU'RE SLEEPING WITH UNLESS SHE'S WITHHOLDING ORAL SEX.

7. THE BEST TIME TO TERMINATE SOMEONE IS WHEN HE'S STUCK IN AN ELEVATOR AND CAN'T GET AT YOU.

8. WHEN YOUR BOSS SAYS, "I'M HAVING A HEART ATTACK. GET ME AN AMBULANCE QUICK!," DIAL THE PHONE SLOWLY WHILE ASKING FOR A RAISE.

9. NEVER TELL YOUR BOSS THAT HIS CHILD IS UGLY.

10. NEVER ASK YOUR SECRETARY TO WARM A SARDINE IN HER CLEAVAGE. ■





## BERNIE X.

continued from page 57

to hold back their drool. Loretta's getting a little nervous. Desi is not about to help her, he's beginning to enjoy it. "It's wartime," he says. "Men behave like animals. Remember Vietnam?"

The contras talk in fast Spanish to Desi and he translates for North. Desi says his men want to kill me and roast me over a fire with garlic, rosemary, and olive oil. And they want Loretta to join them and become a contra. One of the animals says something to Desi that breaks him up. "Loretta will be their *contra*," he says.

Loretta didn't bargain for this in her "life experiences." She wants to do some heavy persuading with North, but he pushes her away. "Maybe we'll feed her to the animals, but first, speaking of feeding, I'm starved. Let's eat."

So North invites us for what he says will be our last supper. The contras are cooking a lot of fried fish over the campfire. And they have fresh melons and taco chips. The fish looks pretty good and I haven't had a square meal in days. For a minute I think I'm in a fucking beer commercial.

The moment the fish is ready North reaches right into the sizzling oil and pulls one out. He doesn't bat an eyelash. He just eats the fucking fish, bones and all. I can see the burn marks on his greasy fingers. Loretta looks at him with even more respect.

"Want to try it, Bernie?" he says.

I decline. He eggs me on, but I remain cool. I am dealing with a nutbar.

"The problem with our country is they don't know how to cope with pain," North says. "We've never been bombed, we've never had to fight for our land. Most of us are pussies.

"I can tell you about pain, Bernie. I can tell you about sacrifice, about fight-

ing for freedom against the Communist devil. If we don't get Nicaragua back on our side we are going to be encircled by all of Central America. The Red Devils will send in their heavy-duty stuff, the dirty weapons. They'll take Mexico. Then they'll infiltrate from the north, the Bering Sea, down through Alaska . . . atomic subs. Canada can fall in a week. They're all pussies. We'll be surrounded from top to bottom.

"It's the Russian master plan. We've got it on file back at Langley. We've got to stop it now, at its source. Wipe out the Sandis once and for all.

"Someday I'm going to tell the American people the real story. Swifty Lazar and Mort Janklow are bidding for the book rights. They can guarantee me a three million advance against royalties of 25 percent. A movie deal is set, but I might want a miniseriess. Then I'll clean up on the lecture circuit. I'll make more money in a week than Gordon Liddy makes in a year. By 1992 I'll be in a position to run for the presidency."

And then he puts his hand in the fire again to poke some of the logs around. I wonder if he's wearing a skin-colored asbestos glove. He's getting spookier by the minute.

Desi reminds him of the contras' plan. Roast me, fuck Loretta. North says no, he's got a much better idea. Let's give Bernie and Loretta to the Sandis, he says. Desi is stupefied. I am getting a bad pain in my stomach. Loretta is turning green.

"Hear me out," says North. "We plant these two with the Sandis, load them up with the evidence of spying. Let them be captured and taken as hostages. The Sandis will try to do some hard bargaining for their release. They'll try to give us a lot of shit, but this time we'll stand tall. No more shit, no more deals. We learned our lesson from the Iranis. Instead we'll invade the

fuckers and rescue our hostages. No greaseball spiccola is going to order us around. If the hostages die in our valiant attempt to rescue them, they die as heroes, martyrs for the cause of freedom. If they live, they live as heroes. They'll be rich and famous. Either way, we go in, kick ass, and make the president look good again. Let's do it!"

North is getting excited. He's going to mobilize a striking force in a few hours, a secret army that the CIA has at its disposal for emergencies. All he has to do is whip the contras into shape lickety-split. They can take back their country in a day, maybe half a day.

"But what about clearance from your government?" asks Desi.

"Clearance? I don't need no fucking clearance!" says North. "I've got the connections to the right channels, the right people. We can do a surgical strike early tomorrow morning. By the same night we'll be on the seven o'clock news taking over Managua. If I had to go through proper channels I'd have every pussy in Washington on my back. You got to understand—I've talked to the president many times about this. He *wants* to do it. He's just surrounded by pussies."

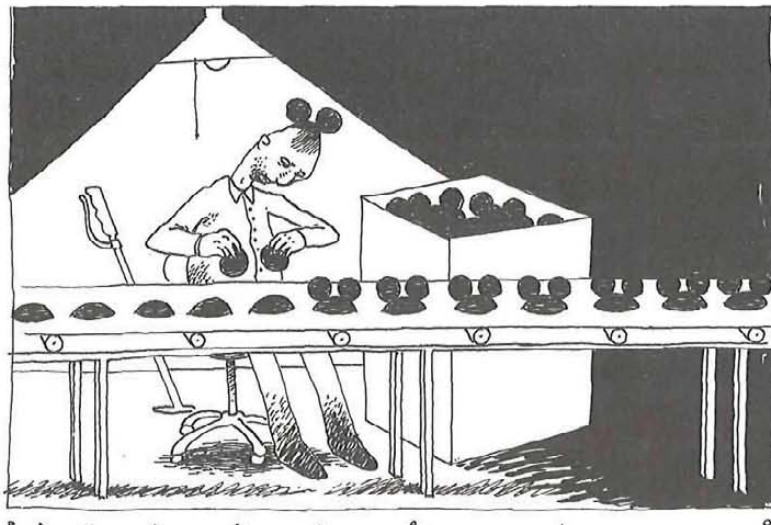
Desi is supposed to be a macho guy but he is not ready for this. Neither are his men after he briefs them. In fact, a lot of them start to cry. They want to go back to the mountains, keep fighting a guerrilla war, like the Vietcong did, weaken the enemy with sabotage, take as few risks as possible. Also, they haven't even fucked Loretta yet.

They complain bitterly to Desi. They were promised all kinds of stuff—VCRs, satellite dishes, porn cassettes, copies of *Playboy*, microwave ovens. All they get is guns, guns, guns.

**T**he contras decide to call a strike unless their demands are met. One of their leaders, a guy named Gonzalo, picks up Loretta and drags her to a flat spot on the ground. They've had it. They're going to fuck Loretta no matter what. Freedom fighting can wait for a while. They cover us with their guns. Some of them are so hot they take their pants off while waiting on line.

Gonzalo is just about to fuck a kicking and screaming Loretta when the bombs go off. Suddenly we are surrounded by gunfire. It's the Sandis. North yells a lot and runs for cover. Gonzalo is enraged. He can't believe his luck. He won't get off Loretta. He has to bang her. But it certainly is Loretta's lucky day, because Gonzalo gets a bullet in his back for being too horny.

The contras run for their lives, tripping over their pants, trying to stuff



their wing-wings into their boxer shorts. Amazing how fast you lose your hard-on when someone wants to blow it off. Desi never makes it. They get him in a spray of gunfire.

I grab Loretta and run toward North. The guy's a lunatic, but he's our only hope of escape. At least he knows the way out of this fucking place. North is not exactly waiting for us. He darts through the fucking jungle like an animal. But we manage to follow him and catch up to him as he runs to a small clearing where he has a plane hidden—his emergency getaway plane. Every top CIA field agent has one.

He scrambles into the plane and slams the door shut before we can climb in. Before I can say a word he's zooming off, gathering speed. He looks back for a second and waves bye-bye.

So there we are—stuck in the steaming jungles of Nicaragua. Loretta is taking it like a good sport. I got to admit. She can't help it, she says, she's gotta have it. In fact, she wouldn't mind a quick one right now. I decline gracefully and remind her that we are still in *Deep Sbit*. We've got to find a friendly village. You know that scene from the old movies—a nice little village where the people are in sympathy with us. The peasants will offer us a hot bath and a simple but hearty meal—perhaps some of their local rum. And then a nice warm bed or a sleeping bag. Sure, that's how it is in the movies. Maybe we'll even find a Hilton or a Holiday Inn.

We walk for hours. This is the part in the movie where you just want to fall down and die. It's getting dark. The jungle is closing in on us. I'm just about to give up when I smell smoke. A campfire. We found it. We're saved. It's another band of soldiers, but they aren't Sandis. They're Americans, or at least some of them are.

We cause a little talk when we walk in, especially Loretta, who by now has most of her clothes ripped to shreds and is popping out from different places.

The only thing I can think of to say is "Take me to your leader." They do. I can't believe it. Who the fuck do I see coming out of a bungalow but Nancy Reagan.

At first I think I'm in dreamland, but no, it's Nancy Reagan, wearing the same kind of jumpsuit as North and Desi, except it's a funny color.

"It's chartreusc. Jimmy Galanos made it for me," Nancy says. "I know you're supposed to wear khakis or camouflage in combat, but khaki is so boring."

I tell her we wandered into this place by accident, that we're lost, that we work for a toy company and we're doing research and location scouting

continued on page 114



Score with any chick  
in seconds?

**BULLSHIT!**

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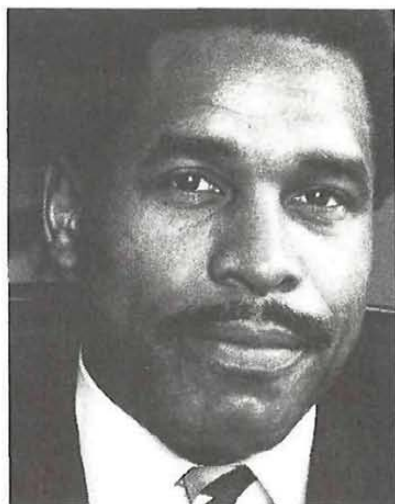
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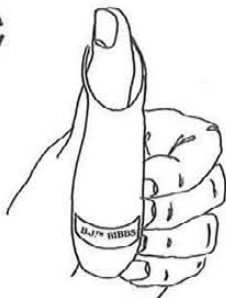
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## BERNIE X.

continued from page 111

for a new line of G.I. Joes. But Nancy is too smart to buy that one and somehow, Loretta doesn't look like a toy designer.

Nancy wants to know what we're doing here. "Actually, we were just waiting for the crosstown bus," I say. "We want to get to Macy's before it closes. Loretta needs a new outfit badly or she'll get eaten alive by all the bugs."

Nancy nods at someone and suddenly I'm given the old one-two. I feel as if I'm being chopped in half. The phone is ringing in my ear and won't stop. Hello? Hello? Somebody answer the phone, I say. I haven't been hit that hard since I had a street fight with Muhammad Ali.

They make me tell them what I know about North and the contras. Nancy gets so mad she spits. "I knew it! I knew it!" she keeps shouting. "I knew I couldn't trust that chowderhead! Did he do his fish trick? And then he poked his hand in the fire, right? That's all he's good for."

It turns out that the First Lady is running the whole show. Not McFarlane or North or any of those guys. She just got sick and tired of Ronnie taking all the shit and decided to take over the country, like we did in Grenada.

"When my daddy got mad he just took off his belt and gave us a whupping," she says.

And she takes off this fancy red leather belt and whacks me on the ass with it to prove her point. Then she turns around and goes back to her bungalow. In a few minutes she comes out wearing a different jumpsuit, a gray and silver number with material that sparkles

in the light.

"I know what you're thinking. It's too dressy," she says. "It looks better under a fox coat or a sable. You think I can wear my sable coat, or is it too dressy for the jungle? It does get cool at night."

It seems that Nancy goes from one extreme to the other in a matter of minutes. One minute she's doing a fucking fashion show, the next minute she's talking about what she's going to do with Nicaragua after she takes it over. She wants to turn the whole country into a center for young drug addicts and have all the kids work on the sugar plantations and banana farms so they can get a lot of fresh air and exercise.

Why is she telling me all this? Because she's going to have me and Loretta shot. No more spies, no more leaks. And besides, Loretta is getting those looks again from the soldiers. War turns them into animals. We have to do something fast or we'll be sent back to America in duffel bags.

I have a crazy idea that just might work, as they say in the movies. I whisper it to Loretta, who is finally coming out of her sex coma and realizes she has about a minute to live.

Loretta grabs her stomach and gives out a moan from way down. It's a killer moan, stopping everyone in their tracks. Her stomach gets bigger, popping out of her blouse. She starts to sweat and grits her teeth and cries out in pain. And then she does her contractions.

The soldiers are struck dumb. Nancy can't believe it. I beg her to spare us. Loretta is carrying our child, I say. Loretta picks up on my shtick and begs Nancy to save her baby, in between

shrieks and cold sweats. Some of the soldiers start to cry. These are guys with knife scars on their faces and lots of teeth missing. Loretta is now rolling on the ground, out of control.

"Honduras!" one of the soldiers shouts. "Take her to Honduras, where we can get her to a decent hospital or a doctor."

Finally Nancy breaks down. She knows what it's like to bear children. She just hopes Loretta's turn out better than hers.

She lets us go. I thank her and tell her that if it's a girl we'll call it Nancy and if it's a boy, Ronald. Loretta is doing great, going berserk. She has to keep up the act until we actually get safely home. When we get to Honduras I shmear a few guys with Desi's tip money and we get on a plane back to New York.

**W**hen we're back in New York I express my gratitude to Loretta for saving our lives. We fuck away an entire weekend. I even take her zinc injections to make her feel better. But I know I'm just the flavor of the week for this broad and it's time to say goodbye. I jump out of bed and hit myself on the head. "My God! All those crazy adventures and I forgot all about my AIDS checkup!" I've said the magic word. She turns around and never looks back at me as I dress and leave.

I had to do it. Normally, I never walk away from a fantastic fuck, but this girl was pure trouble. Maybe I'm getting old, but all I want is my usual clientele—your basic mugger, thief, pimp, and lowlife. Nice, simple folk I can deal with. ■

# COMING NEXT MONTH

**We are very sorry to announce that due to certain restrictions which we are not at liberty to discuss at the moment, we will be unable to tell you the theme of the next bimonthly issue of the *National Lampoon*. We can, however, tell you that there will be many very funny and thought-provoking articles and visuals that you will enjoy very much, such as: Chris Miller on a certain topic, Gerald Sussman's *History of Cheerleaders*, a how-to guide for would-be nude photographers, the Friedman brothers' long-awaited four-page opus, and many other things that we haven't really thought of yet.**

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